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"THE CHILDREN'S STATUE OF THE PIONEER MOTHER"

"The only church we knew was
around our mother's knees."
—Stephen M. White.

See Page 353

Photo by H. E. Poehlman

ELLA STERLING MIGHELS
The Gatherer of "Literary California."

# LITERARY CALIFORNIA

## POETRY PROSE and PORTRAITS

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*Gathered by*

(Mrs.) *ELLA STERLING MIGHELS*

Author of the "Story of the Files," "Full Glory of Diantha," "Little Mountain Princess," "Society and Babe Robinson," "Fairy Tale of the White Man."

Westward the star of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offering is the last.
—Berkeley.

HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING CO.
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*TO THE NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST AND TO THE NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST, I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME AS OUR RICHEST HERITAGE FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.*

*From Argonaut.* *Copyright.*

*California*

*1849.*

# INTRODUCTION

Four years' residence in London gave me an excellent insight into the ideas prevailing there in literary circles, regarding the California writers. The strongest emotion expressed by the critics in their reviews of the books received from our shores was, undoubtedly—surprise.

Even after the successes of Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, achieved in that great civilized center of the English-speaking world, they still marveled at the later writers. Edward Rowland Sill was known to them and also Charles Warren Stoddard. But I remember a volume of short stories of William C. Morrow's that had arrived in 1898, and a certain delightful reviewer who veiled his identity under the pen-name of "Phoebus," gave it unstinted praise, finally indulging in the query, "How is it that these writers on the shores of the Pacific, in the far off land of California, have achieved an English equal to the very best in the world, free from idiosyncrasy or peculiarity?"

A few months thereafter came a volume of poetry, entitled "Songs from the Golden Gate," by Ina Coolbrith, which caused a flutter of posters to adorn all the walls of the underground railway stations, everywhere, announcing the great discovery made by the editor of "The Outlook." It was in the nature of a proclamation to the world, telling that a new star had arisen on the horizon, unknown to them all, and it was shining from the West. You might have thought it was a new gold-diggings that was being thus proclaimed, but that Albert Kinross, the editor, made it clear that it was a new poet instead, and he wanted to share his great discovery with the world so that it might rejoice with him.

Hardly had Jack London started with his vivid short stories of Alaskan wilds, when the British editors gave him the warm grasp of welcome. The brilliant genius of Ambrose Bierce was given instant acclaim. The novels of Gertrude Atherton and the stories of Kate Douglas Wiggin were promptly published in English editions. Some of the books of Frank Norris were turned into serials for the dailies there.

Francis Power and Chester Bailey Fernald arrived the same week to give their rival Chinese plays of "The First Born," and "The Cat and the Cherub," to English audiences and dramatic critics, all of whom made much of them in a whirl of excitement. Edwin Markham was given a stately welcome to the halls of fame for his great poem, "The Man with the

Hoe." English magazines published many stories of Gelett Burgess and P. V. Mighels in the beginning of their careers. Will and Wallace Irwin were given place there also. In later years they are still giving welcome to the writers from this state of ours with meeds of praise to George Sterling, Clark Ashton Smith and Herman Scheffauer, for their poems, and to Herman Whitaker and Mary Austin for their prose.

During her lifetime, they gave recognition to Virna Woods, who wrote the lyrical drama, "The Amazons," a surpassing performance, full of beauty, and the true Greek spirit. Yet at home she was only a Sacramento school-teacher. It required London to give her work its true valuation. Even the scholars of England accorded a place to Adley H. Cummins for his "Friesic Grammar and Reading-Book" while he yet lived, and made mention of his passing in 1889, in "The Athenaeum," as a great loss to the world of scholarship. The friendship of letters makes a mighty bond between men.

Certainly the power of the London Press has done much for the California writers, from Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, down to the present day, to make them known in their own land.

Those gallant gentlemen of the press over there across the Atlantic, deserve our thanks for their generosity and fair play in matters literary.

*Yet not the half has been told of the "Mother-Lode" of riches here in the way of narrative, wit, poesy and beauty in the literary outcroppings of our land of California. She has enriched the world's literature and is still growing gold. In preparing this work my chief desire has been more to represent "Literary California" as shown in the vivid columns of the press, where are stories like little paintings of our people, from gifted pens unknown, yet a part of our every-day life, rather than to make this book merely the gatherings from the writers who are well-known, which is a difference with a distinction in favor of atmosphere. "The Farewell; a Theme for a Painting," and the "Golden Wedding in Santa Clara in 1881," are samples of letters and beauty and skill not to be surpassed, even though found in the columns of a newspaper, instead of in the pages of a novel. Many a reporter has graduated into author or poet, but more have remained to illumine the daily press with their art.*

Yet amongst the brightest literary stars of our firmament shine the names of those who served their apprenticeship at the shrine of the printing-office requiring copy from them, by means of which they learned how to write.

While the "Incomparable Three" of our early California literature, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain each served his apprenticeship at the beginning of his career by

writing for daily or weekly papers, and then passed out to greatness into the splendid world of letters in fiction and in poetry and prose, yet it was Joaquin Miller who continued both a poet and a journalist throughout his life, writing of his travels as a newspaper-correspondent from whatever corner of the earth he might be in. As a fiction-writer, of a much later era, Jack London did the same, which has made his name a familiar one, from a nearer point of view, in the daily press. Edward F. Townsend (a San Francisco journalist), the creator of "Chimmie Fadden," went to New York and wrote books between his contributions to the daily papers there.

As to the dearly-beloved Charles Henry Webb, that is a story all by itself. I remember hearing my Pioneer Father reading aloud to the family the "John Paul" letters in the Sacramento Union up in Aurora, Esmeralda County, Nevada, and am convinced that that was where the awkward youth, Sam Clemens, afterward "Mark Twain," got his "first point of view." A year later Webb established "The Californian," a literary journal which preceded the "Overland," and he gathered together the writers afterward made famous under the regime of Bret Harte's editorship. Webb published books, but was always a journalist to the end, as contributor of editorials and articles to many of the leading papers of New York city. I met him there in 1902, already aware of his published works of wit and humor, and was taken by surprise when he gave me a copy of his poems to remember him by, and it is from this that I have culled, "If You Would Address"—, for this volume which otherwise we should never have known.

The name of Herbert Bashford, playwright and poet, appears daily in the Evening Bulletin as reviewer of books. For thirty-five years we sat at the feet of George Hamlin Fitch as reviewer for the Sunday Chronicle and some of his intimate talks regarding books of value worth reading having been put into book-form, brought him such renown and such demand for further enlightenment on these themes, that he passed easily into authorship, but always will he retain that intimate relationship with his reader that he gained in his long acquaintance with them through the press. Bailey Millard, poet, writer of books, editor of the Cosmopolitan for years in New York city, has returned after eleven years of absence to the city-of-his-love to editorial duties, while still preparing other material for book-publication.

The books of Jerome A. Hart, formerly editor of the "Argonaut," whether fiction, as in "The Vigilante Girl", descriptive, as in "A Levantine Log-Book" and "Two Argonauts in

Spain", or essays, as in "Sardou and the Sardou Plays", are couched in elegant English and brightened with wit and humor. The same perfection that made the "Argonaut" celebrated at home and abroad for so many years keeps his pen faithful to the traditions of our California in his published works.

Thus do I prove my contention that our literary stars arose from being newspaper people, and that our newspaper people are literary artists.

Another thing which is dear to my heart is to give recognition to the children by supplying some selections which are suited to their understanding. To me the unit of social life is not the individual, but is represented by the family—the man, woman and child—made into the oneness of the integer, for what is good for the child is good for all three, and the converse is equally true.

I always count the children in as they did in the early Pioneer days; and if Stephen M. White's tribute to the Pioneer Mother appears more than once like a text from Holy Writ in a sermon, bear with it for their dear sakes. Cherish that one saying and apply it, and you will have redeemed the world, even as the Jewish mother, the Catholic mother and the Protestant mother redeemed our California in the Pioneer days. This is the story that has never been told by Bret Harte or any one else, yet it is a vital part of our history.

And if some of the writers protest that "The Gatherer" has included too many bits of unwritten history under the head of "Life in California," I would admit the fact with the declaration that it is my privilege to preserve these things because of my birthright here. No one now living, probably, knows of these matters which I gleaned in my childhood, and as this book is absolutely mine, I propose to make it part-and-parcel of the past, rather than of the present, although I include much of the present also. So bear with me, Brothers and Sisters of the Pen, I have suffered in the producing of this volume; the tortures of Sisyphus, Tantalus and Ixion have been mine in these long delays and disappointments; illness and years have added their weight. Nothing but my strong immortality has enabled me to survive until this hour, when I am joyfully reading the proofs of the finished work. Let others prepare and present a better book than this—but kindly let this be mine according to the conception that has dominated my mind from the beginning to the end.

Once you begin the study of "Literary California," you come under a spell. On our shelves are many volumes of

lore most vividly portraying the scenes of long ago; in the bound volumes of past magazines, weeklies, and dailies are multitudinous pages containing sparkling gems of thought from those past and gone. Many a writer has been

"Born to blush unseen"

and die unknown. Yet here and there a mono-poet has appeared, burned star-like, and paled again, leaving an undying radiance behind him. We still speak of such men as Edward A. Pollock, John Rollin Ridge and James Linen, in poetry, and of "Caxton" Rhodes, John Phoenix (Col. George Haskel Derby) and Calvin B. McDonald in prose, as immortals. We are the richer because they lived. The millionaire and the politician may have strutted for a brief hour in our California, but such writers live forever.

Amongst us still are many singers hardly known here, though their songs are published in the Eastern centers, such as Emma Frances Dawson, author of that celebrated poem, "Old Glory;" others are Clarence Urmy, Herbert Bashford and Lorenzo Sosso, well known on the Atlantic side. Of these Clarence Urmy has the added distinction of being the first native-born upon the horizon as a poet, his first book under the title of "A Rosary of Rhyme" winning him honors in the eighties, while his later works have brought him renown. Also Ella Higginson whose poem, "The Bare Brown Hills of San Francisco Bay," has not been surpassed for feeling and sentiment. The exquisite nature-poems of that shy, dove-eyed woman, Lillian H. S. Bailey

"Give proof through the night,"

the long dark night of the trance-slumber of Sentiment,—while Commercialism has flourished fearfully, that **Poetry,** like Jarius' daughter.

"is not yet dead but only sleepeth."

Grace and beauty are to be found in the poems of Agnes Tobin and Ella Sexton. The clarion ring of "Liberty's Bell," by Madge Morris Wagner, assures us of the touch of a master hand. The stirring metres of Daniel S. Richardson and the graceful lines of Lucius Harwood Foote are devoted to themes not touched by our other poets. "Comfort to be Found in Good Old Books," by George Hamlin Fitch, enters into our inner life—we cannot do without it. One obtains an added grace from reading "In a Hammock," by Kate Bishop, and "Springtime, Is It Springtime?" by Millicent Washburn Shinn. And our own Keeler, Charles Keeler, who sings like a bird on the bough, with heart and soul lifted to heaven, who is there like him?

Each of our poets is a law unto himself, borrowing from no other. Splendid are the lines of Howard Sutherland and Charles Elmer Jenney, Charles Phillips, John McGroarty, Charles K. Field, Rufus Steele, Richard Edward White, and many others whose names will be found within the covers of this book, who have illuminated the historic page with their brilliant imageries.

After the issuing of my volume, "Story of the Files; A Review of California Writers and Literature," in 1893, I still continued from force of habit, gathering the fine and splendid things which appeared in the press, like a species of literary flotsam and jetsam. Everything by a brother or a sister writer regarding our land appealed to me, even during the fourteen years I was absent in New York and London.

"When my play, "Society and Babe Robinson," was reviewed by George Hamlin Fitch in the San Francisco Chronicle, December 7th, 1914, he urged that a new edition of the "Story of the Files of California," be gotten out by some publisher. This item coming to the notice of John J. Newbegin, that gentleman wrote me to know if I would undertake the work. But I took no interest in it; I felt that part was already done. Instead I was thinking of all this new material I had gathered, which was still in a state, amorphous, like the twilight-hour soon entering into the dark night when it would be lost forever. For it seemed no one else even knew of these beautiful things—and if my faded-out copies were not to be preserved it would be the same as if they had never been.

I spread before Mr. Newbegin these remarkable odds and ends of literary worth, and he saw the possibilities of an original publication. He saw that it would be a revelation to those abroad as well as to those at home—a book telling of the land-that-lies-far-West-against-the-Pacific, and breathing of its atmosphere so poignantly that it would draw home again, the exiles from foreign shores, as well as awaken the natives and "adopted ones," to the splendor and glory of their own land.

"all lands above."

I have a faithful coterie of friends devoted to the cause of "Literature in California". I called upon them to come to my aid that amongst us all justice might be done to the small as well as to the great writers, the unknown as well as the known. And we have worked to this end, also preparing lists of names of writers to over fourteen-hundred, and seeking to present the best we could find of prose and poetry. This effort of ours resulted in our being confronted with material enough for three large volumes instead of one. But we were restricted to the

limits of pages for just one book. It was not easy to meet this stern decree. For we felt that all this literary riches should be preserved after all our trouble and all our research, trying to find them. It was with a pang at heart that I took out eighty pages at one time and fifty at another, and still another eighty once more, and reduced the sketches to the fewest words in consonance with the need for fewer pages.

Out of faithfulness to the old writers, I kept them for the last. And everything that related to the atmosphere of California I made paramount. Yet we held that nothing should be lost of all these gatherings, so we have preserved the overflow in a special scrap-book, to be placed in the Capitol State Library in Sacramento for future reference. Acknowledgments must here be expressed for the kindly assistance of the late James L. Gillis of this library, especially for the "Thanksgiving Proclamation" of Governor Stanford in 1863, from the Sacramento Union, which is a splendid example of English in California, in the early days.

It gives me pleasure, here, to express my thanks to Edwin Markham, the poet, for the felicitous title of this work of mine. After the coming out of the previous volume, "Story of the Files," he wondered why I had chosen such an unmeaning title for that book. I told him that I preferred the second title, "A Review of Californian Writers and Literature", but dared not use it, owing to the storm of protest raised by certain women-writers from the East, who were employed on our daily press, who scorned the idea that we had any California writers for the reason that our writers were not born here. So in order to produce my cherished "Review" in book-form and avoid further comment from them, I was compelled to drop the word "California" altogether. That we had a "File" of our publications no one could deny, and so that was the reason I had made use of this "unmeaning" term.

"But you should have named it 'Literary California'; no one could question that," urged Mr. Markham. "It is too late now," I replied; "but if ever I get out another volume on this theme, I promise you I will use your title". The day came and I have Edwin Markham to thank for giving me the benefit of his constructive ability in meeting this difficulty.

My obligations are many to Alexander Robertson, Paul Elder, James D. Blake and others for the use of books by California authors. My thanks are due to Charles B. Turrill for many additional photographs to enrich the contents, particularly those of Padre Serra and Archbishop Alemany. Amongst those who have extended a helping hand are Harr Wagner,

author of "Pacific History Stories," and Robert Ernest Cowan, author of a "Bibliography of the History of California," who has corrected a number of dates. Also I must mention Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day, who have sought to aid us in our efforts to name at least twenty of the best short stories by our writers, by publishing articles on that subject in "Town Talk."

I must here express my gratitude to H. E. Poehlman of the Grizzly Bear Magazine, and of the Camera Club, a N. S. G. W., for his many kindnesses in helping to make this book possible, particularly the photographing of the "Children's Statue of the Pioneer Mother" from my posing of the young of my neighborhood for this purpose, which grouping appears in this volume.

A word, here, is due to one who is with us no more, and yet who gave his ardor of heart to seeking for treasures of our Californiana for this volume. The late Richard Edward White, himself a poet, was one who loved other poets. He it was who brought to my notice the "Chaplet of Verse" by California Catholic writers, which has preserved the names of many of our sweet singers, and many beautiful poems from being lost in the daily press, where they first appeared. His own best and finest poem, "Brother Felix", appears in his volume of verse, issued years ago. Another one who would have rejoiced with me in the coming out of this delayed volume is one who but lately departed from our ranks, Zoeth S. Eldredge, the historian, who took particular interest in helping me out with data, and supplying material relating to Anza and the early days. Both of these members of our California Literature Society had youthful hearts and zeal and enthusiasm in their literary work and took pleasure in the work of others.

"The Pioneer band is fast passing,
Yet their spirit will linger for aye,
The work and foundation they builded
Was not made to crumble away;
But will stand as a monument to them,
And their brave, dauntless spirit of old,
The true heart, the quick hand, the kindness
Are to us far dearer than gold."

Not to be omitted from those who have helped in this labor of love of ours, is the Lowell High School lad of my neighborhood, who came in when but fourteen to join the "Child's Library of the Best Books in the World", and became a devotee of Californiana. Not only has he typed much of the great mass of material from which I have chosen the contents of this book, but also has he taken a pride in helping to select these contents. When I would have taken out "Lex Scripta",

by Nathan Kouns, which is a very long poem, to make place for twenty other poems of briefer measure, because Nathan Kouns was unknown to our people, being dead, and no copies would be sold on his account, while the others were very much alive, he stayed my hand and prevented the sacrilege. "All the more reason for keeping it in," he said, gravely; "it is the greatest poem in the collection, and by keeping it, all of our people will have a chance to get acquainted with it." Also is my debt of gratitude due for further encouragement. For though he is now with Machine Gun Company, Twenty-first Infantry, at San Diego, yet he has written me to send him my copy of Clark Ashton Smith's "Poems" to read to a comrade in the ranks, as the greatest treat imaginable, showing that he has not studied Californiana in vain. Also because he has hunted up Miss Coolbrith's Poems in the library there, to read "The Mariposa Lily" to his comrades in proof of his devotion to her and to us all. What greater proof is there of love than this, reading the poems of a friend to other friends?

Full credit must be given Sarah Connell, connected with Town Talk, for her valuable assistance, she being an authority on matters historical and literary relating to her native state. To Sarah M. Williamson, also a native, and a journalist of note, my thanks are due for the ardor she put into her work, compiling the classified lists of names of California writers—a list never before attempted. Many of these names were supplied by the "Story of the Files of California", but hundreds more have been added belonging to the later days.

Much information has been obtained from the members of the "California Literature Society", which meets once a month at the home of Ina Coolbrith on Russian Hill. Mention must be made here of the crowning of Miss Coolbrith as California Laureate, June 30th, 1915, during the Authors' Congress, connected with the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

It was in 1915, during the incumbency of Judge John F. Davis as Grand President of the N. S. G. W. and of Margaret Grote Hill as Grand President of the N. D. G. W., that these grand officers accepted the dedication of this book to their order.

*In dedicating this work to the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters of the Golden West, it is with the hope that they may seek to know these literary stars of ours that "have not waned or vanished," as an editor proclaimed some time ago, but still shine to our blessing. It is my earnest desire that each parlor of each county of our State, from Del Norte to San Diego, will appoint a reader to choose some poem or extract from this book of ours, each month, to give forth to*

*the brothers and sisters of our order, according to the calendar and to the season. It will be found that this course of reading is an education in itself.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

It is with regret that I must interpolate at this point, after more than three years of hopes and fears, how, owing to the circumstances of present-day affairs, the book has been delayed. By the kindness of James Wood of the Hotel St. Francis, I was enabled to hold, on April 10th, 1918, a reunion of old friends, together with new friends, there to lay these facts before them, and to make an effort to "wrest victory out of defeat". The response was overwhelming. Members of the press united with personal friends to make the "Evening of Literary California" a complete success.

Among the numbers read by friends upon this occasion were Joaquin Miller's "Goodbye, Bret Harte, Goodnight, Goodnight"; Jack London's "The Way of War", and "The White Silence"; "Yo Semite", written by Wallace Bruce, was given, and other interesting contributions from the book by a class of children. The only live poet to appear on the programme was Edward Robeson Taylor, who gave by request his sonnet, entitled, "The Ox", and a ten-liner, on "Poetic Art". Representing Milton J. Ferguson, State Librarian and successor of the late James Gillis, came Miss Eudora Garoutte all the way from Sacramento to attend this meeting and to express her tribute of praise as to the value of the "Story of the Files", and to give greeting to the proposed companion-volume to the same, "Literary California". At the close of the meeting, presided over most gracefully by Charles S. Murdock, the name of Harr Wagner, the editor and publisher, was called. In response he came forward and announced that he would co-operate, with Mr. J. J. Newbegin, for the immediate publication of "Literary California". There will, therefore, be the unique arrangement of two publishers and two editions. Friends of our literature gathered around and offered congratulations, and thus the work was started afresh. Letters were read from Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Hart, offering to be sponsors for the forthcoming book, and later came letters from Mrs. I. Lowenberg, M. H. De Young and Senator James D. Phelan, to the same effect.

Senator Phelan's approval of "Literary California", brought it to the notice of the Native Daughters of the Golden West at the assembly of Grand Parlor at Santa Cruz in June, 1918. Dr. Mariana Bertola, seconded by Mrs. Mamie Peyton, presented, in a masterly way, a resolution to the effect that the

Grand Parlor of Native Daughters of the Golden West endorse the publication of "Literary California", which motion was accorded an enthusiastic response, the author-and-gatherer of the same being present as a delegate from Hayward Parlor, No. 122.

Since the publishing of this book at this time is to be a labor of love and not a money-making proposition, many of our own people will seek to have it placed in all our libraries, where they may have easy access to it, and to choose it as a gift-book for the holiday season, that it may be preserved in the home-libraries as well as in the public ones; this they will do to stimulate a study of our own writers and our own literature, once they discover the depth of the riches thus revealed in the Mother-Lode, by means of this book, "Literary California."

One word more I must speak on a matter which I trust may now be settled definitely, for once and forever; it is to quiet the prosaic contention, "How can a person be a California writer who is not born in California?"

*"What is a California Writer?" "A California Writer is one who is born here, or one who is re-born here . That is my definition. So let it stand.*

It is quite true, as Ambrose Bierce has said, "That the first comers to California were not of the genius-bearing sex"; therefore our literary stars were born elsewhere. It is also a matter equally convincing as Arthur McEwen has urged, "That even Mark Twain got his point-of-view here." That process makes one re-born. Every one is re-born who comes to remain here in California. But there are others who have, as it were, only one foot here. Yet generously we count them in, too.

For the purpose of making clear these distinctions, we have listed names of these, under different classifications. California has sent forth many brilliant writers to the great world of letters who never wrote before their re-birth here. A number have come here, already having won their laurels elsewhere; yet their talents flash up the brighter for their baptism anew in this beloved land of ours.

*We must count in all who have partaken of this mysterious essence from this spiritualized demijohn of California fire-water, which inspires them to greater things than they ever did before—we count them all in, native or "adopted ones" as they may be.*

For even our truly-born ones, native of the soil, cradled in gold-rockers or champagne-baskets, or little wash-tubs, owing to the exigencies of the early times—even they must leave this beautiful land of ours to win recognition elsewhere before our

own people will grant them a place in their hearts, or in their halls of fame.

I appeal to you, Brothers of the Golden West, and Sisters of the Golden West. I entreat of you to take an interest in our own writers. Let us start this revival of letters in California, and make ready for the return of our boys from France, who will be coming back to us with a thousand tales to tell, trembling on their lips. Let us make it possible for them to take up the profession of letters and to write the stories and the poems that in their souls arise at this most remarkable era of the world's history, and a new golden age of literature shall be ours.

There is many a thing that money cannot buy; health, happiness and a faithful heart cannot be had for silver and gold, nor yet those joys of the mind which remain when all else has departed, to give us INWARD RESOURCES when we have reached the place,

"Where the sunset glories lie." *

And there is going to be "a new heaven and a new earth," when our boys come home. Nothing is going to be quite the same then, for they must earn their bread in new ways—that is quite certain. Yet "we cannot live by bread alone", nor by gold alone. We must also have POETRY and TALES.

*George Douglas in the Chronicle says this: "The names of Californian writers are known all over the globe. The efforts of our authors need not to be published, but it is well that the world should know WHAT A CRADLE OF NATIONAL LITERATURE THIS STATE HAS BEEN AND IS."*

Gold, Wheat and Letters, besides Art and Music, are ours. But the Art of Letters is the most lasting, for it preserves our history. As Edward Robeson Taylor says in "Poetic Art",

The cities vanish; one by one
The glories fade that paled the sun;
At Time's continuous, fateful call
The temples and the palaces all fall;
While heroes do their deeds and then
Sink down to earth as other men.
Yet let the poet's mind and heart
But touch them with the wand of art
And lo! they rise and shine once more
In greater splendor than before.

Would you have these glories for yours? Then seek the books, the files and the scattered riches of our own writers.

And amongst other things demand a new edition of "Wander Songs" by McGroarty, "California Sunshine" by Lillian H. S. Bailey, and other poems by other poets, and talk of them, and start a new thrill all along the line in this dear delight of finding treasures in our Californiana. Do not let the gallant gentlemen of the press in London do all the work of discovering our Ina Coolbriths, our Edward Rowland Sills, our Jack Londons, our Clark Ashton Smiths, our George Sterlings.

I give you, for your own, Gabriel Furlong Butler, who has voiced for all of us our own emotion in the "Song of An Absent Son". Let this unknown poet be placed in your hearts if not in the hall of fame, for that one song of affection and loyalty to our beloved state.

This is the wish of your Sister-in-California,

THE GATHERER,

*Ella Sterling Mighels.*

Santa Clara County
Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

# *Foreword*

*"How shall I so artfully arrange my cautious words," that you may hear, listen, and be drawn to enter into this temple of beauty in response to my "Call to Prayer?" Here you may find many treasures of the mind and the heart to the refreshment of your soul and your faith and your youth, all flashing with literary iridescence, as stained-glass windows to illumine the months of the year.*

# THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is the same here in San Francisco or in Lima, Peru. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the life of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the hearts and turn the greening spirit back to dust. Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human-being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what-next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central part of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies, you are old. In the central part of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, and may God have mercy on your soul!

*Thomas E. Flynn.*

*From San Francisco Wasp,*
*September, 1914.*

# MY NEW YEAR'S GUESTS

*Scene: A chamber in Virginia City, one of the pictures on the wall being the reduced photographs of over five-hundred California Pioneers of 1849.*

*Time: Midnight, December 31, 1881.*

The winds come cold from the southward, with incense of fir and pine.
And the flying clouds grow darker as they halt and fall in line.
The valleys that reach the deserts, mountains that greet the clouds,
Lie bare in the arms of winter, which the prudish night enshrouds.
The leafless sage on the hillside, the willows low down the stream,
And the sentry rocks above us, have faded all as a dream.
The fall of the stamp grows fainter, the voices of night sink low;
And spelled from labor, the miner toils home through the drifting snow.

As I sit alone in my chamber this last of the dying year,
Dim shadows of the past surround me, and faint through the storm I hear
Old tales of the castles builded, under shelving rock and pine,
Of the bearded men and stalwart I greeted in forty-nine.

The giants with hopes audacious, the giants with iron limb;
The giants who journeyed westward when the trails were new and dim;
The giants who felled the forests, made pathways over the snows,
And planted the vine and fig-tree where the manzanita grows;
Who swept down the mountain gorges, and painted their endless night
With their cabins, rudely fashioned, and their camp-fires' ruddy light;
Who builded great towns and cities, who swung back the Golden Gate,
And hewed from the mighty ashlar the form of a sovereign State;
Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert plain,
And where there had been no reapers grew valleys of golden grain.

Nor wonder that this strange music sweeps in from the silent past,
And comes with the storm this evening, and blends its strains with the blast,
Nor wonder that through the darkness should enter a spectral throng,
And gather around my table with the old-time smile and song;
For there on the wall before me, in a frame of gilt and brown,
With a chain of years suspended, old faces are looking down;
Five hundred all grouped together—five hundred old Pioneers—
Now list as I raise the taper and trace the steps of the years;

Behold this face near the center; we met ere his locks were gray;
His purse like his heart was open; he struggles for bread today.

To this one the fates were cruel; but he bore his burden well,
And the willow bends in sorrow by the wayside where he fell.

Great losses and grief crazed this one; great riches turned this one's head;
And a faithless wife wrecked this one—he lives but were better dead.

Now closer the light on this face; 'twas wrinkled when we were young;
His torch drew our footsteps westward; his name is on every tongue.

Rich was he in lands and kindness, but the human deluge came
And left him at last with nothing but death and a deathless fame.

'Twas a kindly hand that grouped them—these faces of other years—
The rich and the poor together—the hopes, and the smiles, and the tears
Of some of the fearless hundreds, who went like knights of old,
The banner of empire bearing to the land of blue and gold.
For years have I watched these shadows, as others I know have done;
As death touched their lips with silence, I have draped them one by one,
Till, seen where the dark-plumed Angel has mingled them here and there,
The brows I have flecked with sable, the living cloud everywhere.

Darker and darker and darker these shadows will yearly grow,
As, changing, the seasons bring us the bud and the falling snow,
And soon—let us not invoke it!—the final prayer will be said,
And strangers will write the record, "The last of the group is dead."

And then—but why stand here gazing? A gathering storm in my eyes
Is mocking the weeping tempest that billows the midnight skies;
And, stranger still—is it fancy? are my senses dazed and weak?—
The shadowy lips are moving as if they would ope and speak;
And I seem to hear low whispers, and catch the echo of strains
That rose from the golden gulches and followed the moving trains.

The scent of the sage and desert, the path o'er the rocky height,
The shallow graves by the roadside—all, all have come back tonight;
And the mildewed years, like stubble, I trample under my feet,
And drink again at the fountain when the wine of life was sweet;

And I stand once more exalted where the white pine frets the skies,
And dream in the winding canyon where early the twilight dies.
Now the eyes look down in sadness. The pulse of the year beats low;
The storm has been awed to silence; the muffled hands of the snow,
Like the noiseless feet of mourners, are spreading a pallid sheet
On the breast of dead December and glazing the shroud with sleet.

Hark! the bells are chiming midnight; the storm bends its listening ear,
While the moon looks through the cloud-rifts and blesses the new-born year.

And now the faces are smiling. What augury can it be?
No matter; the hours in passing will fashion the years for me.

Bar closely the curtained windows; shut the light from every pane,
While, free from the world's intrusion and curious eyes profane,
I take from its leathern casket, a dinted old cup of tin,
More precious to me than silver, and blessing the draught within,
I drink alone in silence to the "Builders of the West"—
"Long life to the hearts still beating, and peace to the hearts at rest."

*Rollin Mallory Daggett.*

*From "Story of the Files," San Francisco, 1893.*

## TAVERNIER'S INDIAN GIRL

The Indian maiden gazing in wonder at a ship entering the Golden Gate was the work of Jules Tavernier. One of the children of his fertile brain, it was drawn for the title-page of the Christmas "Argonaut" for 1878. It would have been used as a cover page every week, but mechanical difficulties in the press-room caused the fine block to be laid aside except for Christmas editions.

In Tavernier's immense atelier, a favorite rendezvous for the Bohemian painters and writers of San Francisco, there were many sketches which gave evidence of his fertility and originality in design. He was abounding in ideas. The Indian girl figured in not a few of his sketches. His was a versatile genius—he could paint in oils, in water-color, in pastel, in distemper; he was a wizard with chalk and charcoal. Photo-zincography was just coming in, and Tavernier, Joseph Strong and Julian Rix did work for some of the earlier numbers of the "Argonaut" in this new medium. But Tavernier's unique and beautiful design of the Indian maiden gazing out upon the Golden Gate is all that is remembered of the "Argonaut" illustrations of those vanished years.

*Written for*
*"Literary California."*

*Jerome A. Hart.*

## OLD CALIFORNIA

'Tis a land so far that you wonder whether
E'en God would know it should you fall down dead;
'Tis a land so far through the wilds and weather,
That the sun falls weary and flushed and red,—
That the sea and the sky seem coming together,
Seem closing together as a book that is read:

Oh! the nude, weird West, where an unnamed river
Rolls restless in bed of bright silver and gold;
Where restless flashing mountains flow rivers of silver
As a rock of the desert flowed fountains of gold
By a dark wooded river that calls to the dawn,
And makes mouths at the sea with his dolorous swan:

Oh! the land of the wonderful sun and weather,
With green under foot and with gold over head,
Where the sun takes flame and you wonder whether
'Tis an isle of fire in his foamy bed:
Where the ends of the earth they are welding together
In rough-hewn fashion, in a forge-flame red.

*Joaquin Miller.*

GALAXY 1.—POETS, PROSE-WRITERS, HUMORISTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mark Twain | Joseph Le Conte | Edward Rowland Sill |
| Henry George | John Phoenix | Edward A. Pollock |
| Bret Harte | Ambrose Bierce | Charles WarrenStoddard |
| Joaquin Miller | "Caxton" Rhodes | Ina Coolbrith |

GALAXY 2.—EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Frank Pixley
James Anthony
Benjamin P. Avery
Frederick Marriott, Sr.

Calvin B. McDonald
J. Macdonough Foard
Fred Somers
John H. Carmany

M. H. de Young
Rollin M. Daggett
Joseph T. Goodman
Paul Morrill

## JUST AS THE NEW YEAR WAS DAWNING

Just as the new year was dawning
His mind wandered back to the past,
Friends of his youth passed before him,—
Would that those visions might last.

Tired and calm he lay resting,
And quietly soon fell asleep,
And thus as we watched by the bedside
He silently passed o'er the deep.

The Pioneer band is fast passing,
Yet their spirit will linger for aye,—
The work and foundation they builded
Was not made to crumble away;

But will stand as a monument to them,
And their brave, dauntless spirit of old.
The true heart, the quick hand, the kindness
Are to us, far dearer than gold.

*Elizabeth McGrath.*

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine"; written in Memory of Baruch Pride, an old Forty-niner who passed away, January, 1916, in his 87th year, beloved by all.*

## CALIFORNIA

O California, just the old dear sound—
Again that one word can the whole world bound!
Thank God for that Sierran world, a king
Might go his way, long envying.
Among illimitable peaks high-hung
With forests, dateless, deathless, ever young—
The child-world bright with faith and hope.

*Anna Catherine Markham.*

*From "Current Poetry," February 5th, 1916.*

## THE GOLDEN GATE

Down by the side of the Golden Gate
The city stands;
Grimly, and solemn, and silent, wait
The walls of the land,
Guarding its door, as a treasure fond;
And none may pass to the sea beyond,
But they who trust to the king of fate,
And pass through the Golden Gate.
The ships go out through its narrow door,
White-sailed, and laden with precious store—
White-sailed, and laden with precious freight,

The ships come back through the Golden Gate.
The sun comes up o'er the Eastern crest,
The sun goes down in the golden West,
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.
Down by the side of the Golden Gate—
The door of life,—
Are resting our cities, sea-embowered,
White-walled, and templed, and marble-towered—
The end of strife.
The ships have sailed from the silent walls,
And over their sailing the darkness falls.
O, the sea is so dark, and so deep, and wide!
Will the ships come back from the further side?
"Nay; but there is no further side,"
A voice is whispering across the tide,—
"Time, itself, is a circle vast,
Building the future out of the past;
For the new is old, and the old is new,
And the true is false, and the false is true,
And West is East, and the East is West,
And the sun that rose o'er the Eastern crest,
Gone down in the West of his circling track,
Forever, and ever, is shining back
Through the Golden Gate of life."
O Soul! thy city is standing down
By its Golden Gate;
Over it hangs the menacing frown
Of the king of fate.
The sea of knowledge so near its door,
Is rolling away to the further shore—
The orient side,—
And the ocean is dark, and deep, and wide!
But thy harbor, O, Soul! is filled with sails,
Freighted with messages, wonder tales,
From the lands that swing in the sapphire sky,
Where the gardens of God in the ether lie.
If only thy blinded eyes could see,
If only thy deaf-mute heart could hear,
The ocean of knowledge is open to thee,
And its Golden Gate is near!
For the dead are the living—the living the dead,
And out of the darkness the light is shed;
And the East is West, and the West is East,
And the sun from his toil of day released,
Shines back through the Golden Gate.

*From "Golden Gate," 1885.* *Madge Morris.*

## A SIGNIFICANT CRISIS IN THE WEST

Do the American people realize that they are now facing on our Pacific frontier what may easily become the most significant crisis which the Western world has confronted since

Thermopylae—a question not of policy or prosperity or of progress, but of existence? Nothing can keep our Pacific coast essentially a white man's country except our continued determination to keep it so.

Nothing can preserve the essentially American social textures of the states bordering the Pacific except the preservation of the racial integrity of their population. And if that is not guarded nothing can prevent the caste system and the wreck of free institutions from spreading backward over the mountains and across the plans absolutely without limit until the white man at last takes another stand and establishes a new frontier at the Rockies, the Mississippi or the Atlantic, with all the west of the new line outside the precincts of the white man's world.

It is a question on which a blunder once made can never be rectified. The frontier of the white man's world must be established some day, some where. Unless this generation establishes it at the Pacific coast no future generation will ever have the chance to establish it so far west, or to maintain it anywhere except by war and permanent lines of garrisoned fortresses.

The problem is ours in the next few years in California, Washington and Oregon, and in the Capital and White House. The consequences are the whole world's, everywhere, forever.

*Chester Rowell.*

*From "Collier's Weekly," 1909.*

## POETIC ART

The cities vanish; one by one
The glories fade that paled the sun;
At Time's continuous, fateful call
The temples and palaces fall;
While heroes do their deeds and then
Sink down to earth as other men.
Yet, let the Poet's mind and heart
But touch them with the wand of art,
And lo! they rise and shine once more
In greater splendor than before.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

*From "Into the Light," Sherman, French and Company, Boston, 1912.*

# THE DEATH OF POETRY

*There is no demand for poetry, according to one of the greatest of international publishers.—Daily Paper, 1909.*

Lay her and her muted lyre
Here together on this pyre.
And the laurels she has won
Lay them, lay them, one by one
As a pillow for her head
Who lies here forlorn and dead.

None to mourn her, none to praise,
Homer loved her in his days;
Sappho struck the lyre of her,
Petrarch was her worshipper.
Virgil, Dante, all are mute,
Hers a split and silenced lute.

Burns, her erring child and poor,
Byron wooed her, and did Moore
From her happiest moods beguile
Sweetness in a word or smile,
And where subtle Shelley slept
She paused once an hour—and wept.

Regal, beautiful, she stood
In her glorious goddesshood,
Bade Shakespeare, her child to be
By right of her divinity,
Half godlike, and where'er she trod
She hallowed man and worshipped God.

By vagrant stream and eerie wood
She wandered with the merry Hood.
Piped her pastoral lays oft were
With Goldsmith as interpreter.
And Whitman knew her dreamy days
And went with her up mountain ways.

When gloomy Poe her favor sued,
She listened and she understood.
Holmes claimed her joyous presence oft,
And Bryant knew her in her soft
And gracious whiles, and Whittier
In green fields would walk with her.

A minister to grief she moved
By many wooed, yet few she loved,
And those she best beloved, she lent
Her grandeur of the firmament,
Of seas and skies and subtle arts
Of love and grief and human hearts.

Here upon the funeral pyre
Lay her and her muted lyre.
Know ye, mourners at the bier,
'Tis a goddess that lies here.
And above thee all as far
As the weeping angels are.

*James W. Foley.*

*From "New York Times," 1905.*

# THE NEW POETRY

America is the happy hunting-ground for those who are producing the new poetry, say the British critics, utterly at a loss to understand why the book-publishing industry in this country is issuing so many volumes of verse.

* * * * * *

America more than any other nation buys and actually reads not only the spring poet, but also the summer, winter and fall varieties. In no other country are there published so many volumes of verse or is there so much space devoted to poetry in newspapers and periodicals. Not content with the domestic supply, we import cargoes of foreign verse, some of the British bards admitting that but for the American market their industry would not be profitable.

* * * * * *

It is perfectly natural and in line with almost universal experience that a comparatively young nation should be fruitful in the poetic idea.

* * * * * *

In poetry, greatness is seldom fully recognized in its day. Nearly all the immortals were not acknowledged as such until

it became necessary to find out just where they were born and buried.

The best of American poetry is genuinely new, and not because of its tendency to novel form, but because, like all great poetries, it is steeped to the chin in the life of its time. Economists, politicians and historians may show how much that is old, is in the supposedly new, but there is something new in every nation, in every day, in every life, and the true poet is he who sees it and gives it permanent expression.

*George Douglas.*

*From the "San Francisco Chronicle," 1914; this is given in reply to Foley's poem, published nine years before, showing that Poetry was "not dead but only sleeping."*

## THE POET-TOUCH

*What is the poet-touch? Ah me, that every bard might gain it*
*And having once attained the prize, forever might retain it;*
*To touch no thing that's vile, unless to teach the world to scorn it,*
*To touch no thing that's beautiful save only to adorn it!*

*Clarence Urmy.*

*From "A California Troubadour," A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, 1912.*

## POETRY

She comes like the husht beauty of the night,
And sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after.

*Edwin Markham.*

*From "Story of the Files of California," San Francisco, 1893.*

## THE POET

To preach the wisdom of the ages,
To glorify those seers and sages
Who taught that life is but transition;
To seek denial in endeavor,
To sing to men God's truths forever,
This is the poet's holy mission.

To give a voice to spirits voiceless,
To make rejoice the heart rejoiceless,
To worship Love and Faith and Beauty;
To learn Life's everlasting meaning,
Which Nature seems forever screening,
This is the poet's glorious duty.

To be the symbol of creation,
The warrior of his land and nation,
Whatever dangers may surround her;
To see her glory not diminished,
To see her mighty race is finished,
When Liberty divine has crowned her.

And when men's deeds of valor dwindle,
To reawaken and enkindle
Within their souls a higher splendor;
To be amidst the van forbearing,
To be the first of freemen daring,
The last of mortals to surrender.

To lead where none may seem to follow
Along the pathway of Apollo,
Where Powers Eternal seem to set him,
This should the poet do forever,
Though myriads laugh at his endeavor,
Though men remember or forget him.

*From the "Story of the Files of California," 1893.* *Lorenzo Sosso.*

## INDIRECTION

### A POEM OF GREAT BEAUTY

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the created and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

*From "Readings from the California Poets," by Edmund Russell Doxey, Publisher, San Francisco, 1893.* *Richard Realf.*

## MINING AND POETRY

The shaft some thousand fathoms I descended,
To where stout miners worked 'mid endless night,
The walls reflected back my taper's light
As through these catacombs of gold I wended,
I saw the rocks from where God placed them rended
By patient stroke of pick and muscle's might,
And then I saw the metal fair and bright
Cleared of the dross with which 'twas whilom blended
I thought, while watching them the quartz refine,
The poet with these toilers is akin:
Although a different meed he seeks to win,
For he, instructed by a power divine,
Selects from thoughts ignoble, mean, and poor,
The golden ones that ever must endure.

*Richard Edward White.*

## RE-DISCOVERING THE WORLD BY RE-THINKING IT

In spite of the conflicting cries which arise here and there from the market-place, it would seem there are some plain things of simple observation concerning which those who sit in the porch might be esteemed to be reasonably agreed. First, there is the importance of learning some one thing well. The achievement of units bears a very lax relation to getting an education. A congeries of two and three-hour courses selected because of their convenient time, their pleasant name and their charitable basis of credit, may yield a degree, but will not, however numerous, make MIND, any more than many moulds of jelly will build a wall.

* * * In doing one thing well, the student will learn more or less about other things. Through one field mastered he gets the lay of the land all about him. It is the one way known among men. * * * The subject of study a man chooses is of far less importance than the attitude he learns to assume toward the truth. * * * It is not a man's outward equipment that counts, but his character. The subject of study is to be regarded as little more than a certain healthy food for a growing mental organism. Feed well, keep clean, and let nature do the rest.

Of more importance still than subject or training is the competence to transmute the form of learning into the form of discovery. Toward stimulating this competency, in short range or in great, all higher training must strive. * * * Fresh thinking is the very breath of life to a university. A man who has once, in small or great, exhausted all that is

known on a given matter, and, having proceeded alone beyond the outer picket line of the advance, has gained glimpses of new lands in new relation to the old, has become thereby a changed man for all his life. A new fever is in his blood. It is no longer worth his while to borrow. He has now discovered.

Man rises to the highest there is in him when he shakes himself free from imitation, superstition and convention; and setting free MIND above the ruts of matter, re-discovers his world by re-thinking it. * * *

A university is a place where men living together in the sharing of outlook and tasks may shape their lives to social need by learning to understand one province where human thought has leveled roads, and by helping, find the further way.

If our walls are to bear but one inscription, let these five words standing at the entering in of its gates tell what the university is for: "To Help Find the Way."

*Benjamin Ide Wheeler.*

*From an address given at Stanford University on Founder's Day, Friday, March 10, 1916, by President Wheeler of the University of California.*

## TO MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST

### AS REGENT AND PATRON OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The children cannot "live by bread alone,"
For some have gifts of Art and Song,
And some to Science fair belong
As e'en the very stars have known
The while they grind at Earth and Stone.
And so it seems from out the throng
Comes one with fairy step and strong
Bright wand as from another zone
To give them benison at fateful hour,
And more than this!—She e'en bestows
Herself like guardian angel from the wood,
Upon that youthful brood to give them power—
Preserving pattern thus, to each who knows
The sweetness of her gracious ladyhood.

*The Gatherer.*

# A TRIBUTE TO GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH

George Hamlin Fitch—critic, lover and maker of literature, teacher of life!

I have, Sir, for many years followed your career as a literary critic, and have been thankful that so wise a guide has been vouchsafed to that large public in California whose reading is almost altogether confined to the daily newspaper, and to that other public which knows you through the essays that have been gathered within the covers of your books. You have been a teacher of doctrine that is vital, an admirer and a maker of the beauty that is art. Your doctrine of life—your philosophy of what is worth while—I venture to reconstruct from your criticism of the masters of English prose.

You teach that "the spiritual life is far more important than the material life"; that "spiritual fervor and moral force" drive the wheel of progress; that of literature the supreme test is "spiritual potency"; that "the spiritual life is the greatest thing in this world", and that in it alone we find abiding "strength and comfort". You teach that "work is worship and that the night soon cometh when no man can work"; that it is by struggle alone that we approach "that culture of the mind and soul which is the more precious the harder the fight to secure it."

You teach that in work is happiness—"in good, honest work done with all a man's heart and soul, the only enduring happiness". You teach that in faith is inspiration; in faith, enthusiasm. For child and man these words of yours are a timely warning and a tonic". It seems to me that the saddest thing in this world is to lose one's youthful enthusiasms. When you can keep these fresh and strong, after years of contact with a selfish world, age cannot touch you".

You, Sir, like the chief among your prophets and masters, Thomas Carlyle, have sounded a bugle-call to youth and age "to lift them through the fight", to breathe into them "the indomitable spirit which makes life look good even to the man who feels the pinch of poverty and whose outlook is dreary". You teach that which is most worthy of homage in the prophets and makers of our English prose; and what you teach we find in your motive and service, too.

You admire the visions of verity and righteousness in art; the sublimity and the humor and the pathos, the terror and the beauty, of imaginative and emotional appeal in literature; the music of impassioned prose, the harmony and thunder of the organ-tone, the rhapsody of the harp, the voice of the flute; the grandeur and the sweetness, the riches and the simplicity.

What you have taught others to admire, you have yourself made, in your quiet and unassuming way, in the art of literary criticism. And what you have created is but the image of the heart of the maker. Admiring the image, we admire most the heart of you.

*Charles Mills Gayley.*

*From "Hayward Journal,"*
*October 6, 1916.*

(Delivered at Elder's Gallery September 2, 1916, on the occasion of "An Afternoon with George Hamlin Fitch's Works;" the author being in London at the time. Other speakers who thus joined in honoring their fellow-companion who has added to the riches of "Literary California," in many ways, were the following: George Douglas, William Herbert Carruth, Zoeth S. Eldredge, Robert Rea, Charles B. Field, Bailey Millard, Richard Edward White, Ina Coolbrith and Ella Sterling Mighels.)

## A LITERARY LIGHT OF THE EARLY DAYS

The "Shirley Letters", written by Mrs. Louise Clappe in 1851 and 1852, and published in the "Pioneer Magazine" of 1854 and 1855, will always have a unique and unchallenged place as the background of typical California literature. Here was the Pioneer pen that blazed the trail to western romance for all the brilliant early California writers.

To her knowledge of art, science and history, she added personal charm and a sympathy and enthusiasm in the interests and endeavors of her fellowmen, so that from her arrival with her husband, Dr. Clappe, in San Francisco in 1849, she made a decided and far-reaching impress upon the community during the formative period of the new state.

Early in 1851, Dr. and Mrs. Clappe went to the enticing mines, and located at Rich bar on the North Fork of the Feather river. There, amid the frenzied struggle for earthly wealth, she built on the higher foundation of "cabin-home" influence and womanly ministration, at the same time recognizing the virgin soil, the unprecedented, unheard-of opportunity for her facile pen; and she transcribed the wonderful scenes of trail and camp, and the pathetic and the humorous dramas being enacted about her. She portrayed the excited, picturesque types of humanity, the glamor, the thrilling incidents of adventure, of gambling with nature for gold or for destruction—the spirit of which she immortalized in those spontaneous, fascinating epistles which were intended only for the family "at home". But Ferdinand C. Ewer, the gifted editor of the "Pioneer Magazine", rescued them from obscurity.

The "Letters" were hailed in the east as a wonderful "find", and among those here who were captivated by their charm was Bret Harte, then called Frank Bret Harte. His story of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" (which did not appear until many

years later) had its foundation in a graphic picture she gives in one of the "Letters" of the fallen women being driven out of the camp. He enjoyed her brilliant wit and conversation; and she opened his vision to the mountain possibilities for the pen—of treasures of history to be yielded up where she felt she had but done "placer work".

Upon the death of her husband, Mrs. Clappe became a teacher in the San Francisco public schools, notably in the high school, where she exercised a beneficial and lasting influence. She enriched every life that she intimately touched. Nothing missed her discerning spirit. Quick to discover anything especially promising in a pupil, she stimulated him or her to develop the gift. Some of her students have achieved reputation as writers and in other fields of high endeavor.

Among her discoveries was Charles Warren Stoddard, the poet, who adored her. To him she was "Ariel" with magic wand. In addition to her school-duties, she, by request, established classes in elocution, art and literature which were largely attended by ladies of society. She held her salon, bringing together the most cultivated and distinguished men and women of California, and from the east. Such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Agassiz were her guests. Here such spirits as John Muir often sought her company. She was the first one to give parlor recitals and to promote amateur theatricals in San Francisco.

Before she left the city to make her final home in the east, a grand musicale was given to do her honor, and in loving reverential recognition of her worth. A resultant purse of some $2000, born of the California spirit of those days, was humbly and gratefully put into her hand. But a deeper expression that thousands of us former pupils added was evidenced in tears and an ache of heart as we saw her depart.

In New York city that noble woman came "into her own", enjoying her adored niece, Genevieve Stebbins, the accomplished family of her old friend, Dr. Ferdinand C. Ewer, of the "Pioneer Magazine" (then a celebrated clergyman of fashionable New York), and the many gifted friends she drew about her by the graces of her spirit. As a crowning glory, a member of the distinguished Field family took her all over Europe, where she especially sought the old art-galleries with which she had familiarized herself and hosts of others, but had scarce hoped to see.

Her summers were spent in New Jersey in the happy suburban home of some members of Bret Harte's family, and it was from there she passed "over the divide". Rich Bar, the mining camp, with its flash and flame and its material gold, is

long since forgotten; but the wealth of herself that she gave there, and gave so liberally all through her illuminating life, endures, and has its part in the establishment of the Kingdom of Good.

*Mary V. Tingley Lawrence.*

*A tribute from one early writer to another, written for "Literary California," 1915.*

## A TRIBUTE TO MARSHALL, THE DISCOVERER OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

We build in bronze our memory of the immortal Marshall, not for the paltry piece of gold he picked up from the American river, January 24th, 1848, but for the Pioneer in the man that made possible the accident of discovery. The greatest greatness on earth is to be made the chosen instrument of God in making possible the highest happiness of humanity. And this was the part of Marshall and the early men of that time.

They were the messengers of Jehovah, the prophets of the highest, the John the Baptists of geography, crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way! make His paths straight for the highest civilization, and for the mightiest commerce of the world"! That piece of gold was merely the beginning of greater riches to come when the seed was to be planted in the sands, and to put forth a thousandfold more in bountiful harvests for future generations.

*N. J. Bird.*

*From an address given in the California Building, Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.*

## WHAT IS EDUCATION?

"Education is a systematic training of the natural faculties."

*Mrs. M. M. Bay.*

*Silver Hill, Haywards, 1907.*

## THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL-HOUSES OF EARLY DAYS

I have some vivid memories of those old schools and school-houses, which, like all Pioneer institutions, were rough and ready and demanded adaptability from those who essayed to preside over them. In the absence of clocks one learned to

judge time by the sun, and with but the scantiest of equipment, and that usually home-made, it devolved upon the teacher to devise both means and methods. One district I particularly remember for the variety of its incidental excitement. Mysterious Valley was in a lost corner less than a hundred miles from San Francisco, as the crow flies. It was at the end of ten miles of bad road beyond the terminus of a twenty-mile stage line. The schoolhouse, built of green pine lumber in the rough, was designed for summer use only, the available funds being sufficient for six months, or, to be accurate, one hundred and twenty days of schooling in the year. Accordingly, there was no provision for heating, and when an untimely spell of cold weather fell upon us in mid-April and chattering teeth and blue and shivering limbs protested, some of the older boys volunteered to build a fire out in the open, to which teacher and pupils alike adjourned and danced about the cheerful flames until circulation was restored. In less than a month's time the warm weather had set in and the unceiled roof wept pitchy tears on desk and floor, while every now and then a sharp crack, a gleam of sunshine, and a metallic "ping" advised us that another shake had warped off. Our schoolhouse would have proved an ideal place for the study of "nature", had that fad been on the official register in the sixties, seventies and eighties of the nineteenth century. Birds in variety flew in under the eaves, and, perching upon the rafters, sang so lustily that it was often necessary to modify the daily programme and defer oral recitations until quiet was restored. Jack rabbits and Molly-cottontails hopped cheerfully up to the doorstep to investigate, and in the evening, after the door was locked, squirrels and wood-rats would appropriate or make havoc of every scrap of paper, or any book carelessly left within their reach. Lizards we heeded not at all, but snakes, though probably harmless, were never welcomed visitors. One day I found one of the reptiles stretched along the rod at the bottom of a map, leisurely exploring the United States, and on another occasion, when some of the smallest pupils, after wriggling and squirming in their seats, began to climb upon the benches, an inquiry into the cause of the excitement brought out the reply that "there's a big sna-ik a-comin' up", and sure enough, something like a yard of the reptile had already emerged through a knothole in the floor, with more to come.

*Sarah Connell.*

*From "Life in California."*

## A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE

I desire to remind you that the schoolhouse is the garden-spot in which great minds are developed and cultivated. The schoolhouse is the sign-post of civilization, education and enlightenment. When a new schoolhouse is erected it shows the desire of that community to benefit the tender young who are to follow in our wake. * * *

While we are fortunate to live in this great, prosperous land, which is universally admired for its inexhaustible resources, prolific soil, and its many grand virtues that bring prosperity to its inhabitants, I beg to remind you that it is not the natural wealth with its bountiful resources alone that has developed the wonderful prosperity which challenges the admiration of the dwellers of the old world, but it is the bright intellect and superior education of the many great men it has produced. Compared with the old world, America is in its infancy, yet it has developed men of remarkable minds in all walks of life—men of the keenest powers of conception for designing and of wonderful ability for execution—men who have, in a few generations, transformed a savage land into a civilization, a wilderness into admirable cultivation, and a continent filled with nomadic wild tribes, with whom law and order were an unknown quantity, into one of the greatest civilized nations known to ancient or to modern history.

Education welded with that real unadulterated liberty enjoyed by all in this blessed country is the great secret of this wonderful success and achievement, and the schoolhouse is the first step for the young to enable them to obtain that fundamental training to fit them for their life's career. It is therefore meet, and a sacred duty, for every community to provide liberally for this start in life for them, by building comfortable and sanitary schoolhouses, and by selecting able and competent school-teachers to lead them to civilization, education and enlightenment.

*S. Hartman.*

*From an address delivered at the opening of a new school-house in Merced, on Arbor Day, March 26, 1909.*

## "A BRIEF BUT INEFFECTUAL RADIANCE"

"Go forth, young man, into the wilderness."

The young man bowed his head, and urged his horse forward in the bleak and barren plain. In half an hour every vestige of the camp and its unwholesome surroundings was lost

in the distance. It was as if the strong, desiccating wind, which seemed to spring up at his horse's feet, had cleanly erased the flimsy structures from the face of the plain, swept away the lighter breath of praise and plaint, and dried up the easy flowing tears. The air was harsh but pure; the grim economy of form and shade and color in the level plain was coarse but not vulgar; the sky above him was cold and distant but not repellent; the moisture that had been denied his eyes at the prayer-meeting overflowed them here; the words that had choked his utterance an hour ago now rose to his lips. He threw himself from his horse, and kneeling in the withered grass—a mere atom in the boundless plain—lifted his pale face against the irresponsive blue and prayed.

He prayed that the unselfish dream of his bitter boyhood, his disappointed youth, might come to pass. He prayed that he might in higher hands become the humble instrument of good to his fellow man. He prayed that the deficiencies of his scant education, his self-taught learning, his hopeless isolation, and his inexperience might be overlooked or reinforced by grace. He prayed that the Infinite Compassion might enlighten his ignorance and solitude with a manifestation of the Spirit; in his very weakness he prayed for some special revelation, some sign or token, some visitation or gracious unbending from that coldly lifting sky. The low sun burned the black edge of the distant tules with dull eating fires as he prayed, lit the dwarfed hills with a brief but ineffectual radiance, and then died out. The lingering trade winds fired a few volleys over its grave, and then lapsed into a chilly silence. The young man staggered to his feet; it was quite dark now, but the coming night had advanced a few starry vedettes so near the plain they looked like human watchfires. For an instant he could not remember where he was. Then a light trembled far down at the entrance of the valley. Brother Gideon recognized it. It was in the lonely farmhouse of the widow of the last Circuit preacher.

*Bret Harte.*

*From "An Apostle of the Tules."*

## WHY DO EDITORS DISCOURAGE YOUNG WRITERS FROM INDULGING IN FIGURES OF SPEECH?

"It is because the ornate is more liable to abuse than the sober; ornament construction and do not construct ornamentation. A house must have walls. Simplicity of construction would be four walls with partitions. Angles are made for the purpose of relieving monotony—clouds break up the monotony

of the sky. The stars give brilliancy, light and ornamentation to the midnight firmament. It is night that gives light and joy to day. Thought intensifies emotions; the emotion which comes from intensity of thought is true emotion. Emotion unsupported by thought is merely the wings without the bird, the soul without the personality, spirit that was not evolved from matter. The earth must have warmth but not melting fervor. There is a grandeur in eloquence when it lifts the mind to a lofty summit, but the summit on which it stands must be somber and substantial. The difference between thoughtful work and merely poetic fancy is the difference between a fire in the house and a house on fire."

*William H. Mills.*

*From "Story of the Files of California," San Francisco, 1893.*

## SUTRO FOREST

Trees and the Man, I sing, for here behold!
The white sand once a sweep of dunes and hills
The fervent wish and will of him fulfils,
Transformed to forests green and bold
Against the blue horizon and the sunset's gold.
And here is music from the trees, in trills
And pipings sweet, while fragrant breath distills
To electrify the atmosphere. I hold
That all the golden stores of Sutro's wealth
Bestowed on Art and Letters though they be
As fair as shines above the Northern Crown,
Yet greater is the joy that comes with health
Restored by blessed trees by this decree,
Planted by his order to redeem the town.

*The Gatherer.*

## PRACTICALITY VERSUS ROMANCE

Practicality comes from good, hard reasoning, but it pays when it does come. It will bury your dead and dry your tears. It will enable you to go hungry with very little murmuring. It will ease your thirst and make your old clothes look respectable. It will show you how to live, how to make what money there is to be made, how to stand rain, cold or heat. It will help you to part from all you love best on earth, and, better still, will enable you to live with disagreeable people. Will romance do this? Will day-dreams mend your stockings?

Will wishing and longing for the unattainable bring it to you? It will paint the cloud sometimes and put music into the wind. It will tinge the seasons with beauty, and often will beautify even age itself, but it is not a profitable reality in the long run.

*Adelaide J. Holmes Bausman.*

*From the "Seattle Spectator," 1893.*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In January is seen the beginning of the great panorama of Growing Things in California. The life-impulse starts suddenly in the trees first of all. What a wonderful sight is the orange-tree with its glossy green leaves, with three stages of growth going on at one and the same time, the golden fruitage hiding in the leaves, the green and gold half ripe on the way to perfection, and crowning all, the orange-blossoms in their pure whiteness to serve for the bridal of Nature and her regal lord, the Sun.

*A. E.*

## THE GRAY ROAD OF SORROW

The world has many a road for the feet of you and me,
They cross the winding hills where the winds are blowing free,
They dip down the valleys and through many a place they're cast,
And the gray road of sorrow, oh, we come to it at last.

We come to it at last in the mists and sighing rain,
And though we leave it oft the whiles, we come to it again;
We come to it again with the sighing rains that fall
On the gray road of sorrow that loves and lures us all.

Once I thought to never walk that gray road hedged with yew,
Nor ever did you think to come, if I can read you true—
'Twas then that life and love were young, our blood with youth aflame,
Yet I found you on the gray road when first to it I came.

I found you in the sighing rain, beside the hedge of yew,
With the trouble dim upon your eyes that once were dancing blue,
With the trouble in the eyes of you, the hot tears on your cheek,
And the lips of you a-tremble with the word you could not speak.

And yet, oh, heart of me, as we wander down the years,
We fear it less and love it more, that gray road of tears—
The gray road of sorrow with its whispering yew and rain,
Its heartaches of memory, its trouble and its pain.

For, trod we ne'er the gray road, but always laughed along
The paths of the primrose and the sunlit trails of song—
Had we walked but where the happy throngs of mirth and pleasure go,
The throb of the gray road we had not learned to know.

And 'tis not when the laughter and lilt of joy and song
Rings down the way of roses, where the gay and happy throng,
That life has most to give us, but it is when falls the rain
On the gray road of sorrow with its heart-break and pain.

So, here's my glass to yours, and I'll quaff with you the wine,
And I'll give you back another song for that you gave for mine,
But when God calls us near him, with souls and hearts laid bare,
The gray road of sorrow is the road that we must fare.

*John Steven McGroarty.*

## A TOAST TO AUTHORS

Hither, minions, bear a cup,
I know not what it be;
But since it has a Scotchy smell,
We'll call it "barley bree."

And this good cup I empty now,
And will refill the same
To all who authors really are
And all who have the name.

To those who gather up the fruit,
To those who shake the tree,
To those who think that art is Art,
And those who disagree.

So, stand and hold your glasses high,
And turn the lights down low,
And chant to speed the going ghost
The dirge of Long Ago.

And if a twelvemonth hence we meet
To swaddle the New Year
And shroud the dying one, God grant—
God send we all be here!

*Charles Henry Webb.*

*From "Watch Night at the Author's Club" in "With Lead and Line," Cambridge, Houghton and Mifflin, 1901.*

## ONE OF THE TRADITIONS TO BE HANDED DOWN

One day I was in the editorial office of the "San Franciscan", which ran for a year, from 1885 to 1886. The two editors, Joseph Goodman and Arthur McEwen, were philosophizing regarding the attitude held by a young man when he first starts out in life. Said McEwen, "His first idea is to REFORM the world." "Yes," agreed Goodman, "but after he has

been knocking around a while, he finds it to be much more pleasant to CONFORM to the world."

This amused me very much, and I went down to the Golden Era office, where I was assistant-editor at that time, and repeated these sayings to the proprietor and editor, Harr Wagner. Mr. Wagner smiled and added, "And after another ten years or so, he makes up his mind to PERFORM and do something for the world."

A quarter of a century later, these brilliant bon mots being told to a young lad named Bram Nossen, a student at the Lowell High school, he also smiled and gave another to add to the list. "And after another ten years or so he either INFORMS or DEFORMS the world."

*The Gatherer.*

*From*
*"Life in California."*

## RONDEAU

This New Year's Eve the fire burns low
And midnight draweth slowly near;
Pale phantoms from the past appear
To mock me as the moments go
And memory's bitter floods o'erflow;
"Too late, too late," they gibe and jeer,
"Too late," my heart re-echoes, dear;
To ashes gray fades Hope's last glow
This New Year's Eve!
Yet list! Exultant, silver-clear
The chimes ring in a glad new year!
What lies within its fateful clasp
We dare not guess, we may not grasp,
But sudden leaps Hope's flame, my dear,
This New Year's Eve!

*Ella M. Sexton.*

## WILLIAM KEITH

We read that under the far Indian skies
The dusk magician with his magic wand
Calls from the arid and unseeded sand,
Whereon the shadowless sun's hot fervor lies,
A perfect tree, before our wondering eyes.
First a green shoot uplifts a tender hand,
Then trunk and spreading foilage expand
To flower and fruit;—and then it droops and dies.

But he—our wizard of the tinted brush—
In God's diviner necromancy skilled,
Gives to our vision earth, in grandeur free!
Rose-gold of dawn, and evening's purple hush,
The Druid-woods with nature's worship filled,
The mountains and the everlasting sea.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

## A WORD OF PRAISE

A little bit of praising now and then
Is sweet as any comb of nectared honey;
It often gives a man the strength of ten,
And really makes the worst of weather sunny.
It soothes the sore heart and is a balm
For bruises that a chap is given daily;
A scented oil to lay the waters calm,
Whereon is skimming every shallop gaily!

There's music in a word or two of praise,
Such as the rose is singing in the dawning;
Or philharmonic zephyr-organ plays
When larks and linnets linger on the lawning!
It heals the aching ear of all its woe,
Of testy temper discords that assail it;
When from the heart its lyric fountains flow
And find another heart but to regale it!

Despondency will scatter as a mist
Before the sunbeam of a bit of praise,
Or as canker in a wild rose kissed
By some dew-lipped fairy of the moony ways.
So when a little poisoned dart is fired
By some one from a quiver filled with malice,
May some gentle spirit, with an art inspired,
Heal all the pain with dew from Praise's chalice!

*Kenneth Campbell.*

"Sacramento Bee."


## SHORT HISTORIES OF THINGS

**For Use in the Schools** **Profusely Illustrated**

By THOMAS NUNAN

### The History of Creation

The world was created just as we found it—
Water and land, with air right around it.

That's about all that we ever can know,
The whole thing was done such a long time ago.

*Probably the shortest complete history of this important incident.

## HOME AGAIN

Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,
And oh! it fills my soul with joy
To meet with friends once more.
Here I dropped the parting tear
To cross the ocean's foam,
But now I'm once again with those
Who fondly greet me home.

Music sweet, music soft, lingers 'round the place,
And oh, I feel the childhood charm
That Time cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome, for I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.

Chorus—Home again, etc.

*Ballad Sung by the Pioneers.*

# THE PHANTOM FLEET IN PANAMA

All shimmering in the morning's glow,
Strange ships appear off Cuba's shore
And linger in a brooding wind—
Such craft no living men have seen before;
As if from centuries long ago
Brave voyagers came to seek once more
The way to Ind.

Their royal colors catch the light,
Till tropic showers dim the day,
And wrapped in billowy mists of white,
They drift as phantoms gray.

Perchance Magellan haunts the blue,
Or Cortez seeks for conquests new,
And wraiths pursue the fabled way
To India and old Bombay.

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Those were the bravest days of time
When frail ships dared the chartless seas—
Bright pictures of romance and rime,
King's pennants in the breeze.

The "Pass to India," unknown,
Bewildering led, now here, now there,
And "Seven Golden Cities" shone,
But magic of the air.

A hundred years of fearless quest
From Palos to the Golden Gate;
They saw the long shores of the West,
But not the Sunset Strait.

They gained Columbia's wide land—
The shores the earnest Pilgrim trod,
Where Washington gave high command,
And Lincoln spoke with God.

And now earth-men with heaven conspire;
The mountain from its place have hurled,
And slain the dragon in the mire,
To give a pathway to the world.

With Panama's wall of rock cut through
They flow as one, the oceans vast;
The world awakes, the dream is true
That moved the splendid past.

The phantom ships no longer wait,
The fleet of dreams salutes the breeze;
All sails are set to ride the strait
That joins the mighty seas.

The trade-wind answers far, and now
The admiral's bark comes sailing fast,
Columbus, Balboa, at the prow;
The way appears at last!

The phantom ships float wavering, free,
From arctic's white and silent spell,
From vales of wrecks beneath the sea—
Quaint bark and caravel.

All shadowless on waves of glass,
They skirt old island shores again;
Enveiled in silv'ry showers, they pass
To Pearly Darien.

Where signal-lights gleam from the tower
They gather in the harbor foam;
As wide-winged birds at day's last hour
With one accord sweep home.

With flutt'ring flags of many lands,
With lifted cross, or low mass said,
With laden spoils, or golden sands,
Armadas of the dead.

As banking clouds the heavens compel,
They pass unbarred from sea to sea—
Quaint bark and galley, caravel,
Through locks and lake made free.

"The quest is done, let flags be furled!"
(Voices pulsing in the air.)
"Oh, not in vain we scaled the world,
Dei gratia, haste to prayer."

And anchored in the sunset's gold,
The ships are ranked in proud array,
As in the gorgeous pomp of old
They dedicate the way.

*Lillian H. S. Bailey.*

*From*
*"Youth's Companion."*

# VALLEY FORGE—THEN AND NOW

The snow is sifting silently down through the stark limbs of the trees on the hill above Valley Forge—"the cold, bleak hill" of which Washington wrote in his pitiful letter to Congress, the forlorn, forbidding hill on which the embattled farmers labored in the trenches or lay "under frost and snow without clothes or blankets".

The Valley Forge of the winter of 1906 is not so different from the Valley Forge of the winter of 1778, but that, standing here alone in the snow, I can easily visualize the whole scene of that century-old season which, to me, more strongly typifies the patience and endurance of our precious patriots than any other in the pages of their glorious history. * * * It is easy to look back a little further, to see the poor soldiers marching to these winter quarters; it is easy to trace their route through the snow by the blood that oozes from their bare, frost-bitten feet.

Why have these men come here in such straits? They have come because Sir William Howe has established himself in Philadelphia, only twenty-four miles down the Schuylkill—they have come here to suffer and to wait rather than to give up the country to the ravages of the enemy.

The story of their desperate shifts and cheerless straits is true—as true as that the solemn river flows below the hill and that the sorrowful cedar stands over there against the gray sky. One believes what one sees, * * * and I know that the glorious tale is true. Have I not just come up from the little stone house in the valley below where Pater Patriae made his headquarters.

Here I see grim-faced men who, for want of blankets, sit up all night by fires; I see thousands of sick men crowding hospitals that are for the most part log-huts or frail wigwams of twisted boughs. I see them dying for want of straw to put between themselves and the frozen ground on which to lie. * * * As I look down among these splendid rebels—these men so glorious in their rags that the meanest of them would put to shame the proudest plutocrat who ever bought a jury or a legislature—I dream anew with them of the democracy for which they fought, and worse than fought, here in the cold and snow.

And while I dream I wonder. I wonder with what patience, with what fortitude, they would have suffered all this had they known that the most of what they were to gain for their sons and daughters by their Homeric, their Promethean

trials, would in a brief cycle of time be wrested from them by a handful of self-appointed, and consciously iniquitous men, sitting at the receipt of custom, their shadows brooding darkly over all the land.

What were the ideals of these men of Valley Forge? * * * Down from the "cold bleak hill" I look. I see them now—how could I fail to see them?—these martyrs, moving from hut to cheerless hut, trailing their red blood through the camp, and over there, a little apart, proud Pater Patriae, on his knees, praying—praying for what?

Among the trees the darkness is falling with the snow. Night is closing down. The wintry bitterness is deepening. Now the barefoot men light their camp-fires anew, and huddle about them, turning first their breasts and then their half-clad backs to the feeble flames.

But over there, apart, alone, Pater Patriae is still praying in the snow.

*Bailey Millard.*

A very beautiful bas-relief by James E. Kelly, entitled "Washington Praying at Valley Forge," was placed with fitting ceremonies in 1908 to commemorate the spot. Inspired by the theme, Mr. Millard the same year visited the historic scene and prepared an article for the "Cosmopolitan," from which the above is condensed.

## THE PIONEER

Somewhere, O earth, thy tangled woods
O'ertop the lonely plain.
Somewhere, amid dim solitudes,
Thy mists of silence reign.
Yet he shall come with purpose high
Deep in his valiant heart,
And where thy purple vistas lie
Shall stand the pulsing mart.

Somewhere primeval echo dies
Across the wastes untrod,
And wild and far and lone there lies
The wilderness of God.
But he shall come uncouth and plain,
His burning soul adream,
And where thy virgin waste hath lain
The fragrant farmstead gleam.

Tho' far and high thy treasures lie,
Enwrapt with hazard, still
Before thy face he shall defy
Thy might to balk his will.

For he shall come as morning light,
And earth rock-ribbed and sere
Shall yield the largess of its might
To him, the Pioneer.

*Harry T. Fee.*

*From "Sunset."*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A nation lay at rest. The mighty storm
That threatened their good ship with direful harm,
Had spent its fury; and the tired and worn
Sank in sweet slumber, as the spring-time morn
Dawned with a promise that the strife should cease;
And war's grim face smiled in a dream of peace.
O! doubly sweet the sleep when tranquil light
Breaks on the dangers of the fearful night,
And full of trust, we seek the dreamy realm
Conscious a faithful pilot holds the helm,
Whose steady purpose and untiring hand,
With God's grace will bring us safe to land.

And so the Nation rested, worn and weak,
From long exertion—

God! What a shriek
Was that which pierced to farthest earth and sky
As though all Nature uttered a death cry!
Awake! Arouse! yet sleeping warders, ho!
Be sure this augurs some colossal woe;
Some dire calamity has passed o'erhead—
A world is shattered or a god is dead!

What! the globe unchanged! The sky still flecked
With stars? Time is? The universe not wrecked?
Then look ye to the pillars of the State!
How fares it with the Nation's good and great?
Since that wild shriek told no unnatural birth
Some mighty soul has shaken hands with earth.

Lo! murder hath been done. Its purpose foul
Hath stained the marble of the Capitol
Where sat one yesterday without a peer!
Still rests he peerless, but upon his bier.

Ah, faithful heart, so silent now—alack!
And did the Nation fondly call thee back,
And hail thee truest, bravest of the land,
To bare the breast to the assassin's hand?

And yet we know if that extinguished voice
Could be rekindled and pronounce its choice
Between this awful fate of thine, and one—
Retreat from what thou didst or wouldst have done,
In thine own sense of duty, it would choose
This doom—the least a noble soul could lose.

There is a time when the assassin's knife
Kills not, but stabs into eternal life;
And this was such an one. Thy homely name
Was wed to that of Freedom, and thy fame
Hung rich and clustering in its lusty prime;
The God of Heroes saw the harvest time,
And smote the noble structure at the root
That it might bear no less immortal fruit.

Sleep! honored by the Nation and mankind!
Thy name in History's brightest page is shrined,
Adorned by virtues only, and shall exist
Bright and adorned on Freedom's martyr list.

The time shall come when on the Alps shall dwell,
No memory of their own immortal Tell;
Rome shall forget her Caesars, and decay
Waste the Eternal City's self away;
And in the lapse of countless ages, Fame
Shall one by one forget each cherished name;
But thine shalt live through time, until there be
No soul on earth but glories to be free.

*Joseph Thompson Goodman.*

*From*
*"Virginia Enterprise,"*
*1865.*

## THE LIBERTY FOR WHICH WASHINGTON STOOD

The nation's power and glory do not altogether depend upon the triumph of its arms; they rest upon the righteousness of its people and the quality of justice which it metes out to all men. The liberty for which Washington stood was

the liberty of equality—absolute equality of public burdens, absolute equality of public duties. He believed in a republic of law, a government of order, wherein and whereunder all men should be protected, and secure in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

*Samuel M. Shortridge.*

*"Washington; Liberty Under Law,"*
*an address delivered February 22, 1891,*
*at the banquet of the*
*California Sons of the American Revolution.*
*From "Notable Speeches by Notable Speakers*
*of the Great West," Harr Wagner;*
*San Francisco: Whitaker and Ray Co., 1902.*

## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Before there can be a common religion, even though it be based on the highest ethical grounds, there must be that harmonious recognition of each person's right to his own religious belief through which alone unity can be wrought out of diversity. Religious liberty, in the fullest sense, must therefore be our first goal on the road to any universal religion on this earth. Fortunately, in this country, the founders and friends of our Republic have from the start proclaimed and expounded the doctrine of religious liberty. * * *

Little that is new can be said about Washington. We all know that he embodied that rarest of combinations, a union of goodness with greatness. * * * A characteristic of Washington which is perhaps less known than his other traits was his devotion to religious liberty. Once, before the Revolution, when directing the manager of his plantation to obtain a servant, he wrote that the man selected must be competent and reliable, but that it did not matter what his religious belief was, whether he were Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or Pagan. On another occasion he pointed out that it would be absurd for those who were fighting for liberty to interfere with liberty of conscience. Especially notable in this direction were his letters to the Jewish and the Catholic congregations in answer to addresses of congratulation on his accession to the Presidency.

Particularly touching in his letter to the historic Jewish congregation at Newport, then of commercial prominence and promise, was his reference to the Jew as having been forced to wander over the earth, but as finding in this country an asylum and a refuge, where in the words of the prophet he

could sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and there should be none to make him afraid.

*Nathan Newmark.*

*From address delivered before Golden Gate Lodge of the B'nai B'rith Order, which erected Ezekiel's famous statue of "Religious Liberty" in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Published in "The Hebrew," San Francisco, March 15, 1918.*

## BENEFITS OF THE MIDWINTER EXPOSITION

Now that the California Midwinter International Exposition has been successfully launched, it is far more interesting to speculate upon its probable effects than to discuss what led to the conception of the idea. No doubt the observation of the fact that a large collection of fine exhibits from all countries of the globe was ready to be drawn upon gave the primary impulse to the thought that California might have an exposition; but I am inclined to think that the consideration that an imperative necessity existed that something should be done to rescue San Francisco from a commercial collapse was the controlling motive.

It is not difficult to recall the condition of affairs that existed in this city in June last. Distrust and apprehension filled the public mind. In common with the rest of the country, we were on the verge of a financial panic. Now that we have safely weathered the storm we may refer to facts which were not openly spoken of at the time, although they were recognized by those who felt the business pulse of the city. Well-informed men clearly saw that unless something was done to divert the public mind from the contemplation of an impending trouble, a panic must ensue which might sweep away the soundest financial and business concerns.

I think it was a clear apprehension of the existing state of affairs that caused the suggestion to hold a Midwinter Exposition in San Francisco to be taken up and pushed with energy. Had the idea been thrown out at another time—for instance, while the city was enjoying the fullest degree of prosperity—the argument that it would be idle to attempt to get up a great fair immediately upon the closing of Chicago's wonderful exposition might have proved too much for the suggestion. But when men are keenly in earnest to arrest a real or fancied danger, ridicule or fear of failure has few terrors. To all dissuading arguments the answer was promptly made

that it could not injure California to make the attempt to hold an exposition, and that the fruits of success would be all the more appreciated because of the obstacles overcome.

This was the proper spirit to display, and it explains why so great an undertaking has been successfully carried out in so brief a period. It must not be lost sight of that in exactly five months from the day of breaking ground in Golden Gate park the executive committee of the California Midwinter Exposition was enabled to formally open a fair which many competent critics pronounce second only to those of Chicago and Paris, and fully abreast of the Centennial Exposition of 1876, back of which was the national credit and all the patriotic feeling of the United States.

It is not only the brief period in which this great work was accomplished that is striking; the manner of its accomplishment is equally impressive. The beautiful buildings and gardens that now adorn the Midwinter Exposition grounds were called into existence without the gift of a single dollar from the nation, state, or municipality. All the money expended has been derived from voluntary subscriptions or from the letting of concessions, the presence of which contributes to the success of the enterprise.

Californians may not appreciate the magnitude of this feat. Those who daily observe the growth of a thing are very apt to underestimate its importance. There is nothing truer than the adage that "familiarity breeds contempt", and a too intimate acquaintance with an object often makes us overlook its beauty and underrate its value. But while we may take the creation of a city of one hundred beautiful buildings in five months as a simple thing, the outside world does not do so. In the east and in other parts of the world the performance is commented upon as something wonderful; and while Congress, with a timidity that was something amusing, feared to do anything for the California Midwinter Exposition, lest its action might be construed into giving the enterprise a national character, distinguished Americans and prominent journalists are now felicitating themselves that they live in a country so great and with such vast resources that the holding of two World's fairs within a twelvemonth of each other is possible.

I think I may say, with safety, that no achievement of recent days will give so much satisfaction to the patriotic American as the successful promotion of the Midwinter Exposition. It will enable the orator to point to the striking fact that the United States is the only country in the world that could venture upon running two expositions in a year and to emphasize

the vastness of his country by calling attention to the fact that in less than three months after the greatest fair of modern times closed its gates in Chicago another great fair was opened in San Francisco, twenty-three hundred miles distant.

That eulogies of this kind will reflect glory upon California and redound to the benefit of her people goes without saying. It will be impossible for the friendly critic to praise the achievement without, at the same time, acknowledging the fact that only an enterprising and progressive people could have accomplished such results. And with this will come the further reflection that even the most energetic and enterprising of peoples would be powerless to accomplish great things unless they had the material means with which to bring them about. And this reflection had already produced gratifying fruit, as any one may discern who has any acquaintance with the eastern press. The journals of that section are now teeming with articles describing our enormous and varied resources, and the prediction is being made that, having all the elements within our boundaries to make an empire, we may expect in the near future to contest supremacy with the state that now bears the proud title of the Empire state of the Union.

That the outcome of favorable comments such as these I have referred to must be a largely increased immigration to California of home-seekers is inevitable. The ancient Hebrews, whose poets sang of the lands flowing with milk and honey, filled their hearers with the yearning to occupy them—and in like manner will the readers of the effusions of the eastern editors inspire the people of that section to escape to a land where the conditions of life are less harsh and the promises of reward greater than in the older and more crowded parts of the Union.

*M. H. de Young.*

*From "The Californian," March, 1894.*

## FEBRUARY TWENTIETH, 1915

Lift up thy gates, oh city of the world's delight; and be ye lifted up, ye pleasure-inviting doors! At last the people of California, the great-hearted endeavorers of San Francisco have come into their own. * * * The achievement is a lesson to the world from a people undaunted, unshaken, unafraid. * * * The unparalleled crowd that over flooded the great gates, braving an uncertain morning sky, is the pledge of the people that they are worthy of the triumph and will give to it unexampled support.

The oratory of the occasion was nobly adequate. And how we of the far-flung West love the play of emotions! Eyes strained and faces grew tense over the raptured sentences of Lane and Rolph and Johnson, and in a hand-turn we were a-shout over a cynical cajolery of Will Crocker. * * * Then, too, we of California know how to sing. Some of the legions of the morning's parade boomed their songs in inspiring measures; and the ceremonial chorus rang out in deep-throated resonances, true and glad and free. * * * Then came the touch of the chained lightning that leaped from a President's finger in far-away Washington to open, with the might of a giant, but with the ease of a child, those heavy doors in palaces where the magicians of machinery and art have told their tales of power and woven their mystic spells. I saw the gates of the Palace of Art swing on the touch of twelve as if opened by fingers from the realm of aerie.

* * * I had watched through the waiting years and had beheld those massive wondrous buildings lift from what was a morass their glories toward the sun. I had seen Creation step steadily and confidently from the void. And I had thought there was no thrill that architecture can give or that color can excite that my heart had not already known. But the completed work seems more than the eye can yearn for or than the soul could keep. And if words falter at the glories of the day, who, since the Prophets of old, could begin to tell the wonders of the night. No eyes have ever seen such illumination, for not till now was it upon land or sea. "The Northern Lights came down o' the nights" to mingle with the blazonry that leaped from tower and spire and dome. * * * Wholesome fun has its full place in the pageant. * * * Between two breaths there is the opportunity to turn from the nobility of the student to the antics of the clown.

The gull is to be the bird-emblem of the Exposition and not the hand-feeding pigeon or the embarrassed dove—the gull that sails and poises, flings and darts on untired wing—the gull whose courage dares the sea. He is the bird of the untrammeled air, master of the elements, eager, confident and his own. His ease, his daring and his grace are typical of the Exposition's seaside home, and of the attributes of the men and women who made of that Exposition a fact-crystallized dream.

And the day itself was an epitome of the Exposition's story. It began in question and doubt and darkness. It struggled through the hours of travail and endeavor. And then it came out resplendent, perfect and serene. The twin questions, "Will it be a success?" and "Will it storm?" were

both answered in convincing fullness by the same controlling Power; and by the night's bedside we all could kneel with grateful hearts to say: "All glory be to God!"

*Edward H. Hamilton.*

*From San Francisco Examiner"; relating to the opening of the "Panama-Pacific International Exposition"; February 20, 1915.*

## FEAST OF LILIES AND NIGHT OF LANTERNS

### A CHINESE SYMPHONY

Poor old Ah Jim half crouching stood,
While fell the drizzling rain,
His store of New Year wares to sell—
The lilies that he loved so well,
Some sticks of sugar-cane,
Queer candies tasting much like wood,
And painted cakes or plain.

The lanterns in the alley shone
With silken red and green,
Their colors blending in the night
And making there as gay a sight
As man has often seen.
Such festive nights Ah Jim had known
In faraway Nankeen.

The while he crouched before his wares,
His dreams went o'er the sea;
Again a merry boy he strayed,
To music that the tom-tom made—
Though weak and old was he.
Forgotten all were Ah Jim's cares
In New Year reverie.

That's all the tale: Alone he stood,
While fell the drizzling rain.
His store of New Year wares to sell—
The lilies that he loved so well,
Some sticks of sugar-cane,
Queer candies tasting much like wood,
And painted cakes or plain.

Last night was New Year's Eve in Chinatown. Rain subdued the sounds of the celebration but only heightened the color. Spectators were few.

GALAXY 3.—POETS AND PROSE-WRITERS

Anna M. Fitch
"Hagar" Janette Phelps
Minnie Myrtle Miller
Bertha M. B. Toland
Frances F. Victor
Elizabeth Chamberlain Wright
"Topsy Turvy"
Georgiana Bruce Kirby
Adah Isaacs Menken
Nellie B. Eyster
Eliza Pittsinger
Josephine Clifford McCrackin
Sarah B. Cooper

GALAXY 4.—POETS AND PROSE-WRITERS

John Rollin Ridge
George Homer Meyer
Robert Duncan Milne
John Vance Cheney

StephenMassett
B. B. Redding
J. J. Barrett
S. P. Davis

Bartholomew Dowling
David Lesser Lezinsky
James W. Gally
William D. Pollock

Dupont street, as usual, was the central market-way for the sidewalk merchants and the peddlers who were there in hundreds with booths, portable stands, wagons and baskets, and pretentious white awnings stretched to protect some of the larger booths added a feature to the picturesque scene of this annual street fair of the artistic Orientals.

"A happy Chinese New Year to you, and many of them," was the sentiment of the night, and all the residents of the district seemed to turn out in peace and good fellowship.

The red and green lanterns adorned all the streets and alleys, and on some of the larger buildings there were extensive and beautiful displays. Orchestras, stationed at the theatres and prominent association homes, gave sound that was fitting accompaniment of the color.

Did you ever hear a Chinese orchestra? Listen! A clang, two squeaks and a disturbance of the peace, all done musically and repeated at proper intervals.

The booths were beautiful with the lilies that are so dear to the Chinese. There were thousands of these plants in blossom, and this year's stock is exceptionally large. Almond branches just beginning to shoot out their buds were almost as common, and there were chrysanthemums and other flowers, including some very fragrant specimens that had been brought from China and here command high prices. The queerly colored cakes and the rubber-like candies were everywhere on sale, and standing against nearly every telephone pole were the long sticks of sugar-cane. Dozens of wagons stood loaded with oranges, which white men cried in Chinese and Chinamen cried in English.

Most of the actual shouting in the streets was done by white peddlers. This year the Caucasian invasion seemed more marked than ever, and even an ordinary street fakir was there with his show and all his spieling clamor.

Yet, in spite of the white men's interference it was a feast of the lilies and a night of the lanterns; streets and alleys being filled with beauty for the painter.

Night softened the harshness and the lights gave emphasis to the picturesqueness.

The New Year began at midnight and the celebration will be continued today.

*Thomas Nunan.*

*From "San Francisco Examiner".*

## SONNET TO ROBERT I. AITKEN

The abiding marble shadows forth thy dream;
But in what quarries of infinity
Must spirit strive with formlessness to free
The Vision? Lo! upon the mind's extreme
It bursts from darkness like a dawn supreme—
The rainbow of an undiscovered sea,
A blossom of that vine of mystery
Whose roots touch night, whose flowers in morning gleam.

We are but thoughts. With music or the pen
We tell what silences about us brood,
And limn with masteries of hue or stone,
Set for a little in the sight of men,
The visions of that mighty solitude
From which we come, to which we pass, **alone!**

*George Sterling.*

## ON HEARING KELLEY'S MUSIC OF MACBETH

O Melody, what children strange are these
From thy most vast, illimitable realm?
These sounds that seize upon and overwhelm
The soul with shuddering ecstacy! Lo! here
The night is, and the deeds that make night fear;
Wild winds and waters, and the sough of trees
Tossed in the tempest; wail of spirits banned,
Wandering, unhoused of clay, in the dim land;
The incantations of the Sisters Three,
Nameless of deed and name—the mystic chords
Nameless repetitions of the mystic words;
The mad, remorseful terrors of the Thane,
And bloody hands, which bloody must remain,
Last, the wild march; the battle, hand to hand
Of clashing arms, in awful harmony,
Sublimely grand, and terrible as grand!
The clan-cries; the barbaric trumpetry;
And the one fateful note, that, throughout all
Leads, follows, calls, compels, and holds in thrall.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

*From "Songs From the Golden Gate";*
*Boston and New York:*
*Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1895.*

# A TEMPLE OF CULTURE IN EARLY DAYS IN SACRAMENTO

We are well acquainted with the legends of early Spanish culture in the days of the padres, as extended to the native Indian tribes, but no word is ever spoken of the civilizing influences brought into California by the pastors of many churches of a later era, to overcome the lawlessness of worse than Indians, overrunning the land. When the Pioneer women came across the plains or by sea to make homes for themselves whether from Europe or the eastern shores of the United States, they brought with them their traditions. As Stephen Mallory White says, "The only church we knew was around our mother's knees". But with that church firmly fixed, it was not long until the cross, the spire and the meeting-house followed.

Of many of these centres of culture, taking root and expanding everywhere in the hamlets, the towns and the cities, there were few so catholic, so broad, so universal in its ministrations to the community at large as the one I remember in Sacramento, presided over by the Rev. I. E. Dwinell from 1863 to 1883. Himself a Vermonter, he brought the finest and the best in taste and manners from Boston to the west, and for a period of twenty years established and carried on this temple of culture which prevailed over crudeness and rawness and sloth and ignorance.

No matter to what church one belonged, it was there that social life crystallized into form and beauty. Not only did the wives and families of the railroad kings and other aristocrats of that time occupy pews there, but there was a lyceum-course provided that brought the finest and the best lecturers, artists, scientists, singers, famous men and women from the world's centres into our midst. I remember the temperance orator, Gough, who told us that a maiden was like a camellia, you could not even breathe upon it without leaving a mar, it was so precious and so exquisite, and the same with a maiden as with the flower. Came there Agassiz, the great, to tell us of the marvels being discovered in the field of science. The famous Ole Bull touched his magic violin and gave us an insight to realms beyond. Mrs. Marriner and Walter Campbell sang for us in the days of their youth. Governor Newton Booth, the orator, told us of "Swedenborg". General W. H. L. Barnes addressed us on the theme, "What shall we do with our boys?" And presently from every lip came the irresistible reply, "Marry them off to our girls, of course!"

Under the leadership of Charles Prodger, one of the most charming of men, so brotherly and so paternal in his protective guardianship over the younger ones, were held the most remarkable of social evenings I have ever known, and it has been my good fortune to know the best in San Francisco, Chicago, New York and London. The wit and humor, the good taste and the elegance that prevailed there fitted one for court-circles. Wonderful games were inaugurated that sharpened the wits, and brought all together in a brotherly and sisterly way, as if in a family-group. What beautiful girls and manly boys were there, growing up together in that place, according to the traditions that made for the preserving of future generations! The half of the story can never be told, yet today, the descendants of these are the ones who are holding our California together for the days that are still before us. Here was created the leaven that hath leavened the lump of social life down to the present hour.

Among those to be remembered as units in the congregation were Mrs. A. N. Towne with her little girl like a picture in their place in the church; Mrs. Mark Hopkins and her two nephews; Mrs. Charles Crocker with her daughter and sons in their budding childhood; Mrs. Leland Stanford and her sister, Miss Lathrop; John W. Pew and his handsome bride; never to be forgotten for her grace of heart and exquisite taste. Here also were the wives and children of the celebrated James Anthony and Paul Morrill, editors of the "Sacramento Union". It was an education to the young to grow up in the midst of such scenes and such people.

The same type of man as was Longfellow was the dearly beloved pastor of this flock. In the earlier days of his pastorate, it is told "there were very few gray heads in his congregation. Both men and women were in the full vigor of prime youth. It was an active, restless community, surging like the sea, some coming and going and returning again, now to San Francisco, then to a newly discovered mining-region, then to a daring business venture. There were others passing through the city as if borne on the current of the river, and lingering for a little time, like a fruitful branch that would stay, held back by the eddy, yet that would rush onward at length swept away to the great ocean beyond. One of these transients, the most celebrated of them all, was George Kennan who had united with this church in the spring of 1865, just previous to his departure for northeastern Siberia on his way to Russia."

Kennan's appreciation of the championship of the pastor

* George Kennan was a writer for the Century and published books on Russia.

who drew so many fine spirits into that temple of culture is thus expressed: "Many times while sitting by the lonely campfire watching out the long hours of the Arctic night, on some desolate steppe, I have thought of you and of the friends in Sacramento, and cherished the hope that I might in God's time, see you all again."

In his farewell to his people, held together thus till 1883, Mr. Dwinell referred to the close relationship that had existed between them. His felicitous style is well shown in the following: "I have been with you also on memorable occasions of domestic joy. If I should call together the persons I have married during these twenty years, that I might preach to them on the duties of married life, and they should come, there would be enough white-veiled brides, and kid-gloved grooms to fill this church and have an overflow meeting that would nearly fill the lecture-room besides, for there would be one thousand and sixty persons present."

*From "Life in California", by the Gatherer.*
*Quotations made from "Memoir of Israel Edson Dwinell",*
*Henry E. Jewett; Oakland, Cal.*
*W. B. Hardy, publisher, 1892.*

## 1776—MISSION DOLORES

Oft have we gazed in wonder
At the rude but stately pile
Of Dolores fast decaying
'Neath its somber rustic tile.

This quaint adobe structure
With its arched door and bell
If they alone could utter
What storied verse they'd tell.

Of the days when bold vaquero
Filled the air with shout and song
As through the fertile fields and pasture
They drove their herds along;

And of the days now far removed
Along Time's lengthened way
When the rustic natives heard its chime,
And hastened there to pray.
As we pass its sacred portal
A distant taper greets the eye,
Like a lonely star in heaven
When the sun has left the sky.

Dim light from small high windows
Shrouds in gloom the outlines where
Stood the rude constructed altar
Where were offered Mass and prayer.

But now, alas; no chime we hear,
No choir of voices sweet,
Whose music wafted heavenward,
In unison to meet.

And now around its crumbling form
The green-leaved ivy creeps,
While 'neath the shadow of its walls
In peace the Padre sleeps.

*From "The Scoop"; San Francisco.* *George H. Barron.*

## THE NAMING OF THE GOLDEN GATE

The name given to the entrance of the bay of San Francisco was not suggested, as is sometimes assumed, by the discovery of gold in California, although its bestowal occurred nearly concurrently with that event.

So far as written records are concerned, they are silent on the subject of naming the entrance, and it is probable that no one took the trouble to apply a particular designation to it, although the islands and points about the bay were promptly supplied with names. De Ayala is credited with giving to what we call Angel Island the name of Isla de los Angeles, but he forgot to christen the opening which gave access to it from the Pacific.

To John C. Fremont belongs the honor of conferring the appellation Golden Gate, but curiously enough, in accordance with the tendency which had not yet run its course, he called it "Chyrsopolae". This designation appears on the map of Oregon and California which accompanied the geographical memoirs published by him in 1848.

These memoirs were written before the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, which was made in the same year, and in them Fremont took pains to make clear why he had selected the Greek title. Like all the discerning Pioneers, he was profoundly impressed with the belief that the harbor would one day bear a great commerce on its waters, and that it would outrival Chrysoceros, the Golden Horn of Byzantium.

The Pioneers accepted the name, but promptly converted it into English, and doubtless many of them who had no acquaintance with the geographical memoir of Fremont imagined that it was the steady stream of gold passing through the portal which suggested the happy title.

*From "San Francisco Chronicle"; June 7, 1914.* *John P. Young.*

# ABOUT THE GOLDEN ERA

"Oh, yes! the Golden Era was a great paper, and if the same policy had been continued, it would be a great paper today," said its old editor and founder, J. Macdonough Foard, when I interviewed him on the subject in 1885.

I wonder if the present generation can appreciate the pathos of the old miners still living in the great past rather than in the present. Not long ago the Examiner said in its review column: "The Golden Era has come to hand. While it is rather crude, yet there is a delightful crispness and flavor to it, unlike any other publication".

And this review, with almost singular fitness, might be said of every issue in those good old times. For I saw that ancient product once with my own eyes—a great pile of rusty, dusty tomes, breathing of the "velvet bloom of time", in a dark little room near the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets. The story of "Literary California" began in the early fifties with the publishing of the Golden Era bearing the device, "Westward the star of empire takes its way".

While it was never wonderful or great, yet it is the memories stirred by every line and every advertisement, bringing up vivid pictures of the past, that make it always hallowed and fondly remembered. Here are many names heralded in the very largest of type—names and names—but it is only those who were unannounced and unsung that have made any impress whatever on the later years. The most interesting things, indeed, are the mere fragments of these slowly evolving writers of our own soil who found their viewpoint here in the days of their youth.

Here is a scrap of art-criticism from Mark Twain, which certainly is crisp enough to belong to him. The great picture of "Samson and Delilah" (exhibited later, in 1884, in the Mechanic's Institute) had just arrived from Europe and was hanging in a well-known saloon. Says Mark, confidently, in his role of art-critic: "Now what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson? or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at lovely Delilah? or is it the rich drapery, or the truth to nature in that pretty foot? No, sir. The first thing that catches the eyes is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern—there warn't no scissors like them in them days, by a darned sight"!

*The Gatherer.*

## LOST TREASURE

The palpable sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables, chiefly of lost treasure. Somewhere within its stark borders, if one believes report, is a hill strewn with nuggets; one seamed with virgin silver; and old clayey water-bed where Indians scooped up earth to make cooking pots and shaped them reeking with grains of pure gold. Old miners drifting about the desert edges, weathered into the semblance of the tawny hills, will tell you tales like these convincingly. After a little sojourn in that land you will believe them on their own account. It is a question whether it is not better to be bitten by the little horned snake of the desert that goes sidewise and strikes without coiling, than by the tradition of a lost mine.

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For all the toil the desert takes of a man it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mystery as the stars move in the wide, clear heavens to risings and settings unobscured. They look large and near and palpitant, as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky, they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching, nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.

*Mary Austin.*

*From "The Land of Little Rain"; New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.*

## IN MEMORY OF VERDI

Here in California, we are a cosmopolitan people. Every land has made a contribution to our citizenship and each is proud of a particular ancestry. How proud are the Italians of their Verdi! They call us here today, and we gladly respond, to pay our debt of gratitude to the greatest musical composer of the century. There are tongues which we do not understand, but music is the common language of the world, and when Verdi speaks to us, our emotions—sensitive to his art—hearken to the voice of the master. We understand him; we answer to his passionate appeals; we rejoice in his triumph; we bend to his reproof. He sings of the life of man in the

exalted cadences of the lyric muse, stirring to action the slumbering soul or faltering heart. His is the sublimation of eloquence.

As the faculties of man are God-given, he who employs them in their highest perfection must best be serving God. The genius who creates is like unto divinity. The power which can awaken love and fear, pity and remorse, by the varying strains of his music, mysteriously persuasive, resembles the voice of conscience and suggests the spirit which dominates the universe. That is the pinnacle of human attainment. That is the consummation of art. It is not the wealth of a Croesus nor the despotic sway of a Caesar that excites our real wonder or admiration, it is the triumph of thought; it is the assertion of the mastery of the mind. It is not the mere pomp of power or the luxury of wealth—it is the influence of the true and the beautiful that betokens the progress of civilization. There is no compulsion of tyrants in our appreciation of Verdi's art. It is the allegiance of love.

Who was this Italian boy who lived to rank in his sphere with the greatest of mankind? He was born eighty-six years ago (February 24, 1801) in the Dutchy of Parmo, of poor parents, who kept a village store. He enjoyed no adventitious advantages, yet rose rapidly in a profession, in which he was encouraged by musical friends, and again seriously discouraged in his nineteenth year by his rejection at the Conservatory of Milan. But perseverance kindled his native talents—in fact it has been said that genius is nothing but hard work—until he was able to refuse the highest decoration proffered by his King. He was singularly independent and sought only the approval of the people; hence it is safe to say that his music will live because it is the expression of human nature. He did not, like others, endeavor to create a taste by which he would be enjoyed.

He gave poetry to life and lifted it from sordid ways to hopefulness and enthusiasm, and the people rose to their leader. His first operas were introduced with difficulty, which all beginners experience; but the Italian ear long trained in musical composition and with inherited taste from old, accepted Verdi as a master. When once known he was thereafter loved. He is classed by the critics as the head of the Italian romantic school. It is claimed for Rossini, his distinguished countryman, that he was more of the classical, as his operas, with which we are familiar, will testify—"The Barber of Seville" and "William Tell". Another countryman and also a contemporary, perhaps influenced the more—Donizetti, whose "Lucia

di Lammermoor," "La Favorita" and "Don Pasquale" have entertained us so often, even in this modest temple. (The old Tivoli.)

* * * * * * * * * *

As Ford and Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher preceded Shakespeare, so Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini heralded the coming of Verdi, who was to surpass them all. It has been alleged that Wagner also influenced Verdi's later work, but eminent critics dispute this. Wagner is mainly dramatic. * * * When one is mad and tempestuous in love, jealousy or anger, he may go to Wagner and storm like the gods in their wrath. Wagner wrote of an age half barbaric; Verdi of cultivated and civilized life; but in Aida he showed his Wagnerian capacity for the treatment of strong and fearful natures that characterize the untamed spirit of the old Egyptians. What versatility! What capacity! Of Verdi's thirty operas his Shakespearean "Falstaff" (which many assert is his greatest composition) was written by him at the age of eighty-one. The critics say that in form, harmonization and orchestration it is his masterpiece.

The first period of his work is illustrated by "Nubuco", "I. Lombardi" and "Ernani"; the second by "Rigoletto", "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore", and the third and greatest period, showing his full development, by the operas "Aida", "Otello" and "Falstaff". Whatever may be the judgment of mere critics, who after all compose but a small portion of an audience, the melodies of "Rigoletto", "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore" will, as now, reach the popular heart of succeeding generations; and from St. Petersburg to San Francisco the music will be sung as long as love lasts. * * * And after life is fled, the strains of the master, still true to human nature, it is said, will linger somewhere between the angels and the demons and will possess, even then, powers to mollify the pangs of perdition. Does not Owen Meredith sing

> Of all the operas that Verdi wrote
> The best to my taste is "Il Trovatore",
> And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
> The souls in Purgatory.

But death will not silence his voice. * * * After a remarkable life, during which he raised high the standard of art, created music which is chanted and applauded by the world, patriotically championing his country's cause, and benevolently giving his vast fortune for the care of the old musicians whose inspired instruments had given voice and expression to the children of his soul, he died at the age of fourscore years and six, honored and beloved not alone by his countrymen, but by millions of men and women who were and are still the daily recip-

ients of his sublime messages, written in undying melody. That is immortality on this earth—to live in one's creative works; and it is the state wherein mortals most resemble the gods.

Our Italian-American citizens of California perform a worthy service by commemorating their great names. * * * There is much in the mountains and valleys, sky and sea of beautiful Italy to inspire genius; and perhaps the physical joy of life in that favored land had much to do with the glory of her sons. In all physical respects California resembles Italy. Our skies, our mountains, our valleys, are not less fair. May we not hope to emulate in Art and Science the older land, whose sons have done so much for the progress of the world and whose unfading beauty has self-conferred an immortality all its own.

*James D. Phelan.*

From an address given at the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco, February 24, 1901; on the occasion of the "Verdi Memorial Exercises".

## A STAR IN THE CHAOS

There are many men and women who feel hampered by the shackles of conventional life; these, many of them, got a new inspiration in the free spaces of the new land (California)—they had reached a ground where they could take a firmer hold upon their dreams. This liberation of course had its dangers; it liberated some to a new freedom, while it liberated others to a new license. * * * "There was little law (as one of the Pioneer men confessed in later years), but a large amount of good order; there were no churches, but a great deal of religion; no politics, but a large number of politicians. Crime was rare, for punishment was certain. I think I never before saw justice administered with so little loss of time and at less expense." In long-established societies men and women build up false standards, create false distinctions, form into classes, into exclusive sets and coteries. * * *

But there was a touch of divine magic upon those early mining days. The consciousness of brotherhood spread over all the men of '49. Men were getting acquainted with one another's cults and customs, and were finding out * * * that all men are one. * * * All this was an enlarging experience to them, a spiritual revolution. Thus the old artificial lines of cleavage among men were disappearing. * * * In the dance, at the funeral, at the Fourth of July celebration, as well as in the comradery of the gold gulches, men were uniting according to the gravitations of character; artificial class lines, church lines, race lines—all were passing away from the

thoughts of men. We find then that there was something original in the way men met one another in that new theater of struggle. A man was accepted on his face value. * * *

Nor did a man's comrades ever ask him about his creed or station. They seemed to feel that a man's creed is only a shell in which he thinks he lives; that he really lives in his daily deed. Hence we see in this mining life something unique and noble; there was no question as to past or pedigree. A man was accepted for what he was at the moment; he was measured by the way he did the day's work. This fine custom was the basis for a widespread comradery; friendship was almost universal. Here was a star in the chaos.

In a degree at least the men of that time touched upon a great principle; they faced squarely the issue of throwing off humbug and conventionality and to prefer the vital fact of things. There was something fine in this phase of their life; there was a hint in it of that divine world of prophecy of which it is written, "Behold, I make all things new."

*Edwin Markham.*

*From "California the Wonderful";*
*New York: Hearst, 1914.*

## MATCHLESS YO SEMITE

High on Cloud's Rest, behind the misty screen,
Thy Genius sits! The secrets of thy birth
Within its bosom locked! What power can rend
The veil, and bid it speak—that spirit dumb,
Between two worlds, enthroned upon a Sphinx?
Guard well thine own, thou mystic spirit! Let
One place remain where Husbandry shall fear
To tread! One spot on earth inviolate,
As it was fashioned in eternity!

*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

*From "Old Abe and Other Poems".*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In February the land is a mass of beauty and loveliness with the bursting into bloom of the almond trees—a sheer delight to the eye and inner senses. No one can remain insensible to the grace and charm that come with this evanescent glory, covering all the dry places from sight and breathing of unseen forces only half guessed. For the Portuguese tell fairy tales of the almond time and say that new life comes to those who linger around these bursting blooms, turning from white to pink ere they pass away.

*A. E.*

## OUR FAIR SOUTHLAND

Behold this Southland, 'neath as perfect skies
As ever sun shines on, or stars arise:
Laughing in beauty, redolent with bloom.
In Winter fair as is a Summer's noon.

Luminous days are set
Colorful like the fire-opal, and yet
Filled full of balm is the Midwinter's heart—
Days in which storms have never any part.

The still noons
Golden with light, are full of happy dreams
Akin to summer's brightest; running streams
Syllable in music the dreams they hold
Of ripening harvest gleaming in the gold
Of yellow wheat and corn and orange spheres
And amber wines; and, ever listening, hears
The passing hour, the swift advancing tread
Of Ceres coming, by Pomona led.
The hum of bees December bends to hear,
Poured in soft murmurs to the waiting ear;
In greenest meadows the sleek cattle feed
'Neath the lush grasses; note they not nor heed
Midwinter's presence. No mad moods has he
Of storms or cold or elementary revelry;
Sandaled with blossoms, lo! he passes here,
Suncrowned and fruitful, monarch of the year.

*From "California Where Sets the Sun";* *Eliza A. Otis.*
*Los Angeles, Cal.*

## A SONG OF SLAVIANKA

A thousand cattle feed upon the hills
Above the Russian's ancient redwood fort,
And busy craft go freighted from the hills
Where once the Kodiak Indian made his port.
The wooded canyons echo back the sound
Of rushing engines where the deer once sped,
And waving grain grows lush upon the ground
Where long the red men laid away their dead.
Along the ocean's line of dazzling hue
The smoke of commerce e'er is trailing low,
Where glides the Russian River's winding blue
To meet the glad Pacific's ebb and flow.

*Honoria R. P. Tuomey.*

## TO MY PARENTS

In those dark periods of self-distrust,
When Inspiration, sleeping, seems away,
And Night refuses promise of the Day;
If then we toil, 'tis only that we must,
And because we know that All is just,
Or that the struggling Self is more than clay,
Ill-fitted and faint-hearted for the fray
Which offers, tho' we conquer, but Life's crust.

What then recalls the courage that we miss?
What holds our Faith alive and gives us power
To trample thicket and to wing abyss?
'Tis that eternal, never wasting dower:
The trust of those who love us. It is this
That turns our empty time to fruitful hour.

*Maurice V. Samuels.*

*From "The Florentines";*
*New York: Brentano's, 1904.*

## BETTER TO SPEAK A PLATITUDE

*Better to speak a platitude*
*Than not express your gratitude.*

*Lorenzo Sosso.*

*From "Wisdom for the Wise".*

## HOW THE CLOUDS COME IN THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE

The air is chill and the hour grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and misty sails,
Unshattered have weathered a thousand gales—
Slow wheeling, lo, in squadrons gray,
They part and hasten across the Bay,
Each to its anchorage finding way.

Where the hills of Sausalito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold!—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz;
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.

Their meteor flags, so widely flown,
Were blazoned in a world unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships? What news? What freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken.
Oh, how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!

* * * * * * *

The air is chill and the hour grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, chilled with woe;—

But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
Tomorrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine and soar to Heaven
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;

For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a SPRING.
So praise to God! who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

*Edward A. Pollock.*

*From "Poems";*
*Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1876.*

## THREE LITTLE GIRLS

### A PROSE BIT RELATIVE TO THE DONNER PARTY.

When the June sunshine gladdened the Sacramento valley, three little barefooted girls walked here and there among the houses and tents of Sutter's fort. They were scantily clothed, and one carried a thin blanket. At night they said their prayers, lay down in whatever tent they happened to be, and folding the blanket about them, fell asleep in each other's arms. When they were hungry they asked food of whomsoever they met. If any one inquired who they were, they answered, as their mother had taught them: "We are the children of Mr. and Mrs. George Donner." But they added something which they had learned since. It was: "And our parents are dead."

*Charles Fayette McGlashan.*

*From "The History of the Donner Party; A Tragedy of the Sierras".*

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Today the same hills tower about the lake. The gaunt, tall trees that broke the force of the icy blasts when the little children of the Donner party sought to keep warm in the sun while their elders fought to find a way out over yonder snow barriers to California beyond, still stand.

What stories they could tell if they could but talk, those trees! They saw the brave men of the party go forth with stout determination, and they saw them return with the light gone out of their eyes and grim despair writ on their wan lips,

that had smiled hope into the hearts of their dear ones when they left. And they saw them go and return, and then go and never return again. If they could talk, those tall, silent trees, they might tell what became of those brave men. And if they could talk they might relate to us the child prattle of those brave men's little famished children as they sat awaiting fathers' return with the food they were never to taste.

If they could talk, those tall, gaunt trees might tell us where lies the bravest woman of all that party, who kissed her two little babes good-bye and remained behind to perish of starvation with her injured husband, because she thought her duty of wife called her to die with him, with whom she had lived so happily in their happier days.

But those trees, bowed down with their weight of snow; those hills, blanketed deep with their load of winter white; those crags, hoary and high, the ashen, cold sky above, the snowflakes that have come each winter since that cruel winter, tell no story that we can understand.

Only the zero wind, as it sobs over the wastes, seems to bring the cries of little children. It is silent but for that, this place where the Donner party perished. It is silent, this snow waste at the elbow of Truckee, gay "Land of Winter Sports."

*G. G. Weigle.*

*Editorial Department, San Francisco Examiner; Lecturer in Journalism, University of California, Extension Division.*

## THE UNVEILING OF THE DONNER LAKE MONUMENT

We are gathered here today to commemorate an historical incident in the early history of the Western land—an incident replete with deeds of heroism, of suffering and of sacrifice.

But in a broader sense we are here to dedicate a monument to the courage, the valor and the unconquerable spirit of California Pioneers, the men and women who braved the burning desert and the snowbound summits to help build on these far Pacific slopes a free and enlightened commonwealth.

Westward the course of empire was taking its way and those early Pioneers saw in this glorious Western land of sunshine the home of their dreams. As we look back over the brief period that has elapsed since the Donner party set out on their long pilgrimage, we cannot but marvel at the transformation that has taken place.

What was then an almost unknown and an almost unpeopled region is today a rich empire, studded with thriving

cities and towns; a land of limitless wealth; a commonwealth second to none in refining influences of art and science and culture; the home of three million loyal and devoted American men and women.

As we contemplate the hardships endured and the sublime courage displayed by that group of sturdy Pioneers, we realize that we of this generation are face to face with a situation that calls for the same spirit of resolute devotion to duty and the same willingness to endure, if need be, the extreme of personal sacrifice.

At this moment the eyes of the world are focused upon the conflict that is raging on Europe's battle-scarred fields, anxiously awaiting the issue that means so much to the peace and safety of the whole world.

California's sons are there, doing their part heroically, grandly. They are there to fight for the preservation of the liberty of the whole world. And they are there to fight to win.

In conclusion, permit me on behalf of the State to express to the Native Sons and to the Native Daughters of the Golden West, two organizations that are so loved and respected in this great commonwealth, the gratitude and appreciation we all feel for the splendid services being rendered by your organizations in taking the leadership in this great work of preserving California's history. Through your foresight much already has been done, and today's dedication adds another to your already long list of public services. Donner lake now becomes a landmark inseparably associated with the history and traditions of our glorious state.

*William D. Stephens.*

*Governor of California;*
*From "Address on This Occasion",*
*June 6, 1918.*

## WHAT THE DONNER LAKE MONUMENT STANDS FOR

### WORDS BY A NATIVE DAUGHTER

Sculptor John McQuarrie, through this statue that tells of the coming of the Pioneer, has exercised his ability to put into permanency "thoughts that breathe."

The Pioneer Father, led hither by the lure of the West, with its possibilities for stalwart manhood, unflinchingly faces the future of his journey, the goal of which is to receive and hold all that life for him claims as most dear. The Pioneer Mother, his wife beside him, is as full of courage as he. In

her tender helpfulness we can almost hear her whisper, "We have 'tackled the dread' and thus far have overcome all obstacles, than which none surely can be worse; the light is ahead; together, side by side, heart with heart, we'll follow its gleam." The little daughter, kneeling by her father, touching yet not hindering him, is sufficiently appalled by the mystery and uncertainty of it all as to show by her reverential attitude that their father's God is their God and their trust is in Him. It is truly a happy idea as well as a beautiful inspiration of the artist to show the Christian faith of the parents through the attitude of their little child. Yet the group were incomplete but for that other one—the babe in his mother's arms! The baby boy to signify beyond what can be expressed in words, the perpetuity of the manhood of the Pioneer.

*Clara K. Wittenmyer.*

*Author of the Susan L. Mills Memory Book, 1915.*

## THE MAIDEN OF TAMALPAIS

Long ago in the mythical ages
When the daughters of Eve were fair,
A maiden came down from the valley
To the bay and the misty cool air.

She called to her lover, fruit-laden,
She flung wide her tresses so free,
And fleet-footed ran through the rushes
To the billowy, white-capped sea.

She joyed in the long waves rolling,
Laughed when they broke into snow,
Till the strong Tide-King embraced her,
Kissed her and bore her low.

Then Tremblor, the shaper of ridges,
Lifted her up from the deep,
And laid her to rest on the mountain,
Forever in beauty to sleep.

The maiden on Tamalpais lying,
Waits for the voice and the hand
Of the Faultless, the Chosen, the Kingly,
She loved in the barley-white land.

By the Bay of St. Francis she's sleeping,
In the wind on the edge of the sky,
Where the redwoods stay her mantle
And the sunset glories lie.

*Lillian H. S. Bailey.*

*From "San Francisco Call"; 1910.*

*The female profile outlined by the ridge of Mt. Tamalpais is a remarkable natural curiosity which is best seen from the deck of a ferry-boat on San Francisco Bay.*

## THE HYMN OF THE WIND

I am the Wind, whom none can ever conquer;
I am the Wind, whom none may ever bind.
The One who fashion'd ye,
He, too, has fashion'd me—
He gave to me dominion o'er the air.
Go where ye will, and ever shall ye find
Me singing, ever free,
Over land and over sea,
From the fire-belted Tropics to the Poles.
I am the Wind. I sing the glad Spring's coming;

I bid the leaves burst forth and greet the sun.
I lure the modest bloom
From out the soil-sweet gloom;
I bid the wild-bird leave the drowsy South.
My loves are violets. By my pure kisses won,
They spring from earth, and smile,
All-innocent, the while
I woo them in the aisles of pensive woods.

I am the Wind. From dew-pearl'd heights of wonder
I fall like music on the listening wheat.
My hands disturb its calm
Till, like a joyous psalm,
Its swaying benediction greets the sky.
I kiss the pines that brood where seldom falls
The solace of the light,
And the hush'd voice of Night
Soothes the awed mountains in their sombre dreams.

I am the Wind. I whip the roaring waters
Until their breasts are white with angry foam;
Until the mad waves strain
Like molten hills in pain,
And hurl themselves to death upon the shore.
The sea-birds scream, and gather to their home
When I fly before the Hand
That drives me to the land,
And with me, too, the oceans and the clouds.

I am the Wind. I sing amid the silence
That shrouds the solemn Arctic in its night.
I drive the stinging snow,
The iceberg and the floe—
My breath can doom the white bear to its lair.
I chant the hymns when summer comes, and light
Awakens the frozen seas,
The hills and sleeping trees,
And all the land looks fondly to the sun.

I am the Wind. I was ere ye awaken'd.
Before ye were, my cry had startled space.
From flaming star to star
I wander'd, and afar
I sang the songs of Promise and of Hope.
I was the first to see God's awful Face,
And nightly I intone
Such Hymns as He alone
May hear where He is brooding, over all.

I am the Wind. I sweep the breathless places
Wherein the stars through countless aeons roll.
I hear from many climes
Man's praise arise, like chimes,
And filter through the ether up to God.
Upon my wings each liberated soul
Whom Death accords new birth
Is borne aloft from earth
To higher worlds of which ye only dream.

I am the Wind. I see enorme creations
Starring the vault above ye, and below.
Where bide the Seraphim
In silent places dim
I pass, and tell your coming in the end.
Omniscient I, eternal; and I know
The gleaming destiny
That waits ye, being free,
When ye have pass'd the border-line of Death.

I am the wind—the Lord God's faithful servant;
'Twixt earth and sky I wander, and I know
His Sign is ever found
The blue-veil'd earth around,
As on the furthest spheres that whirl in space.
All things are His; and all things slowly go
Through manifold degrees
Of marvelous mysteries,
From life to highest life, from highest life to Him.

I am the Wind. I know that all is tending
To that bright end; and ye, through years of toil,
Shall reach at last the height
Where Freedom is, and Light;
And ye shall find new paths that still lead up.

Be free as I; be patient and have faith;
And when your scroll is writ
And God shall pass on it,
Ye need not fear to face Him—He is Love.

*Howard V. Sutherland.*

*From "San Francisco News Letter";*
*February 15, 1913.*

## THE FATHER OF SAN FRANCISCO

In September, 1775, Lieutenant-Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza began his second journey to California, bringing with him the soldiers and settlers for the foundation of San Francisco. Since the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Zenophon in the year 400 B. C., there has been no march to equal this journey. Xenophon had an army of disciplined troops, the best soldiers in Europe, and his line of march from Cunaxa to the Euxine was about seven hundred miles.

Anza led an expedition of two hundred and forty souls, of which one hundred and sixty were women and children. He crossed deserts far more deadly than those traversed by Xenophon, higher mountain ranges, and broader rivers. His line of march from San Miguel Horessitos to Monterey was three hundred and eighty-six leagues—one thousand and three miles—and the time consumed in the journey was four months. He had no doctor or other medical assistance, and while eight children were born on the road, he saved them all, losing but one mother in child-birth. The country traversed by him was filled with warring tribes and Indians, but wherever he went he caused wars to cease and converted the tribesmen into friends, not only with the Spaniards but also with each other. From the Colorado river, Anza notified the viceroy that with the Yumas as friends the passage of the river was safe but that if the contrary were the case, it could not be crossed by the Spaniards.

After reaching Monterey, Anza, leaving the expedition in camp, proceeded to the peninsula of San Francisco and selected sites for the presidio and mission, and then returning to Monterey, he turned the expedition over to his lieutenant and prepared for his return journey to Sonora. As he mounted his horse on the plaza the people of the expedition thronged about him, dissolved in tears, and with embraces and wishes for his happiness bade him farewell, "giving me praises," says the simple soldier, "which I do not deserve". They wept, he

says in his diary, not so much because they had left home and friends to come to this far country, but because they should see his face no more.

Anza's character may be read in the pages of his diary. He was by nature, simple and kindly, responsive to the call of duty, and true to the chivalrous traditions of heroic Spain. It is not easy to estimate the value of the services of this gallant soldier, and the monument erected in San Francisco to the "Pioneers of California" is incomplete without his name.

*Zoeth S. Eldredge.*

*From "The Beginnings of San Francisco"; 1912.*

## ROOM TO TURN AROUND IN.

*Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe, and be free*
*And to grow to be giant, to sail as at sea,*
*With the speed of the wind, on a steed with his mane*
*To the wind, without pathway, or route, or a rein!*
*Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered sea*
*Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;*
*And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,*
*Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,*
*And the buffalo came like a cloud on the plain,*
*Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,*
*And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe*
*Offers rest, and unquestioned you come or you go,*
*My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!*
*From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,*
*That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,*
*I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands!*

*Joaquin Miller.*

## TO JOAN LONDON

### ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Oh, maid, whose lips and eyes so lightly smiled
  But yesterday, where has your girlhood flown?
What charm is this that falls upon the child,
  And claims her lovely being for its own?
My memory sees the lost, my eyes the new;
  Each is complete; I cannot choose the fairer,
But since for youth time gives a perfect due,
  Why grieve when what I now behold is rarer?

And you, sweet maiden, do you sometimes sigh
  At losing girlhood's glad and joyous mirth?
Cease yearning, for a greater charm mounts high,
  Which like a flower sprung from the earth,
Now stands revealed, though far from understood—
  A thing of truth and glory, womanhood.

*Merle Robbins Lampson.*

*From Unpublished Poems by Author of*
*"On Reaching Sixteen and Other Verses."*
*Geyserville, California: 1916.*

## SING ME A RINGING ANTHEM

Sing me a ringing anthem
  Of the deeds of the buried past,
When the Norsemen brave dared the treacherous wave
  And laughed at the icy blast.

And fill me a brimming beaker
  Of the rich Burgundian wine,
That the chill of years with its chain of tears
  May unbind from this breast of mine.

For working and watching and waiting
  Make the blood run sluggish and cold,
And I long for the fire and the fierce desire
  That burned in the hearts of old.
I can dream of the fountains plashing,
  In the soft, still summer's night,
And of smothered sighs and of woman's eyes,
  And the ripe ruddy lips and bright.

But better the tempest's fury
  With its thunders and howling wind,
And better to dare what the future may bear,
  Than to muse on what lies behind.

Then chant me no tender love-song,
  With its sweet and low refrain,
But sing of the men of the sword and the pen,
  Whose deeds may be done again.

*Daniel O'Connell.*

*From "Story of the Files";*
*San Francisco: 1893.*

## THE COMMON SENSE OF CHILDHOOD

Children, if they have any sense at all, have usually a very plain, unvarnished kind of common sense. We who are older may indulge in imaginative flights and emotional orgies and deceive ourselves and each other with half-truths, but to them in their helplessness we owe the best we have acquired, and we owe it to them unadulterated with speculation and uncolored with fancy.

*Margaret Collier Graham.*

*From "A Matter of Conscience," in "Do They Really Respect Us? and Other Essays"; San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1912.*

## WORDS FROM A JEWISH RABBI

It is a matter of note not to be overlooked that religion and culture commenced their struggle for control in San Francisco and all throughout California with the first rush of the gold-seekers; which tends to prove that the gambling, the drinking, the speculating, the rioting—in short the excesses of a people that has ventured much, and therefore cares little for the future, were but ephemeral, to become dissipated by the forces of law and order which prevailed from that time on.

In 1849, the Mission Dolores was the old landmark of the zeal and the devotion of the Roman Catholic missionaries. Early in that year the Protestant denominations began to erect their chapels, and simultaneously the Pioneers of the ancient confraternity of Israel, as is their wont all over the world, gave signs that they, too, had not left their religion behind in the homes whence they had come.

*Jacob Voorsanger.*

## WORDS OF A WRITER IN 1885

Let those who would benefit our youth remember that "innocence is the virtue of childhood"; and whoso would make a war on adult sin, let him so conduct the campaign that this citadel shall not be invaded. *Kate Waters.*

*"Francesa"; from "San Franciscan", August, 1885.*

Ishi, the Indian, roamed through the woods, lived on berries, stole an occasional calf, and had a prospect of happy years ahead. But he didn't know what money was. He was captured, brought down to civilization, accumulated $369.90—and died of tuberculosis. Dig out your own moral.

## THE PIONEER

Oh, staunch pathfinder! grizzled Pioneer!
Your brown, thick-furrowed face has known the heat
Of sun-scorched plain, and felt the stinging sleet
On mountain peaks. Yet ever of good cheer
You toiled, though lean, pale Hunger came so near
You heard the tread of his approaching feet;
Dark-browed Despair you sometimes downward beat
And stood above the prostrate form of Fear.

I count you as a soldier brave and true;
A hero loved of heroes, whose strong hand
Upheld the flag of Progress to the skies;
Who suffered patiently, and never knew
Defeat, and who within a wild weird land
Did strike the blow that bade a new world rise.

*Herbert Bashford.*

*From "At the Shrine of Song";*
*San Francisco: Harr Wagner Pub. Co., 1909.*

## HOW THE SPRING COMES IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

Dead and cold the sweet world lay
Beneath her shroud of snow,
And my brother and I we mourned the day,
For O we loved her so.

We wandered forth 'neath the gloomy sky
Her sad death-wail to sing,
And my brother he cried with weeping eyes,
"God has forgot the Spring".

Brown and bare on the bank near by
Stood the willow-branches, dead,
And I wept to think of the Summer skies
And the glories, past and fled.

When lo! a marvel met mine eye
In all that frozen scene,
There in the willow-branches, dead and dry,
Were the bursting buds of green.

And O we laughed, my brother and I,
And straightway 'gan to sing;
We sang for joy 'neath the gloomy sky,
He'd not forgot the Spring.

"Sweet world, awake, arise!
Put off thy shroud of snow,
And greet with joy this glad surprise,
Thou are but sleeping, this we know.

"Sweet world, awake, arise!
Beneath this awful gloom;
The kiss of Spring is on thine eyes,
The willow is in bloom."

*Ella Sterling Mighels.*

*From the "Cosmopolitan Magazine", March 1888.*

## NO FLAG BUT THE STARRY BANNER

Oh, land of Heaven-born freedom, "sweet land of liberty"; land of our birth or our adoption, mistress of our hearts and queen of our affections, land rescued to independence by the splendid aid of our Irish forefathers, land redeemed from dissolution by the sterling help of our Irish kinsmen; benevolent empire, spreading out the domain of your free institutions by the generous help of our brothers and sons; sacred land, hallowed by the blood of the Irish race on your every field of battle; land consecrated with the graves of our loved ones who lived and died beneath your sheltering shield; land dear to us by the benefactions you have flung at the feet of every Irish exile who has come within your gates; land good to us and ours and all, beyond the goodness of all the other nations of the world to men since time began; land of our first fealty and our best love, of our sworn allegiance and our undivided loyalty; land of the free, beloved America—in this day of difficulty, as in all your troubled days that have gone before, the Irishmen and sons of Irishmen within your borders will ask no questions but of your best interests, will shrink from aught that might embarrass or embroil you, and will know no flag but yours.

*John J. Barrett.*

*From oration delivered in Festival Hall, Exposition; St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1915.*

## THE EXILE

I want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
Out where the men are the truest and best again,
Out where my life will have savor and zest again,
  Lord, but I'm sick for it, sick for it all!
Sick to be back where my heart is unbound again,
Somehow I'm lost and I want to be found again
Where I belong, on my natural ground again,
  Out where the men and the mountains are tall.

I want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
Feel the brisk air in my throat and my chest again,
Wing myself back like a bird to the nest again,
  Up where it's roomy and open and grand.
Up where the sunshine is golden and glorious,
Manners as bluff and bracing as Boreas,
Nobody distant—and no one censorious,
  Comradeship sure of the deep Western brand.

I want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
Hear the old gang with its quip and its jest again,
Ride a good horse and be decently dressed again—
  Corduroys, stetson and old flannel shirt.
Flowers and trees—I have suffered a blight of them,
Give me the peaks with the gray and the white of them,
Granite and snow—I am sick for the sight of them—
  Blessed old memories—yet how they hurt.

I want to go, want to go, want to go West again,
Up near the top of the mountainous crest again—
Gulches and gorges and cliffs and the rest again,
  Heaving themselves in their grandeur to view.
Let me just feel the old thrill in my breast again.
Know old cam'raderie mutely expressed again.
Gee, but I want to go, want to go West again,
  Back to the mountains, old girl—and to you!

*Berton Braley.*

*New York: George Doran Co., 1915.. By permission.*

*Note: This poem has a splendid swing to it; and a sentiment that belongs to us here, though the writer of it is counted in because of his spirit, rather than because he is a sojourner in our midst.—The Gatherer.*

# A CYCLE

I.

Spring-time—is it spring-time?
Why, as I remember spring,
Almonds bloom and blackbirds sing;
Such a shower of tinted petals drifting to the clovery floor,
Such a multitudinous rapture raining from the sycamore;
And among the orchard trees—
Acres musical with bees—
Moans a wild dove, making silence seem more silent than before.

Yes, that is the blackbird's note;
Almond petals are afloat;
But I had not heard or seen them, for my heart was far away.
Birds and bees and fragrant orchards—ah! they cannot bring the May:
For the human presence only
That has left my ways so lonely,
Ever can bring back the spring-time to my autumn of today.

II.

Autumn—is it autumn?
I remember autumn yields
Dusty roads and stubble-fields;
Weary hills, no longer rippled o'er their wind-swept slopes with grain;
Trees all gray with dust that gathers ever thicker till the rain;
And where noisy waters drove
Downward from the heights above,
Only bare white channels wander stonily across the plain.

Yes, I see the hills are dry,
Stubble-fields about me lie.
What care I when in the channels of my life once more I see
Sweetest founts long sealed and sunken bursting upward glad and free?
Hills may parch or laugh in greenness,
Sky be sadness or sereneness,
Thou my life, my best beloved, all spring-time comes with thee.

*Milicent Washburn Shinn.*

*From Edmund Russell's "Evenings with California Poets";*
*San Francisco, 1893.*

## HOW SAN FRANCISCO WAS NAMED

When Father Junipero Serra received his orders from the Visitant-general respecting the names which he was to give to the new missions in California, he observed that the name of the founder of their order was not among them, and calling the attention of his superior to the fact, exclaiming, "Is not our Father San Francisco to have a mission?" to which the Visitant-general replied, "If San Francisco desires a mission, let him show you a port, and he shall have it." In the year 1769 an expedition was dispatched from San Diego for the purpose of settling Monterey. The expedition missed the port, but discovered a much larger and finer bay further to the north, which had been till then unknown. The commander of the expedition and his religious associates decided that this discovery must be the work of St. Francis, and accordingly they gave his name to the place, setting up a cross, and taking possession after the usual manner.

*Francisco Palou.*

*From Quotation used in "Personal Narrative" of John Russell Bartlett, United States Boundary Commissioner, 1854.*

## BACCHANALE

On many slopes the vineyards grow,
All sturdy 'gainst the blustering
Of winds of March that madly blow
Where grapes will soon be clustering.
Red grapes and white—the red for wine
That warms the heart to cheeriness,
The white to sparkle when you dine,
A valiant foe to dreariness!

On far-flung hills, in twisted shapes,
The greening leaves are quivering
With thrill of life, and soon the grapes
Their souls will be delivering
In luscious drops of red and white
From press of laughing winery,
The white the moon's cool robe of night,
The red the sun's warm finery!

*Waldemar Young.*

*From "S. F. Chronicle"; March, 1916.*

## LET ME ARISE AND AWAY

Let me arise and away
To the land that guards the dying day,
Whose moonlight poured for years untold
Has drifted down in dust of gold;
Whose morning splendors fallen in showers
Leaves ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

"I sat last night on yonder ridge of rocks
To see the sun set over Tamalpais;
Whose tinted peaks suffused with rosy mist
Blended the colors of the sea and sky
And made the mountain one great amethyst,
Hanging against the sun.

I hold my hand up, so, before my face,
It blots ten miles of country and a town.

'Tis well God does not measure a man's worth
By the image in his neighbor's retina.

*Edward Rowland Sill.*

*From "Story of the Files"; San Francisco: 1893.*

## HAS CIVILIZATION BETTERED THE LOT OF THE AVERAGE MAN

Let us see. In Alaska, along the banks of the Yukon River, near its mouth, live the Innuit folk. They are a very primitive people, manifesting but mere glimmering adumbrations of that tremendous artifice, Civilization. Their capital amounts possibly to $10 per head. They hunt and fish for their food with bone-headed spears and arrows. They never suffer from lack of shelter. Their clothes, largely made from the skins of animals, are warm. They always have fuel for their fires, likewise timber for their houses * * * They are healthy and strong and happy. Their one problem is food. They have their times of plenty and times of famine. In good times they feast; in bad times they die of starvation. But starvation, as a chronic condition, present with the large number of them, all the time, is a thing unknown. Further they have no debts.

In the United Kingdom, on the rim of the Western Ocean, live the English folk. They are a consummately civilized people. Their capital amounts to at least $1500 per head. They

gain their food, not by hunting and fishing, but by toil at colossal artifices. For the most part they suffer from lack of shelter. The greater number of them are vilely housed, do not have fuel enough to keep them warm, and are insufficiently clothed. A constant number never have any houses at all, and sleep shelterless under the stars. Many are to be found winter and summer, shivering on the streets in their rags. They have good times and bad. In good times most of them manage to get enough to eat, in bad times they die of starvation. They are dying now, they were dying yesterday and last year, they will die tomorrow and next year, of starvation; for they, unlike the Innuit, suffer from a chronic state of starvation.

There are 40,000,000 of the English folk, and 939 out of every 1000 of them die in poverty, while a constant army of 8,000,000 struggles on the ragged edge of starvation. Further, each babe that is born, is born in debt to the sum of $110. This is because of an artifice called the National Debt.

In a fair comparison of the average Innuit and the average Englishman, it will be seen that life is less rigorous for the Innuit; that while the Innuit suffers only during bad times from starvation, the Englishman suffers during good times as well; that no Innuit lacks fuel, clothing or housing, while the Englishman is in perpetual lack of these three essentials. In this connection it is well to instance the judgment of a man such as Huxley. From the knowledge gained as a medical officer in the East End of London, and as a scientist pursuing investigations among the most elemental savages, he concludes, "Were the alternative presented to me I would deliberately prefer the life of a savage to that of the people of Christian London."

* * * * * * * * * *

There can be no mistake. Civilization has increased man's producing power an hundred fold, and through **mismanagement** the men of Civilization live worse than the beasts, and have less to eat and wear and protect them from the elements than the savage Innuit in a frigid climate who lives today as he lived in the stone age ten thousand years ago.

* * * * * * * * * *

"And there in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the Army,
Lies dead upon the plain."

*Jack London.*

*From "People of the Abyss";*
*New York and London: McMillan Co., 1906.*

GALAXY 5.—POETS AND PROSE WRITERS

Agnes Manning
Ella Sterling Mighels
Edwin Markham
Mary V. T. Lawrence

Herbert Bashford
Emma Frances Dawson
Madge Morris Wagner
Carrie Stevens Walter

Richard Realf
Lillian H. S. Bailey
Virna Woods
Lorenzo Sosso

GALAXY 6.—EDITORS, ORATORS, AUTHORS OF BOOKS

Arthur McEwen
Chas. S. Aiken
Charles A. Murdock
Samuel M. Shortridge

Chas. F. Holder
Bailey Millard
Harr Wagner
Jerome A. Hart

Thomas E. Flynn
Paul Elder
Thomas Nunan
C. F. McGlashan

## THE YO SEMITE ROAD

There at last are the snow-peaks, in virginal chastity standing!
Through the nut-pines I see them, their ridges expanding.
Ye peaks! from celestial sanctities benisons casting,
Ye know not your puissant influence, lifting and lasting;
Nothing factitious, self-conscious or impious bides in you;
On your high serenities
No hollow amenities
Nor worldly impurities cast their dread blight;
August and courageous, you stand for the right;
The gods love you and lend you their soft robes of white.

*Bailey Millard.*

*From "Songs of the Press".*

## CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

O Muse! within thy Western hall,
To mellow chord and crystal string,
At many harps thy chosen sing—
His was the greatest soul of all.

He sang not as the leaping faun,
By voiceless rivers cool and clear,
Nor yet as chants the visioned seer
When darkness trembles with the dawn.

A milder music held his lyre—
A wistful strain, all human-sweet,
Between the ashes at our feet
And stars that pass in alien fire.

His skies were sombre, but he lit
His garden with a lamp of gold,
Where tropic laughters left untold
The sadness buried in his wit.

Lonely, he harbored to the last
A boyish spirit, large and droll—
Tardy of flesh and swift of soul,
He walked with angels of the Past.

With tears his laurels still are wet—
But now we smile, whose hearts have known
The fault that harmed himself alone—
The art that left a world in debt.

Of all he said, I best recall—
"He knows the sky who knows the sod,
And he who loves a flower loves God".
Sky, flower and sod, he loved them all.

From all he wrote (not for his day)
A sense of marvel drifts to me—
Of morning on a purple sea,
And fragrant islands far away.

*George Sterling.*

*From "The House of Orchids and Other Poems"; San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1911.*

## THE LAW OF ANTAGONISM

The sun being but newly created and feeble in his power, yet needed another force to counteract the solar attraction; this was the attraction of gravitation, or the persistent will force of the Deity. Without this law of antagonism the sun would very soon rob our planet of its vitality, but this law of attraction is so wisely adjusted that it restores what otherwise would be dissipated by the sun's action; or the earth would become parched and unfit for the home of any kind of life.

This law of antagonism is divine in its origin and includes in its range all forms of existence, animate and inanimate; it is the great law by which the onward progress of the world is accomplished, from the lowest to the highest forms of life. By it the balancings of nature are secured; by it the mists are lifted up; the clouds surrender their treasure, and the floods are carried back to the sea; the moaning winds, the muttering thunder and the vivid lightning put to confusion the elements of the atmosphere, purify the earth, and prophesy of man.

Man himself is subject to the same law. He swings from one extremity of the arc to the other, till at last he settles down at the point of progress and moves forward. The next generation moves in the same way, only in a longer arc, and finds a higher resting point. One generation is sacrificed to another, as forests feed on the rich soil of their predecessors. Men are persecuted in one age and die martyrs, but the next age makes heroes of them and builds monuments over their graves.

Scientific and philosophic and religious truths are persecuted in one age and immortalized in another; laughed at and driven out of the world, then ushered in with music and banners and shouts of the multitude. The see-saw of civilizations, nations and empires has been a forward movement over the graves

of the buried past. The dead past is but the prelude of the onward future; out of the ruins of the old come the institutions of the new. Thus the majestic procession moves on to perfection. Matter and mind alike are under the general superintendence of the All-Wise.

*Robert Wilson Murphy.*

*From "A Key to the Sacred Vault"; San Francisco, 1890.*

## THE GREAT WHITE CITY

Shasta! my beautiful Shasta,
I have come back again—to you,
Ages ago it seems, I went,
To travel the wide world through.

You have not changed in splendor,
Great, White Mother of Pearl,
Manifold! I now behold
The wonders you unfurl.

The Indians of the long ago,
To whom you gave a Home,
Named you "The Great White City,"
And like the ancient Rome,

You had Seven Cities,
All built of marble white;
Great, white, beautiful cities,
That gleamed like gems in the night.

Your cities all perfect and peaceful,
Made you an ivory God,
You stood through the aeons, a sentinel,
Where only the Indians trod.

When one day the thundered rumble
And roaring, came from your heart,
And the flames of a great volcano
Destroyed your cities of art.

Buried them deep in the mountain,
Forever and anon,
The cremation left a symbol
For Tomorrows to dwell upon.

The Indians mourned their cities,
And prophesied the theft;
Home of the great white cities,
You were the monument left!

You, the prophecy of ages,
Lie white and gleaming there,
The Marbled Cities' symbol
Robed in immaculate care.

Shasta! my beautiful Shasta,
I turn again to you,
Of all the world's great landscapes,
You, the nearest perfect view.

*June Goodrich.*

*Redding, Cal., December 30, 1915.*

## A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT

Below was a winding valley, dotted with isolated lofty pines, and bright with green grass. A blue stream rambled about the vale and emptied into a muddy-looking lake at the south. This was Honey Lake, and the stream was Susan's river. Beyond, westward, was a vast wall, bristling with trees and crowned with white peaks. It was the Snowy Range of mountains. Beyond it was the promised land.

The boys gazed with delight on the emerald valley and the sparkling river; but chiefly were they fascinated by the majestic mountains beyond these. They were not near enough to see the smaller features of the range. But their eyes at last beheld the boundary that shut them out of the Land of Gold. The pale green of the lower hills faded into a purple-blue, which marked where the heavy growth of pines began. Above this and broken with many a densely shadowed gulch and ravine, rose the higher Sierra, bald and rocky in places, and shading off into a tender blue where the tallest peaks, laced with snow, were sharply cut against the sky.

Before the young emigrants were water, rest and pasturage. But beyond were the mysterious fastnesses in which men, while they gazed, were unlocking the golden secrets of the earth. Up there, in those vague blue shadows, where the mountain-torrents have their birth, miners were rending the soil, breaking the rocks, and searching for hidden treasure. The boys pressed on.

*Noah Brooks.*

*From "The Boy Emigrants".*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In March there is a riot of blossoms of the peach, the cherry and the apricot trees, everywhere. One becomes used to it by that time. And the little elf-queen of Growing Things is working so hard to get the fruitage started just right she comes forth from her hiding into plain sight and says, at the solstice time, "See, the meadow lark is here, and bees and butterflies! Mortals, all rejoice—the lovely Spring is here."

## BROAD ACRES MAKE UP COUNTRIES

Broad acres make up countries but a State is made by men,
And if this land grow justly grand, be ye remembered then.
Remember, as each plenteous year its ripe reward outpours,
You by your father's glory shine—your sons must shine by yours.
If civil strifes in future rise, your hand must guide the helm,
Your wisdom and integrity stand fast when storms o'erwhelm,
And may God grant to us and ours, in all the years to be
Our State still holds her ocean-throne in peerless majesty.

*Harry J. W. Dam.*

*From "The Last Crusade";*
*"Golden Era Magazine," 1885.*

## CHIVALRY AND CULTURE IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

### EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN IN 1851.

As for this country being backward like all other new countries, it is a mistake. It is as far (if not farther) advanced in literature, science, and the arts as any state in the Union. There is more talent in the cities and in the mines of California than in any of the older states. This may seem a broad assertion, but it is nevertheless true.

We have many weddings here, even though the outside world considers that we are semi-barbarous. I have married two couples, myself, since I became alcalde. The fact of it is this: Nothing in this country is the same as it is in the states. Everything is changed—man's nature even! I am no more the same person. It cannot be expressed in words—no power of language can portray or convey a correct idea of the state of life in California.

There are no laws, but very few crimes are committed. Gambling and intemperance reign supreme but there is little drunkenness or dishonesty. And the great cause of these anomalies is mostly FEAR. If a man does wrong we hang him at once. If one trespasses upon the rights of another, he shoots him and that ends it. So that everyone counts well the cost before he engages in anything doubtful.

As I have sat under a tree on a Sabbath, listening to the preacher I have wished for the genius of a painter to transfer to canvass the scene that presented itself. The minister is praying, near at hand sounds the auctioneer crying, "Going, going, gone!" Then comes from the gambling-tables "Twenty-five on the king"; then the woodsman's ax is heard, next the

"Whoa, gee up there, go 'long" from the driver of an ox-team. And amid all this din of medley, sound voices of heterogeneous beings in conglomerated variety of pursuits and chaotic antagonisms. How strange that there should be anything like order, and yet everything moves harmoniously!

*Sterling B. F. Clark.*

*Extract from letter owned by The Gatherer.*

## THE CASTLE OF STORM

I bless the storm that keeps you here to-day,
The furious beating of the wind and rain,
The pelting streams against the window-pane;
I bless the flood that swept the bridge away,
The lashing of the gale, the trees a-sway;
The wind-torn blossoms, opened out in vain;
What e'er the ruin, I can call it gain
Because, storm-bound, a little while you stay.

Since you are here there seems no cold or gloom;
The day is perfect in my gladdened heart;
How bright the hearth-flame in the little room!
The wet, wind-baffled songsters have no call;
But here with you, the wide world set apart,
Love loosens sunshine, and I claim it all.

*Lillian H. S. Bailey.*

## CALIFORNIA

*Sown is the golden grain, planted the vines;*
*Fall swift, O loving rain, lift prayers, O pines;*
*O green land, O gold land, fair land by the sea,*
*The trust of thy children reposes in thee.*

*Lillian H. S. Bailey.*

*From "Golden Era"; 1885.*

## MEADOW-LARKS

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am!
(Listen to the meadow-larks, across the fields that sing!)
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtle breath of balm,
O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of the spring!

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O skies, serene and blue,
That shut the velvet pastures in, that fold the mountain's crest!
Sweet, sweet, sweet! What of the clouds ye knew?
The vessels ride a golden tide, upon a sea at rest.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
Who says that life is sorrowful? O life so glad, so fleet!
Ah! he who lives the noblest life finds life the noblest gain,
The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
Dear heart, I hear across the fields my mateling pipe and call.
Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss—
For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

*From "Songs from the Golden Gate";*
*New York: Houghton & Mifflin, 1895.*

# SAN FRANCISCO

(From his home "The Heights" on the hills across the bay the poet saw the burning of San Francisco following the earthquake of April 18th)

Such darkness, as when Jesus died!
Then sudden dawn drave all before.
Two wee brown tomtits, terrified,
Flashed through my open cottage door;
Then instant out and off again
And left a stillness like to pain—
Such stillness, darkness, sudden dawn
I never knew or looked upon!

This ardent, Occidental dawn
Dashed San Francisco's streets with gold,
Just gold and gold to walk upon,
As he of Patmos sang of old.
And still, so still, her streets, her steeps,
As when some great soul silent weeps;
And, oh, that gold, that gold that lay
Beyond, above the tarn, brown bay!

And then a bolt, a jolt, a chill,
And Mother Earth seemed as afraid;
Then instant all again was still,
Save that my cattle from the shade
Where they had sought firm, rooted clay,
Came forth loud lowing, glad and gay,
Knee-deep in grasses to rejoice
That all was well, with trumpet voice.

Not so yon city—darkness, dust,
Then martial men in swift array!
Then smoke, then flames, then great guns thrust
To heaven, as if pots of clay—
Cathedral, temple, palace, tower—
An hundred wars in one wild hour!
And still the smoke, the flame, the guns,
The piteous wail of little ones!

The mad flame climbed the costly steep,
But man, defiant, climbed the flame.
What battles where the torn clouds keep!
What deeds of glory in God's name!
What sons of giants—giants, yea—
Or beardless lad or veteran gray.
Not Marathon nor Waterloo
Knew men so daring, dauntless, true.

Three days, three nights, three fearful days
Of death, of flame, of dynamite,
Of God's house thrown a thousand ways;
Blown east by day, blow west by night—
By night? There was no night. Nay, nay,
The ghoulish flame lit nights that lay
Crouched down between this first, last day.
I say those nights were burned away!

And jealousies were burned away,
And burned were city rivalries,
Till all, white crescenting the bay,
Were one harmonious hive of bees.
Behold the bravest battle won!
The City Beautiful begun:
One solid San Francisco, one,
The fairest sight beneath the sun.

*Joaquin Miller.*

*From "Sunset"; June-July, 1906.*

## SUMMARY OF THE SITUATION

The calamity seems overwhelming and yet the people are not overwhelmed. Everything has been destroyed except that indomitable American pluck, that unconquerable American spirit which will not be subdued. The past is already forgotten, the future is in everyone's mind. The question is not how shall San Francisco be restored, but how shall it be made greater than it was, greater than it ever could have been, except for this fire. * * * In a month there will be the beginning of a new and splendid city; in a year it will have assumed shape and in from three to five years it will be built and busy, an example of American progress and prosperity.

If you stand upon one of the hills of San Francisco and look only at the ruined city at your feet, you might be discouraged at the prospect; but if you look out upon the glorious bay and see ships from every port in the world floating upon its satin surface, if you look across the bay and see the long lines of railroads from the North and the South and the East centering there, if you look beyond over the great valleys teeming with grain and fruits, flowing with milk and honey; if you look further still to the mighty mountains rich in gold and precious ores, you know that the re-building of a greater San Francisco is as well assured as that the sun now sinking beyond the Golden Gate will rise tomorrow above the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras.

*William Randolph Hearst.*

*From "Sunday Examiner";*
*May 13, 1906.*

## THE CITY HALL STATUE

Am I to fall and crumble into dust,
My fragments trampled under foot, unknown?—
I, who have stood for years in pride and trust
Of power, regnant, on my erie throne?

Through days uncounted I have watched, serene,
The puerile human throng pass, far below;
Silent, in mock importance I have seen
The rulers of our city come and go.

The honest and the criminal have dwelt
And wrought their destinies beneath my feet;
Have legislated wisely and have smelt
Like hungry curs, the Tempter's carrion meat.

Here stood I, calm, undaunted, while the Earth
Shook, in its palsy, like a withered hand.
Here I have watched the city's sure rebirth
From nature's fury and the fire's brand.

Ah, gruesome jest of Fate! that I have foiled
God's mighty elements, to end my span
Of life—a vandal's prey—to be despoiled
Of being by the hand of puny Man!

*Louis J. Stellman.*

*From "The Vanished Ruin Era"; San Francisco: 1906.*

## A SONG OF SPRING—SAN FRANCISCO, 1908

The ordinary poet sings
Of very ordinary things—
Of primroses and daffodils, the stereotype of spring
Such rhapsodists as these belong
To the common or garden kind of song—
I string my lyre to higher strain—a city's blossoming!

The modest muse is satisfied
With violets blue and daisies pied,
With pallid flags that hide among the grasses delicate,
But to my ear such measures lag;
I hail the wild, exultant flag
That laughs above the towering steel and marks its ultimate.

The little "shooting-star" that shines
Among the tangled, grounded vines
May serve to stir the season's frenzy in a milder man;
The fire is kindled in my eye
To watch the rosy meteors fly
When red-hot rivets are flung forth and caught within a can!

A gentler laureate may dream
Of gossip with a babbling stream
(It's easy in a city flat to write that kind of drool!)
For me, no pebbled brook can teach
So musically sweet a speech
As that reiterative ring of the pneumatic tool.

Chirp on, ye bards of commerce, let
Your music stir the old spring fret;
I sing a bigger blossom-time than you have gurgled of;
From mighty roots of concrete deep
The giant flowers spring from sleep
Along the barren highways in the city of my love!

*Charles K. Field.*

## THE PROMISE OF THE SOWING

By now it was almost day. The east glowed opalescent. All about him Annixter saw the land inundated with light. But there was a change. Overnight something had occurred. In his perturbation the change seemed to him, at first, elusive, almost fanciful, unreal. But now as the light spread, he looked again at the gigantic scroll of ranch lands unrolled before him from edge to edge of the horizon. The change was not fanciful. The change was real. The earth was no longer bare. The land was no longer barren—no longer empty, no longer brown. All at once Annixter shouted aloud.

There it was, the Wheat, the Wheat! The little seed long planted, germinating in the deep, dark furrows of the soil, straining, swelling, suddenly in one night had burst upward to the light. The wheat had come up. It was there before him, around him, everywhere, illimitable, immeasurable. The winter brownness of the ground was overlaid with a little shimmer of green. The promise of the sowing was being fulfilled. The earth, the loyal mother, who never failed, who never disappointed, was keeping her faith again. Once more the strength of nations was renewed. Once more the force of the world was revivified. Once more the Titan, benignant, calm, stirred and woke, and the morning abruptly blazed into glory upon the spectacle of a man whose heart leaped exuberant with the love of a woman, and an exulting earth gleaming transcendant with the radiant magnificence of an inviolable pledge.

*Frank Norris.*

*From "The Octopus".*

# THE AVITOR

## A PROPHETIC POEM PUBLISHED IN 1875

Hurrah for the wings that never tire—
For the nerves that never quail;
For the heart that beats in a bosom of fire—
For the lungs whose cast-iron lobes respire
Where the eagle's breath would fail.

As the genii bore Aladdin away,
In search of his palace fair,
On his magical wings to the land of Cathay,
So here I will spread out my pinions today
On the cloud-borne billows of air.

Up! up! to its home on the mountain crag,
Where the condor builds its nest,
I mount far fleeter than the hunted stag,
I float far higher than Switzer flag—
Hurrah for the lightning's guest!

Away, over steeple and cross and tower—
Away over river and sea;
I spurn at my feet the tempests that lower,
Like minions base of a vanquished power,
And mutter their thunders at me.

Diablo frowns, as above him I pass,
Still loftier heights to attain;
Calaveras' groves are but blades of grass—
Lo Yo Semite's sentinel peaks a mass
Of ant-hills dotting a plain!

Sierra Nevada's shroud of snow,
And Utah's desert of sand,
Shall never again turn backward the flow
Of that human tide which may come and go
To the vales of the sunset land!

Wherever the coy earth veils her face
With tresses of forest hair;
Where polar pallors her blushes efface
Or tropical blooms lend her beauty and grace—
I can flutter my plumage there!

Where the Amazon rolls through a mystical land—
  Where Chiapas buried her dead—
Where Central Australia deserts expand—
Where Africa seethes in Saharas of sand—
  Even there shall my pinions spread.

No longer shall earth with her secrets beguile,
  For I, with undazzled eyes,
Will trace to their sources the Niger and Nile,
And stand without dread on the boreal isle,
  The Colon of the skies.

Then hurrah for the wings that never tire—
  For the sinews that never quail;
For the heart that throbs in a bosom of fire—
For the lungs whose cast-iron lobes respire
  Where the eagle's breath would fail.

*William Henry Rhodes.*

*Published in 1875.*
*From "Collection of Caxton";*
*Copyrighted by Mrs. Susan Rhodes.*

## SAN FRANCISCO

Heedless of what portentious years may hold,
  I, the Pacific's darling, the delight
  Of hurricane and sea-fog, of the bright
Broad orb of Hope, have heard sad stories told
Of ancient kingdoms of the days of old,
  Cities of stone with symbols strange bedight,
  O'er which the pitiless, destroying Night
Has poured her darkness and destruction roll'd.

That past concerns not me. Today I stare,
Splendid and consequential at the flare
  Of ominous stars. I know what must be, must.
Beneath the wind-whipt Banner of the Bear
The laughter of my children wakes the air—
  I fear not Time, nor its o'erpowering dust!

*Howard V. Sutherland.*

*From "San Francisco News Letter".*

# YO SEMITE

Waiting tonight for the moon to rise
O'er the cliffs that narrow Yo Semite's skies;
Waiting for darkness to melt away
In the silver light of a midnight day;
Waiting like one in a waking dream,
I stand alone by the rushing stream.

Alone in a temple vast and grand,
With spire and turret on every hand;
A world's cathedral with walls sublime,
Chiseled and carved by the hand of time;
And over all heaven's crowning dome,
Whence gleam the beacon lights of home.

The spectral shadows dissolve and now
The moonlight halos El Capitan's brow,
And the lesser stars grow pale and dim
Along the sheer-cut mountain rim;
And, touched with magic, the gray walls stand
Like phantom mountains on either hand.

Yet I know they are real, for I see the spray
Of Yo Semite all in the moonlight play,
Swaying and trembling, a radiant glow,
From the sky above to the vale below;
Like the ladder of old, to Jacob given,
A line of light from earth to heaven.

And there comes to my soul a vision dear,
As of shining spirits hovering near;
And I feel the sweet and wondering power
Of a presence that fills the midnight hour;
And I know that Bethel is everywhere,
For prayer is the foot of the angel's stair.

A light divine, a holy rest,
Floods all the valley and fills my breast;
The very mountains are hushed in sleep
From Eagle Point to Sentinel Keep;
And a life-long lesson is taught me tonight,
When shrouded in shadow, to wait for the light.

Waiting at dawn for the morn to break,
By the crystal waters of Mirror Lake;
Waiting to see the mountains gray
Clearly defined in the light of day,
Reflected and throned in glory here,
A lakelet that seems but the valley's tear.

Waiting—but look! the South Dome bright
Is floating now in the sea of light;
And Cloud's Rest glistening with caps of snow,
Inverted stands in the vale below,
With tow'ring peaks and cliffs on high
Hanging to meet another sky.

O crystal gem in setting rare!
O soul-like mirror in middle air!
O forest heart of eternal love,
Earth-born, but pure as heaven above!
This Sabbath morn we find in thee
The poet's dream of purity.

The hours pass by; I am waiting now
On Glacier Point's o'erhanging brow;
Waiting to see the picture pass,
Like the fleeting show of a wizard glass;
Waiting—and still the vision seems
Woven of light and colored with dreams.

But the cloud-capped towers and pillars gray
Securely stand in the light of day;
The temple wall is firm and sure,
The worshippers pass, but it will endure,
And will, while loud Yo Semite calls

O grand and majestic organ choir,
With deep-toned voices that never tire!
O anthem written in notes that glow
On the rainbow bars of Po-ho-no!
O sweet Te Deum forever sung,
With spray like incense heavenward swung.

Thy music my soul with rapture thrills,
And there comes to my lips "thy templed hills,
Thy rocks and rills"—a nation's song.
From valley to mountain borne aloud;
My country's temple, built for thee!
Crowned with the Cap of Liberty.

O country reaching from shore to shore;
O fairest land the wide world o'er;
Columbia dear, whose mountains rise
From fertile valleys to sunny skies,
Stand firm and sure and bold and free,
As thy granite-walled Yo Semite.

*Wallace Bruce.*

*From "Story of the Files"; San Francisco: 1893.*

## TWO EXTRACTS FROM A NOVEL

Let men preach if they will, the strong ties of human love, the sacred links of friendship, the holy sanctity of the marriage-tie; I will show you a bond more powerful than all these, more enduring than human affection, more indissoluble than priestly rite, more tenacious than friendship; and it is the humiliating fellowship of crime. There is only one tie on earth that is stronger, and that is the bond of suffering and loss.

### A DESCRIPTION OF PROFESSOR DAVIDSON OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Although past fifty, the Professor was a singularly handsome man, with a superbly modeled head, fine dark eyes and a face lined with thought. His head was crowned with waving iron-gray hair, confined with a skull-cap of black velvet, and when he threw back his head with indescribable dignity, he looked as if he had stepped from an old portrait, painted in a

day when all men were brave in action, pure in mind and heroic in purpose. Age which was stealing upon him would never dim the fire of his eye, or add aught but power and beauty to his noble countenance.

*Flora Haines Loughead.*

*From the novel "The Man Who Was Guilty", which ran as a serial in the "San Franciscan", 1886.*

## A BACHELOR'S BUTTON

Dear Heart, that time when we were once engaged
And every thought our happiness presaged,
You made a promise that I ne'er forgot—
Perhaps, alas! because you kept it not.
You said in accents of a silvery note:
"I'll sew that button, honey, on your coat".

Dear Heart, when we were disengaged, that day,
You said you'd be my sister, any way.
And so I thought perhaps that button yet
My coat at your beloved hands would get.
But years went by, and ever I must note,
No button yet upon my fading coat.

Dear Heart, I'm growing old; my coat, alack!
Has long departed on a beggar's back.
I'll follow soon, and creep beneath the mould
With single-hearted yearnings all untold:
And then perhaps, your promised word to save,
You'll sow a bachelor's button on my grave.

*P. V. M.*

*From "Out of a Silver Flute"; N. Y., 1896.*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In April, still there are blossoms of the late apple-trees coming into bloom, the fruit is beginning to hint of itself in tiny shapes, and strawberries are ripening for the table, early in season, the green leaves make the world a place of beauty and grace to behold.

*A. E.*

# A RIDE IN THE NIGHT

How Diana found herself in the saddle and galloping through the darkness beside the bandit, she could not exactly tell. The bandit by her side rode on in silence. On and on they rode through the desert for what seemed hours. How her companion knew the road if there was a road, she could not understand. At last ahead of them the stars began to grow pale, the sky luminous. The moon was rising. On the horizon ahead she could see a black line of saw-like mountains, outlining against the cold glimmer of the moon. * * * The desert began to change; the monotonous plain was broken by ravines. The mountains were coming nearer; in the cold air of the desert night they had stood out sharp and colorless under the chilly light like the dead peaks of the lunar world; now there was a faint suggestion of color about them—not yet warm and flaming reds and yellows but cold dull tints of amethyst and amber. The dawn was coming. As they passed a clump of greasewood, two or three animals seemed to start out of the shadows—long afterward Diana remembered this group, sharply photographed on her brain—mules, burros, figures of men. Even this bivouac brought no word from her silent escort—there was no sound save the "pad-pad" of their horses' hoofs, the creak of saddle-leather and the jingle of bit-chains and spurs. * * * When they were within easy distance of the town, Basquez signaled to his band to draw rein, and turning to her, said, "Vaya usted con Dios, senorita!"

And after him like a litany, the band repeated in deep voiced unison, "Vaya usted con Dios!"

Diana waved her hand to the little group of outlaws and turned the head of her wearied mustang toward the town. Not the least curious thing in this strange night was the farewell of the bandits as she left them, "May God go with you!"

*Jerome A. Hart.*

*Extract from "A Vigilante Girl";*
*A. C. McClurg: 1910;*
*Published by A. L. Burt Company.*

## FIRST MEETING OF PIUTES AND WHITES

I was born somewhere near 1844, but am not sure of the precise time. I was a very small child when the first white people came into our country. They came like a lion, yes, a roaring lion and have continued so ever since, and I have not forgotten their first coming. My people were scattered at that time over nearly all the territory now known as Nevada. My grandfather was chief of the entire nation, and was camped near Humboldt Lake, with a small portion of his tribe, when a party traveling eastward from California was seen coming. When the news was brought to my grandfather, he asked what they looked like. When told that they had hair on their faces and were white, he jumped up and clasped his hands together, and cried aloud: "My white brothers—my long-looked for white brothers have come at last." He immediately gathered some of his leading men, and went to the place where the party had gone into camp. Arriving near them, he was commanded to halt in a manner that was readily understood without an interpreter. Grandpa at once made signs of frendship by casting down his robe and throwing up his arms to show them he had no weapons; but in vain—they kept him at a distance. He knew not what to do. He had expected to have so much pleasure in welcoming his white brothers to the best in the land, that after looking at them sorrowfully for a little while, he came away quite unhappy. But he would not give them up so easily. He took some of his most trustworthy men and followed them day after day, camping near them at night and traveling in sight of them by day, hoping in this way to gain their confidence. But he was disappointed, poor, dear old soul!

I can imagine his feeling for I have drank deeply from the same cup. When I think of my past life and the bitter trials I have endured, I can scarcely believe I live, and yet I do; and with the help of Him who notes the sparrow's fall, I mean to fight for my down-trodden race while life lasts. * * * The third year more emigrants came, and that summer, Captain Fremont, who is now General Fremont.

My grandfather met him and they were soon friends. They met just where the railroad crosses the Truckee River, now called Wadsworth, Nevada. Captain Fremont gave my grandfather the name of Captain Truckee, and he also called the river after him. Truckee is an Indian word; it means "all right" or "very well".

A party of 12 of my people went to California with Captain Fremont, and helped him to fight the Mexicans. When my grandfather came back he told the people what a beautiful country California was.

*Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins*

*From "Life Among the Piutes; Their Wrongs and Claims"; Edited by Mrs. Horace Mann; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1883.*

## MOUNT SHASTA

"As lone as God, and white as winter moon,"
Mount Shasta's peak looks down on forest gloom.
The storm-tossed pines and warlike-looking firs
Have rallied here upon its silver spurs.
Eternal tower, majestic, great and strong,
So silent all, except for Heaven's song—
For Heaven's voice calls out through silver bars
To Shasta's height; calls out below the stars,
And speaks the way, as though but quarter rod
From Shasta's top unto its maker, God.

*William F. Burbank.*

*From "Frank Leslie's Magazine"; 1887.*

## CALIFORNIA

Queen of the Coast, she sits there emerald crowned,
Waiting her ships that sail in from the sea.
Brighter than all the western world, to me,
Seems this young goddess whom the years have found.
Ocean and sand, fraught with their treasures sweet,
Vie as they bring their burdens to her feet.
In her brave arms, she holds with proud content,
The varied plenty of a continent;
In her fair face, and in her dreaming eyes,
Shines the full promise of her destinies;
Winds kiss her cheek, while fret the restless tides,
She in their truth, with trust divine confides;
Watching the course of Empire's brilliant star,
She looks with patient eyes, across the Bar.

*Anna Morrison Reed.*

*From Edmund Russell's "Evenings with California Poets"; San Francisco: 1893.*

## CALIFORNIA MEADOW LARKS

What joy, O lark, wells in your liquid trill,
  What hopes that silver cadence scarce conceals
  From us, and to your dreaming mate reveals!
Harsh was your querulous note, or mute until
Summer's long drought fled at the south wind's will;
  Then through the pauses of the rain appeals
  Your warble clear, while soft the new grass steals
O'er field and upland to each waiting hill.

Now, though such rapture thrills your song, though sweet
  Those haunting falls of melody we hear
  In your low, restless flight (still hovering near
That hidden nest your love, and Spring to greet)
Yet, lark, within your strain some nameless, fleet
  And subtle grief compels a sudden tear!

*Ella M. Sexton.*

## AN EASTER SONG

Sing, merry birds! ring, joyous bells!
  And while the gleeful music swells,
Your censers swing, O lilies white!
  And o'er green floors of grassy dells
Dance, Easter beams of golden light!

*Harriet M. Skidmore.*

*From "Chaplet of Verse by California Catholic Writers"; San Francisco: 1889.*

## HOPKINS INSTITUTE

High on a hill her towers rose
  What time she housed the soul of art;
From threshold unto pinnacle
  Supreme her glory, proud her heart.

Then fate, portentous, struck her down
  In rage for some unknown offense—
A mausoleum on the height,
  The tomb of her magnificence.

*Ina L. Cook.*

## WORD PAINTING REGARDING BUBB'S CREEK

From the discovered trail we descended through a little canyon to the level of Bubb's creek, and before the day died, we were camped upon its banks—and what a glorious place it was! No pen can describe it for no mind could put its glories into language worthy of the theme. We awoke from our dreams at dawn—and such a dawn! * * * Over our heads streamed great pinions of light, long shafts that shot their glory into the clouds, crowning the heights beyond us in the West, framing the headlands on whose stony brows, from Creation's dawn, eternal snows had held their life against all the battles of the sun. Here were fleecy clouds, great continents of white, loosely floated into the blue, changing each moment like a drilling regiment on parade, and as they shifted back took on new shapes and piled higher and higher into the heavens. Thus the day opened, disclosing the faces and ridges and near glories of the most wonderful groups of scenery in the heart of the High Sierras.

* * * In the foreground a wild, rock-walled valley, rested the eyes which grew dim at times with the endless vision of the mightier pageant in the heavens above. Down through these sunless woods leaped and dashed the great creek, almost a river in its volume of waters. Just a mile away were three perpendicular cliffs. Out over the skylined rim of these, three great waterfalls, not less than twenty-five feet in height, sprang into the air and swayed like long ribbons into the valley below. The distance was so great, that, as these falls swayed in the breeze like delicate laces, they lost the solidity of their first outleap and dissolved into mists. Now and then the breeze swayed toward us and we caught the faint splash of waters, evanescent voices full of poetic suggestion. * * * The night fell upon us with a thrall of stars, the great white moon and the glory of the moonlight mountains. * * *

It has been written that it is not a good thing for man to be alone. This philosophy is relative only, for it is in the loneliness only of an inert life that leaves its mark upon the mind. The story of John Muir's life in the Sierra's where he grew from mediocrity to greatness, the experiences of Audubon who wandered for years in the depths of the Eastern woods, refute the statement. They sought for and found the beauty of the world in the pathless depths of Nature, and grew in strength both mental and moral, upon the majesty of the great spaces wherein the mountains are set as monuments.

Is there any land or latitude such as California holds,

where multitudes and variety—things delicate and stupendous —appalling and alluring, winsome and awful—are tangled together almost within the same horizon? The vast sweep of the sky above us and the far-off sky-lines are not the least of the great things that made up the wonderful scene that was before us by the rushing waters of Bubb's Creek.

*Samuel D. Woods.*

*From "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast;" New York: 1910.*

## PRESENTIMENT OF LOSS

I wander out in the great night, alone,
One of a mighty company of things
Of giant size. Now silent whisperings
Tell me I am a brother, newly thrown
Into companionship with all the skies,
The hills and rivers, and the towering trees,
And all the stars. My heart, despite all these,
Feels a great void; its spirit cannot rise.
O'erhead and far there gleam the stars, clothed deep
In mystery; and the night is oddly strange;
The river's weird enchantings never change.
On shipless, soundless oceans am I tossed;
My soul's foreboding fears that o'er me sweep
Are uttered in one gasp of moaning, "Lost!!'

* * * * * * * * * *

Why wail your death?—for if you did not die
You never could have lived, since birth and death
Must come with life. We would not miss your life:
Why mourn your death? And what will tears avail,
Save platitudes of sympathy from those
Who see the outward manifest of grief?
Is there not something more in grief than show?
What good is done when we exhibit pain?
The friend I lost in you cannot be found
In many men who walk the earth; and I,
In hallowed thought of you will weep no tears,
But in deep silence will I ruminate
Upon your life, study and venerate
Your deeds of grace, which you can do no more.

*Merle Robbins Lampson.*

*From "The Giant Loss", A Sonnet Sequence in Memoriam of Harry K. Cummings, by Author of "On Reaching Sixteen and Other Verses"; Geyserville, California, 1916.*

## "MORT SUR CHAMP D'HONNEUR"

Oh, think not that there's glory won
  But on the field of bloody strife,
Where flashing blade and crushing gun
  Cut loose the silver chords of life.
Carve deep his name in brass or stone,
  Who for his home and country bled,
Who lies uncoffined and unknown,
  Upon the field of honor dead.

But carve there too, the names of those
  Who fought the fight of faith aud truth,
Bending beneath life's wintry snows,
  Or battling in the pride of youth.
Whoe'er have kindled one bright ray
  In hearts whence hope and joy had fled,
Have not lived vainly: such as they
  Are on the field of honor, dead.

And those who sink on desert sand,
  Or calmly rest 'neath ocean wave,
Dropping the cross from weary hand,
  Telling no more its power to save:
The true, the pure, the brave, the good,
  Falling at duty's post still shed
A radiant light o'er plain and flood—
  Though on the field of honor dead.

Thus may we live, thus may we die,
  In earnest, valiant, faithful fight;
True to man's loftiest destiny—
  True to our God, ourselves, and right.
Thus when we sleep, as sleep we must,
  In ocean's cell or earth's dark prison,
Be this memorial o'er our dust,
  Though dead he is not here, but risen.

*Bartholomew Dowling.*

## WALKER OF NICARAGUA

To have looked at William Walker, one could scarcely have credited him to be the originator and prime mover of so desperate an enterprise as the invasion of the state of Sonora.

His appearance was that of anything else than a military chieftain. Below the medium height, and very slim, I should

hardly imagine him to weigh over a hundred pounds. His hair light and towy, while his almost white eyebrows and lashes concealed a seemingly pupiless, gray, cold eye, and his face was a mass of yellow freckles, the whole expression very heavy. His dress was scarcely less remarkable than his person. His head was surmounted by a huge white fur hat, whose long nap waved with the breeze, which, together with a very ill-made short-waisted blue coat, with gilt buttons, and a pair of grey, strapless pantaloons, made up the ensemble of as unprepossessing-looking a person as one would meet in a day's walk. I will leave you to imagine the figure he cut in Guaymas with the thermometer at 100, when every one else was arrayed in white. Indeed half the dread which the Mexicans had of filibusters vanished when they saw this their Grand Sachem—such an insignificant-looking specimen. But any one who estimated Mr. Walker by his personal appearance, made a great mistake. Extremely taciturn, he would sit for an hour in company without opening his lips; but once interested, he arrested your attention with the first word he uttered, and as he proceeded, you felt convinced that he was no ordinary person.

*T. Robinson Warren.*

*From "Dust and Foam, or Three Oceans and Two Continents"; New York: Scribner, 1858.*

## ANECDOTE OF THE DISASTER OF 1906

Many were the experiences of the period during the fire and earthquake upheaval of San Francisco in April, 1906, to be told later and handed down to posterity. Among these is one of a purely domestic nature which has survived as follows: Six months had passed and some Eastern ladies were dining with a San Francisco couple, when the subject arose, the guests expressing their sympathy and saying it must have been a terrible thing to have passed through.

The hostess glanced at her husband and replied with equanimity: "Oh, I don't know! so far as I was concerned I rather enjoyed the earthquake-and-fire, for it is the only thing which has happened for thirty-five years for which my husband has not held me responsible".

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine".*

## SANCTUARY

One of the most wonderful revolutions—of twofold beneficence—is going on in our national parks at this moment, in the making of them into wild-life sanctuaries.

It is remarkable in that it is doing as much for man as for the wild creatures that are protected from him.

Perhaps, indeed, it is doing even more for him; for it is teaching him not only that it is possible to live in amity with the wild animals—heretofore presumably formidable, savage and antagonistic—but with his own kind as well.

The confidence that wild animal protection engenders is mutual.

Even the unaccustomed city folk that grow quite panicky at thought of a bear at large in the woods find their composure returning when they observe the bear accepting their presence indifferently, even cheerfully.

Folks fresh from Market street, seeing a bear rise dripping out of the crystal waters of the Merced and come galloping along a regular park road to meet them (to greet them how?) are apt to feel their hair standing on end and turning in its sockets; but when he observes the rules of the road, politely, they recover themselves sufficiently to exclaim:

"Well! Did you ever? Isn't he the cute thing!"

And the possibility of a new relation to life—larger, friendlier, more tolerant, more interdependent, of a juster mutuality, dawns upon them.

Wild creatures are shy and retire before the advance of man; but when they find him unaggressive they come out and are willing to keep the truce with him, and to make such advances as seem discreet.

The notion that wild beasts are lurking in ambush to pounce upon and rend you soon gives way to the shamefaced consciousness that man is the aggressor and inciter of antagonism.

One of the loveliest sights I have ever seen was of a doe shoulder deep in the seeded grass and wild flowers of a mountain meadow up near Glacier point, with the afternoon sun slanting long upon her. A doe is essentially a gentle and appealing creature in her exquisite defenselessness, and posed thus, with soft eyes unalarmed, watching our auto glide into view and out again, she made such a beautiful picture of peace and plenty, security and contentment as would move any heart to gladness that human coming and going should be accepted so calmly.

The wild creatures are willing enough to let us share the earth with them if we will but let them share it with us unmolested.

And this disposition on their part that we are coming to recognize in the wild-life sanctuaries afforded by our national parks suggests that even human beings might live amicably together in this world if we could adjust our minds to respecting each others' rights.

*Helen Dare.*

*From "The San Francisco Chronicle", 1916.*

## RESURGAM

*Ye days of April came so sweet—*
*I seemed to hear the flowers' feet*
*Come running upward 'neath the sod—*
*Yearning to lift their heads to God!*
*Ye days of April.*

*David Lesser Lezinsky.*

*From "Story of the Files of California";*
*San Francisco: 1893.*

## HER POPPIES FLING A CLOTH OF GOLD

Her poppies fling a cloth of gold
O'er California hills—
Fit emblems of the wealth untold
That hill and dale and plain unfold,
Her name the whole world fills.

*Eliza D. Keith.*

## SONG OF AN ABSENT SON

Within my heart a song shall be
Made of thy name's sweet melody,
For all my heartstrings sound to thee!
California!

When careless gods, in their disdain,
Surged me in seas of bitter pain,
Leaving on love's bright hours a stain,
Then did I learn life's meanings, where
Thy brown hills rise, sublime and fair,
Thou who canst overcome despair!
California!

Thou knowest—all to thee I gave,
When love, lamenting could not save,
And in thy peace there is a grave,
California!

Some day, when days are weariest,
I, in thy bosom shall be blessed
With mine own heritage of rest,
California!

From thy swift-slipping golden years
I grasped the joy that age outwears—
Time's gift of memories and tears;
Thus shall I say farewell to thee,
Thou who hast known mine ecstacy
When all the glad young years of me
Were thine, California!

Though I am far from thee, alone,
I was, I am, thy Native Son!
Take thou this song of love, my own
California!

See, in my cup, long drained of wine,
I pledge in smiles and tears; thou'rt mine!
When I am dust let me be thine,
California!

*Gabriel Furlong Butler.*

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine"; 1910.*

## VALE

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
For me the end has come and I am dead,
And the little, voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to tell the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed by painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With the word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter in the day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, natheless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtiers' lips;
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb
And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

*Richard Realf.*

*From "The Story of the Files";*
*Published first in "The Argonaut"; October, 1878.*

## DANIEL O'CONNELL

### IN MEMORIAM

The wreath we bring and lay with loyal hand
Upon the stone which crowns the spot where thou
So oft hast wandered in the past to stand
Where we, who honor thee, are gathered now;

This wreath will fade ere scarce a day hath fled,
But 'round thy brow are bound the living leaves
That seat the Singer with the Deathless Dead—
The few whose laurels Fame not often weaves.

Thy lips are mute; but each melodious strain
Thy fancy conjured from the vibrant chords,
Lives in our love, there ever to remain
Among the dearest treasures Memory hoards.

*Louis Alexander Robertson.*

Lines spoken while placing a wreath upon the Memorial Seat erected to Daniel O'Connell in Sausalito.

*From "From Crypt and Choir";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1904.*

# THE FAREWELL

## A SUBJECT FOR A PAINTING

It so happened that there was a day in May in 1885, when a remarkable outpouring of the people of San Francisco from their homes, came forth to honor a man of distinction, who was turning has face away from the setting sun, and returning to the home of his childhood in old Spain. This was Archbishop Alemany who had been sent to California in 1850, a stranger in a strange land, yet who had come to gather the scattered flocks together and make them one people. After his thirty-five years of service, he was now seventy-two years of age, and had long planned to return to that land whence he had come. On this day, the 27th of May, he was leaving California, and the outpouring of the people during the ceremonies preceding and upon that date, makes that incident historical in our annals.

The first ceremony began with a concourse of fifty-five clergymen. Then followed one of the laity, composed of many prominent men and women well known in our earlier years of San Francisco, among whom were the Tobins, the Barrons, the Donohues, the Fairs, the Burnetts, the Phelans, the Barroillets, the Casserlys, the Carrigans, and a hundred others of equal distinction in circles of wealth and social life. Next followed a farewell to the St. Joseph's Benevolent Society, which had been founded by the Archbishop in 1860, for the benefit of the widows and orphans, the sick and needy, and which had expended the sum of $135,000, for these purposes. This also was an overflow meeting, composed of members and their families.

A touch of the Orient was revealed in the next ceremony connected with the departure of the Archbishop; it was the gathering of Catholic Chinese in the hallways, leading to the parlors of St. Mary's Cathedral, and composed of Chinamen representing nearly every province of the Flowery Kingdom. Among these was the wife of an interpreter whose four children had been baptized a few weeks before. So pleased had been the Archbishop with the success of his Chinese mission that he had purchased them a lot, and had set apart enough to build them a chapel for themselves. They had stood there in the hallway waiting for over an hour for his appearance.

On the Sunday of the departure, many were the memories recalled. From early morn he officiated at the services in the Cathedral of St. Mary, and hundreds came and went. Later on, the aged Archbishop, weakened by his continuous service

on that last day, rose and walked to the centre of the altar, and began a confirmation-address to several hundred children who gathered about the altar to be received into the church. The girls in white with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, and boys in black suits, knelt before the altar as the Archbishop spoke to them and confirmed them. He was deeply moved by the scene. His voice quivered with emotion and tears filled his eyes. After a few words to the boys and girls, he then sought to express his thoughts on the immortality of the soul.

At 2 o'clock, the vestibule and hall were filled with people, and a crowd surged to the sidewalk to catch a last glimpse of the departing Archbishop. As soon as they saw him, all knelt, men, women and children. The women sobbed. He advanced to the carriage which was waiting for him, blessed the kneeling company and spoke consoling words to them. One poor woman clung to him and said, "Won't you pray for my poor girl?" And he replied, "Yes, God bless you."

Eighty people took the three o'clock boat and crossed the bay. On the Oakland mole these scenes were repeated. At the Oakland station, there was a scene perhaps never before witnessed in the country. As the train stopped, a crowd of three hundred or more gathered about the last car, which was the one occupied by the Archbishop and the party escorting him. As he stepped on the platform, a hundred hands were stretched out to his.

The stop at the station was but for a moment, and slowly the people saw the train moving away. Simultaneously they fell on their knees, more than three hundred of them, some on the track, some on the rails, others on the walk. Reverently the men removed their hats. The tide was rippling in and dashing against the rocks on the beach. The sun was glistening on the water, making a shining path of light across the bay. The train drew away from the kneeling people, and the Archbishop removing his hat, blessed them with his outstretched hand. As he stood in this reverential attitude, the wind blew his gray locks, and tears came into his eyes. The train gathered speed and soon was whirling along the shore, and out of sight of the heavy-hearted people who were rising, with the sunlight and the Archbishop's blessing on their heads.

At Port Costa he took final leave of those men who had been laboring with him all those many years. With one accord, the clergy and the laity knelt in the aisle and received the final blessing. As the old man passed through the car

to a Pullman at the head of the train he was received with respect by every one. As the sections of the train ran on to the ferry-boat, he stood on the platform and waved a farewell to his friends, who bade him Godspeed with full hearts. At Sacramento, a few hours later, a delegation boarded the special car, and another ceremony followed, after which the departing Archbishop came out on the platform to give his blessing to many who were there to behold him for the last time.

* * * * * * * * * *

From the record of this day, given in the weekly press, are here chosen a few words gathered as a message to be remembered by those who come after, for all those of that wonderful day belong now to the past. "When first I came to San Francisco, it took me a whole day to cross the bay in an open boat."

"The education of the young, of the dear, innocent, beautiful little children is one of our greatest cares. Our mission might be envied by the angels. We train up the hearts of them to love and know God and serve Him. We teach them truths which are to endure for all time, and to make their souls, if faithful to that teaching, shine as the stars in heaven."

"When first I came here how few children there were! Now wherever I go, I see armies of children. A few years ago in Sonoma and the northern districts, there were none to be seen, but now there are very many. All these dear little children will be lost to the world and to eternity, if you do not devise means by which they may be reclaimed from a life of idleness."

"I cannot speak of my life here without my emotions overcoming me. I came here with diffidence and weak in heart, but the kindness with which I was greeted, the hearty co-operation which was tendered me, strengthened me in my purpose and made me forget my lack of power."

"I do not think I was born to be a Bishop, and I told Pius IX so, but nevertheless they made me a Bishop."

"I am not exactly the second founder of the Church in California, though you may call me so, but I have zealously labored to discharge my duties. Nor can I say I have done them well. My heart and my sympathies for you all, and this beautiful land were immediately upon my arrival in 1850, enlisted in your behalf. When I shall have left, and the breadth of many a league of land and ocean divides us from

GALAXY 7.—POETS AND PROSE-WRITERS

Emelie T. Y. Parkhurst
Ednah Aiken
Geraldine Bonner
Mary L. Hoffman Craig
Yda Addis
"Betsy B," Mary T. Austin
Alice Denison Wiley
Fannie Avery
Frona Eunice Colburn
Anna Morrison Reed
Eliza D. Keith
Louise H. Webb

GALAXY 8.—EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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| Joseph Wasson | Lauren S. Crane | Charles Henry Phelps |
| J. O'Hara Cosgrave | Henry Rust Mighels | William P. Harrison |

each other, many will be the moments when the tears shall spring to my eyes at the thought that perhaps never again shall I be permitted to see you. I leave to you my heart and my affection."

*Taken from "San Francisco Monitor, May, 1885; Edited and condensed from seven columns in the above by The Gatherer.*

## THE MISSION SWALLOWS AT CARMEL

When the mating-time of the lark is near
And down in the meadow the blackbirds swing,
They come with the music and youth of the year,
Sure as the blossoms tryst with spring.

When willow and alder don their leaves,
Up from the cloudy south they fare,
To flit all day by the Mission eaves
And build their nests in the shadow there.

O'er field and meadow, a restless throng,
They dart and swoop till the west is red,
Swift of wing and chary of song,
That the eggs be hatched and the nestlings fed.

Serra sleeps within sound of the sea,
And the flock he fathered is long since still.
Over their graves the wild brown bee
Prowls, and the quail call over the hill.

Serra is dust for a hundred years,
Dust are the ladies and lords of Spain—
Safe from sorrow and change and tears,
Where the grass is clean with the springtide rain.

Meekly they slumber, side by side,
Cross and sword to the furrow cast,
Done forever with love and pride,
And sleep, as ever, the best at last.

But over the walls that the padres laid,
The circling swallows come and go,
Still by the seasons undismayed,
Or the storms above or the dead below.

*George Sterling.*

*From "Beyond the Breakers and Other Poems"; San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1914.*

## FOR THESE UNKNOWN

### IN MEMORY OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER DEAD.

Sleep where they may, above them Memory lingers,
A tender light within her shadowed eyes,
And in the wind's low touch lovingly fingers
Each fallen leaf that on the grave mound lies.

And what if fame pass by in clarioned splendor,
Or triumph all unheeding, lead her train?
For those unknown, there wakes a chord more tender
Than ever echoed in the victor's paean;

For over them, full mindful of their glory,
Low hidden in a field of graves unnamed,
The soft winds weave for me the splendid story
Of heroes whom the heavens have acclaimed:

No laurel wreaths lie on their breasts, no flowers
Make gardens of the gloom and hush of death;
But in the night's deep spirit-haunted hours,
Their deeds are chanted on the heaven's breath.

And when the night has passed and all translucent
With kindling light glows Orient's architrave,
The kind leaves fall, by Memory's soft hands loosened,
A trembling tribute on each unknown grave.

*Charles Phillips.*

## WHY?

Why is it that the groansome loads of Fate
Are thrust, not on the shoulders, broad and strong,
Of beings swart and big who daily throng
The ways of Life, but on the Souls that late
Have staggered, spent and tired, from burdens great,
And now deserve the laurel which their long
And patient suff'ring earned? It seems all wrong!
Why cannot Fate attack its size and mate?
Great God!—perhaps it does; perhaps the weak
Refined and pure, are ablest, after all
To bear the thorns and briers that abound
In Heaven's path; and when they—aching, meek—
Complete the task, some obstacle must fall,
And Souls of Men advance another round.

*P. V. M. (Inspired by Ina Coolbrith.)*

*From "Out of a Silver Flute";*
*New York: 1896.*

## TO MY FATHER'S MEMORY

They will not blame me if my poet repeat
A thousand times his phrases like a child:
For like a child, to all that he can meet,
He talks of love that's vigilant and wild.

To Petrarch, life was but a mirror fair,
Wherein his lady's beauties tranced lay,
Her eyes, her lips, her voice, her smile, her hair
Made the strange spectrum of his lonely day.

For me, I con these bright monotonous things
That, when my angel meets me on the strand
And stuns me in the rushing of his wings,
I may say something he can understand.

*Agnes Tobin.*

*From dedication to "Madonna Laura";*
*London: William Heinemann, 1906.*

## RICHARD WHITE

### IN MEMORIAM

He walked so softly that he never trod
In hurt of anything that breathed the air,
And in his bosom felt the pulse of God
That pointed him to ways divinely fair.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

*April 21, 1918.*

## THE VOICE OF THE WATER IN THE MOUNTAINS

### NIGHT IN THE YO SEMITE.

I have lain all night a-listening
To the voice of the water in the mountains,
Where in the white moonlight glistening
Are assembled the mighty fountains.

Blued with the mists of twilight,
The guardian walls grew dimmer;
Outlined alone by the sky-light
Where the stars begin to glimmer.

Softly the night-breeze is creeping
  In and out through the pines,
But ever the waters are sweeping
  Forth from their high confines.

The beast to his lair is driven,
  The bird in her nest is dreaming,
But ever the eyes of Heaven
  See the rushing waters' gleaming.

Over the verge of the chasm
  The moon's pale orb appears,
But her peace calms not the spasm—
  The throes of the waters fierce.

Loud now is their voice as thunder,
  With volley and thud and rumble,
Now a mountain seems rent asunder,
  Now a crash, then a distant grumble.

Then faint grow the stars more distant.
  A light in the Orient creepeth,
Up rise the great domes, all resistant,
  And Dawn, but the water ne'er sleepeth.

I have lain all night a-listening
  To the voice of the water in the mountains,
To its tale, from the world's first christening,
  To the time there shall be no more fountains.

*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

*From "California Nights' Entertainment"; Edinburgh: Valentine & Anderson.*

## EMPEROR NORTON I

Monarch by choice of the Golden West,
Usurper by right of his own behest,
What though his reign was a world-wide jest—
  This wise old Emperor Norton—
There never was monarch so kindly as he,
So lordly in rags, democratic and free,
With never a battle on land or sea—
  Our good old Emperor Norton.

His soldierly dress we can never forget,
With its tarnished and old-fashioned epaulette,
A white plug hat with a side rosette—
One suit had Emperor Norton—
With a monster cane as a regal mace,
Entwined with the serpent that tempted the race,
This monarch of mystery held his place,
Majestical Emperor Norton.

Exacting no bounty but moderate need,
While the light of his life was excellent creed,
For he never had done an ignoble deed,
This raggedy Emperor Norton.
There never was tribute more modestly laid,
By banker and merchant more willingly paid,
And never were titles more cheerfully made
Than those by Emperor Norton.

All men are usurpers somewhat in their way,
But the high and the lowly acknowledged his sway,
And even the children would pause in their play
With greetings for Emperor Norton.
No King ever ruled better people, I vow—
Those old San Franciscans were peers, anyhow—
For none but the noble would smilingly bow
To a mock-regal Emperor Norton.

*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

*From "The Overland", 1917.*

## A MESSAGE FROM EMPEROR NORTON I

Nothing in our early days was more charming than the sight of the poor throneless emperor in all his regalia, on parade on Kearny street with the rest of the fashionable world, stopping to present to some pretty little girl, the rose-bud bouquet from his coat-lapel. Everyone humored the harmless old man in his vagary that he was a person to be honored, and both mother and child would accept the proffered gift as from one of importance, and smile and bow in return and wish him "Good-day" most politely.

When death claimed the body of the man notable in our early annals as one whose loss of fortune had affected his brain, he was buried in the Masonic cemetery in the shadow of Lone Mountain's cross. But the memory remained in the hearts of those little girls to whom he had presented the flower from his breast as they passed in the crowded street. They never forgot him. When others tried to make mock of the story of his affliction, they always smiled and told of the pretty ceremony and how Emperor Norton had given them a flower to remember him by.

Years passed. A committee came into existence in 1913 resolved to visit the cemeteries on Decoration-day out in the neglected region of Lone Mountain and hold services there. They sought the grave of Edward A. Pollock, the author of "When the Clouds Come in Through the Golden Gate", and that of Richard Realf, the author of that great poem, "Vale", also that of Bernard Dowling, who wrote "Dead on the Field of Honor", and "Hurrah for the Next That Dies", and for that of the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket". They also were led to view the spot where lay set apart by the Masonic Cemetery to mark the resting-place of Emperor Norton I. And to their surprise they found it already decorated by bunches of rose bud bouquets in memory of those he had given to the young away back more than a quarter of a century before. A silence fell upon them and they knew that he had builded better than he knew. Those little girls, now grandmothers, had not forgotten him.

*The Gatherer.*

*"Life in California", 1916.*

## WHERE BRODERICK SLEEPS

The intelligence of Broderick's death, September 16, 1859, spread like a pestilence. People refused to credit that which their hearts dreaded—that he had been thus slain in the very morning of his career; that his sun had set while it was yet day. But the conviction, the sad conviction was verity. Men's hearts sank; eyes were moistened by tears which the sternest pride of manhood could not repress, and voices were hushed to earnest whisperings. * * * There was no concerted signal of woe, no set form or phase of sorrow; but gloom like a black mist crested the town and its expression was silenced. * * * Moved by the fullness of their individual sorrow, men suspended business, draped doors and repaired slowly to their homes. San Francisco had never such a day in its stormy existence. There are those living who yet recall the universal gloom. * * * On Sunday afternoon the body was removed to the Plaza, deposited on a catafalque, and without music, banners, religion, organizations or chairman, but in the presence of the dead and of thirty thousand silent living men, Colonel Baker pronounced a discourse almost unrivaled in English. The Monte Diablo range to the east, recalling the Alban Hills; the sparkling September sun, scarce equalled by Italia's brilliant sunshine; the seven hills of San Francisco, like the seven hills of Rome—the first towering o'er the plaza where lay the stricken senator, while the others, looking over the forum, on the mangled body of the first of the Caesars—surely, to the modern Antony, who lived and died as did his ancient prototype, the parallel must have occurred when he exclaims:

"What hopes are buried with him in the grave."

He sleeps at the base of Lone Mountain, itself as lonely as he, where, facing the lordly Pacific, he lies, a pathetic and memorable sacrifice to the minotaur of human slavery.

*Jeremiah Lynch.*

*From "A Senator of the Fifties";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1911.*

## LONE MOUNTAIN

Thou cross-crowned hill to which I often turn,
Although no dead of mine lie slumbering there,
I watch the western skies behind thee burn
And my pale lips are parted with a prayer
Till resignation drives away despair.
With tear-dimmed eyes I gaze and can discern
The silent resting-place for which I yearn,
And unto which with faltering feet I fare.

When I shall rest beneath thee evermore,
And cold gray fogs drift o'er me from the deep,
Perchance—who knows?—the voices of the sea
Rolling in deep-toned music from the shore,
May not be all unheard in that last sleep,
Murmuring a long, low slumber-song to me.

*Louis A. Robertson.*

*From "The Dead Calypso and Other Verses";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1901.*

## JUNIPERO SERRA AT THE GOLDEN GATE

The sun shines bright, the fog is burned away,
The Golden Gate lies open, sea and land
Smile as if touched by the Almighty's hand.
A hundred years ago, on such a day
With sandles shod, in garb of saddest gray,
Did that Franciscan monk, that hero grand,
The good Junipero, the padre stand
And gazing out to sea thus did he say:
"Praise be to God and thanks, for His grace
We His weak ministers this deed have wrought,
In reaching thus the goal we long have sought.
Further to go is old paths to retrace;
Christ's holy rood to the land's end is brought,
The cord of Francis holds the earth in its embrace."

*Richard Edward White.*

## THE LILY OF GALILEE'S WATER

Mid the tallest reeds in the ranks of wealth,
  Where the sunlight laughs forever,
Where the woe of want ne'er crushed out health,
  Nor poisoned the wings of the weather,
Far purer than gold, more guileless than glee,
  And sweet as the most loving of mothers—
A lily as fair as the foam of the sea
  Wept the woe that was woven for others.

'Twas charity bloomed where the proudling seals
  Men's fountain of love for each other,
Where the puny or poor but vainly appeals
  As a child of the Lord and a brother,
Though grown in the groves—gilded groves of the great—
  The lily loved all—thorn, thistle and clover,
And its pure heart pulsed as the seas pulsate
  In the breath of the winds passing over.

So downward from hillocks and upward from streams —
  From waters of woe and storms that were chilly,
Each sad-stricken waif, seeking life-giving gleams,
  Was drawn to the heart of the beautiful lily.
And cresses that craved and brambles and rue,
  Found favor though sombered in shadow,
For the lily could bless as the sunbeams do—
  The storm and the stream and the meadow.

'Twas gloomy and grey—'twas a wintry morn,
  And the blast swept solemnly over
The puny and poor—dumb thistle and thorn,
  And cresses and bramble and clover.
And they quivered and quailed as the word was said,
  From the heart of the town to the river,
"Lo , the lily ye loved lies lowly and dead,
  And your poverty's with you forever."

Ah, few are the flowers so bannered and blest
  As the lily God plucked from the poorest;
For fed by the tears of the truest and best,
  It blooms where its glory is surest.
Too pure to be pained in the groves of the great,
  'Twas culled for the crown of its Author
To blossom forever in heavenly state
  As the lily of Galilee's water.

*Patrick S. Dorney.*

In Memoriam of the late Nellie Crocker, second daughter of the late Judge E. B. Crocker of Sacramento, to whose funeral obsequies, in the winter of 1877, flocked the lame, the halt, the blind, and poverty-stricken, whom she had befriended during her young life. Although a "sandlotter" in his sympathies, yet Mr. Dorney was so affected by this scene, he wrote this tribute to her memory. It first appeared anonymously in the "Sacramento Bee" and was later reprinted in the "Golden Era". Original almost to the point of peculiarity, yet there is a deep pathos to be read between the lines.

*From "Golden Era Magazine"; January, 1885.*

## CALIFORNIA TO THE FLEET

Behold, upon the yellow sands,
I wait with laurels in my hands.
The golden Gate swings wide and there
I stand with poppies in my hair.
Come in, O ships! These happy seas
Caressed the golden argosies
Of forty-nine. They felt the keel
Of dark Ayala's pinnace steal
Across the mellow gulf and pass
Unchallenged, under Alcatraz.
Come in, O ships! The purple crown
Of Tamalpais is looking down,
And from the Contra Costa shore
Diablo leans across once more
To listen for the signal gun,
Proclaiming that a port is won.
O ships! Thou art not of the sea;
It was the land that mothered thee—
The broad, sweet land, the prairies wide,
The mine, the forge, the mountain side;
And so the rivers hastening
Through valleys where the med'larks sing,
Come freighted with Love's offering.
Behold, they leap the granite wall
Where far the dim Sierra call;
And lordly Shasta, from his throne,
Looks down the cañons, dark and lone,
To smile his welcome to the tide;
Come in, O ships! The Gate stands wide.
Think not we love, O squadrons gray,
Grim war's magnificent array!
'Tis not that gleaming turrets reel
Above thy decks of belted steel,
And frowning guns look down, that we
Extend glad arms and hearts to thee.

Not War we love, but Peace, and these
Are but the White Dove's argosies—
The symbols of a mighty will
No tyrant hand may use for ill;
The pledges of a nation's power,
To use alone in that dread hour
When Justice fails, and Wrong shall dare
Uplift its front in menace there.
Come in, O ships! The voyage is done.
Magellan's stormy cape is won;
And all the zones have seen thee trail
The glorious banners down the gale.
No stranger here to greet thee springs;
It is thine own sweet land that sings
Come in—come home; the Gate swings wide,
Drift in upon the happy tide;
For lo, upon the yellow sands,
I wait with garlands in my hands.

*Daniel S. Richardson.*

*From "Trail Dust";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1908.*

## IN THE SIERRAS

Out of the heat and toil and dust of trades,
Far from the sound of cities and of seas,
I journeyed lonely and alone; I sought
The valley of the ages and the place
Of the wind-braided waters.

* * * * * * * * * *

So we toiled;
Now through the clustering groves' white-cushioned boughs,
And now through openings and anon between
The tall unbending columns that impale
The architectural forests.
There no lack
Of the imploring cries that startle us—
The jay-bird's shrill alarms, and many notes
Untraceable to any tongue whatever,
Heaven-born and brief.

* * * * * * * * * *

Anon we sank
Into the awful canyons, where the brook

Hissed between icy fangs that cased the shore,
Slim, lank, and pallid blue.

* * * * * * * * * *

Journeying
Under the sky's blue vacancy, I saw
How nature prints and publishes abroad
Her marvelous gospels!
Here the wind burnt bark
Like satin glossed and quilted; scattered twigs
In mysterious hieroglyphics; the giant shrubs
That seem to point to something wise and grave;
The leafless stalks that rise so desolate
Out of their slender shafts, within the drift;
Under the dripping gables of the fir
The slow drops softly sink their silent wells
Into the passive snow; and over all,
Swept the brown needles of the withering pine.
Thither, my comrades, would I fly with thee
Out of the maelstrom, the metropolis,
Where the pale sea-mist storms the citadels
With ghastly avalanches.
The hot plains,
Dimmed with a dingy veil of floating dust,
The brazen foot-hills the perennial heights,
And the green girdle of the spicy wood
We tread with gathering rapture.
Still we climb!
The season and the summit passed alike,
High on the glacial slopes we plant our feet
Beneath the gray crags insurmountable;
Care, like a burden falling from our hearts;
Joy, like the wings of morning, spiriting
Our souls in ecstacy to outer worlds
Where the moon sails among the silver peaks
On the four winds of heaven!

*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

*From "Century Magazine"; 1886.*

## WHERE A PHILANTHROPIST SLEEPS

Thirty-seven years ago, a citizen of California passed from earth. But his name still abides with us. Born in August, 1796, in Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania, James Lick came to California to do a great work. He amassed great wealth, lived very economically and died like a king. He loved his state and lived for it. At his death it was found he had executed a deed of trust leaving his millions to be utilized for certain noble and benevolent purposes, under the direction of Dr. Stillman, Horace Davis, A. S. Hallidie, Jo. O. Eldridge, John O. Earl, and Lorenzo Sawyer, and the survivors of them.

It was the sensation of the day—a day which still continues because of the wonderful judgment and far-reaching acumen of the man who thus set apart his gold to do his will.

It may be a matter of interest to those who honor the name of James Lick to know where he has found sepulture. His body lies beneath his grandest gift of science, "nor has any king couch more magnificent". While the scientists are counting the stars in the heavens down at the Lick Observatory, all that remains of the mortal part of the great philanthropist reposes beneath that great structure, which his forethought has made possible.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California"; "Mechanic's Fair Daily"; Sept 2, 1913.*

## A TRIBUTE TO MRS. REBECCA LAMBERT

She was a Captain's wife who sailed the seas
Until the captain died; and then she gave
Her fortune, and every day and hour to save
"Her boys" from "land-sharks", and the stern decrees
Of law that bound them down and turned the keys
Of prison on them at the will of every knave
That ruled the water-front. As brave
As any lioness, with every breeze
That brought "her boys" to San Francisco-town
She stood and fought at bay for them. All unforgot
The Sailor's Home on Rincon Hill—the crown
Of all her work—yet greater still, God-wot
The Sailor's grave-yard by the shore so brown,
Another home where the salt, salt wavelets lave,
And here she lies within her grave
Amidst them all until the Day of Great Renown—
Oh, Sailor-boys—a violet to mark the spot!

*The Gatherer.*

*From 1852 till 1886, she gave her life to "her boys". The "Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society of the Port of San Francisco was founded by her. A portrait of Mrs. Lambert hangs in the Golden Gate Museum.*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In May the flowers are everywhere; orange gold poppies emblazon themselves everywhere in riotous profusion on the hillsides; dainty little flowers join together to make a Persian carpet design alongside the roadways. Roses are sweet and gorgeous in their soft appeal to the eye and the olfactories, as if wafted from a sphere beyond earth. Fruits hang temptingly on the trees, but hardly to their highest perfection.

*A. E.*

# THE CITY OF THE LIVING

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has today—
So long ago expired its grief and glory
There flourished, far away,
In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that fair dwelling place.
No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying,
Made any face less fair.

Without the city's walls, death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.
Oh, happiest of all earth's favored places!
O bliss! to dwell therein!
To live in the sweet light of loving faces
And fear no grave between!
To feel no death-damp, gathering cold and colder
Disputing life's warm truth—
To live on, never lowlier or older,
Radiant in deathless youth!
And hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters
To find that blest abode,
Where never death should come between and sever
Them from their loved apart—
Where they might work, and win and live forever
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up stores of treasure,
And never any died.
And many years rolled on and saw them striving,
With unabated breath;
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.
Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity
Craving a boon like this—
Mark how the dwellers in that wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.
One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,

Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing
Outside the city walls.
Craving with wish that brooked no more denying,
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying—
The treasure they had lost.
Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death!
Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied;
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died.

*Frank Alumbaugh.*

## THE MUSSEL SLOUGH TRAGEDY

Every stalk of the bright green wheat that grew there on the eleventh of May; every tender spray of alfalfa; every fruit tree, loaded with its perfumed burden of flowers; every thrifty home and happy household—everything of life, where death had been before was a monument and a breathing witness to the struggles, hardships and dire sufferings of those Pioneers in Mussel Slough who dug the ditches that carried water into the desert, transforming it into a garden whose loveliness is not surpassed on all the broad face of the earth; dug the ditches in poverty, hunger, and rags, while rich men jibed them, and men less brave derided them; dug the ditches to make a home and shelter for their wives and children who had not enough to eat; worked through burning heat and freezing cold, through water and through choking dust with the mocking world at their backs and the hope of a peaceful future before them. * * * The land that was heretofore utterly valueless became so productive and the demand for it became so great that the enhanced value consequent upon the toil of the early settlers would have been sufficient to make one man fabulously rich. * * *

Soon they came to her house. A great change had taken place there. She saw all her household goods in the road, where they had been recently put. And they were all covered with dust. In particular, one famous quilt, which she had made with her own hands, a great many years before, and

which she had treasured from year to year—a many-colored quilt of the finest silk—lay all in a shapeless bundle in the dirt. If she had not been a spirit, she would have felt aggrieved at this; but of what use were all those cherished things now?

The spirit with whom she rode begged her not to get out, telling her that the house had been taken from her in her absence as were those other homes on the day when they had had that great fight; but she did not think that any one could rob a poor old woman of her home; and she begged so piteously that he tenderly lifted her from the wagon.

(There follows an altercation between the man who came to the door of the house and the man in the wagon who championed the cause of the now homeless woman.)

But in the midst of it, she fell unconscious to the ground. He raised her head and anxiously spoke to her but no answer came; then he placed the gaudy silk quilt in the bottom of the wagon and tenderly gathered her up in his great strong arms and laid her thereon. She was at the end of her long and dreary journey at last.

*William C. Morrow.*

*From "Blood Money";*
*San Francisco: F. J. Walker, 1882.*

## THE COMET

### (HALLEY'S COMET, MAY, 1910)

Again there flares across the skies of night
  Thy blazing torch, O warden of the years,
  Proclaiming all is well among the spheres,
And that another age of man hath flight.
Since 'round its great elipse hath sped thy light.
  God many wonders hath given to our seers:
  Full many a dream of man as truth appears
Since last thou flashed across the human sight.

Long centuries ago fair Norman dames
  Thy marvel on their people and their times
    Wove blindly in their Bayeau tapestry;
So I, today, enkindled by thy flames,
  Weave here again in thread of patient rhymes
    Thy story for unknown posterity.

*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

*From "California Nights' Entertainment";*
*Edinburgh: Valentine & Anderson.*

## AT POLLOCK'S GRAVE

No heaven-born blossoms ever blow,
The wild grass withers on the desolate ground,
No meanest marking headstone can be found,
Where he who soared so high now lies so low.
For him "the air is chill"; no longer flow
His tears for lost Olivia; no more is bound
The Falcon to the rocks all doom-encrowned;
His Chandos Picture's spectres, who can know?
Apollo's child, thy fate is but the one
Of him who makes a brother of the sun,
And in the "Realms of Gold" bears dazzling light;
Thou art a member of that radiant host
Which holds its torch before men's blinded sight,
And dies all unregarded at its post.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

*May 28, 1914. Unpublished.*

## PASSING AWAY

Robed in her white garments, she sat resigned,
A happy smile upon her pure, pale face;
While down her slender temples fell entwined,
Bathed in gold, from the sun's last lingering rays,
The dark brown hair, giving her still sweeter grace.
Within the leafy arbor's green confine,
And many blue-eyed violets growing near,
Around her clustering roses and jasmine;
A bride for heaven only could appear
So fair, so sweet, so child-like and divine.

*Charles Grissen.*

*From "Golden Era"; 1885.*

## ANGELINE OF FOREST HILL

She was born in Placer county, the first of the family of eleven children, exquisitely fair with a white rose complexion and with eyes darkly violet. At seventeen this firstling of the flock closed her eyes to earth, and opened them in heaven. One by one, the little brothers and sisters as they were born and grew, took on this white rose look of delicacy, till there were five that had gone, and only six that were left to the bereaved parents.

The father was a miner, seeking the gold in the earth as his work; the mother was one of those prodigies of maternal love that

are at once the spiritual and the material providence of the race. Of her it could well be said as was of the original Pioneer mother, "The only church they knew was around their mother's knees", for there are still wildernesses left in California for women to civilize. Forest Hill was indeed far away from the centers of social life, but this mother brought order out of chaos. Snowed in, in the winter-time, yet all was well with that brood of hers, for every provision had been made for the season, so that the flock was comfortable, and they had learned to be company to each other during those hours hemmed in away from all the outer world. Green and beautiful in the summer with every kind of useful fruit and vegetable growing in luxuriousness, everything was stored away to prepare for the winter-solstice again.

Thus season followed season and they had plenty and freedom and lands. But each time the waxen rose-bud had gone to sleep, the mother's heart had given warning that all was not well. There was some malign influence in that beautiful place with which she could not cope. It was beginning to be understood that in the springs and waters was too much iron or other mineral for the well-being of the young. So eagerly she prepared the way for a change in soil, climate and productions to save her brood. Not easy was this to be done. The father loved his free life in the mountains, seeking and finding gold. So also the eldest son. But the mother's anxious eye noted the white-rose look of Angeline stealing over his face, too, and she became resolute. The eldest was sent to the great city to take up the profession of nursing, the son to study for the civil service. One daughter married and moved away. Then came the mother and the brood to the city, and she secured employment for the father, and thus coaxed him from his beloved mountains to take up life under new conditions. The younger son and daughter each found places to work day-times and attended night-school to gain an education. The youngest as beautiful as a princess in a fairy story went to a convent school. This mother was a queen indeed in her little kingdom. She ruled well and wisely. Her own gifted hands made the bread, washed the clothes and ironed them, cut out pretty gowns for her daughters and contrived them, added to which she radiated in her neighborhood to such a degree that always was she doing something for others. And the beautiful smile, with which she greeted one, gave an added joy to living.

She comforted the mourner from the deep springs of her own responsive nature. With always some bright story or anecdote from her own experience to tell to "point a moral or adorn a tale"—yet in the midst of it she would say, "Yes, as I was telling Angeline—did you hear me—say 'Angeline'? I meant one of the other girls," and she would continue her incident without a pause. Always the name of that firstling of the flock was on her lips, till one knew that to the mother "they still were eleven" and she still held them in her heart. There was never a shadow on her bright face, nor a sign on her lips, for she cherished the living too deeply to mar their lives with anything like grief for the absent. Nor yet would she shut them out in the dim darkness as if they had never been. They were only on a journey.

It came to pass that all of us who knew her, also knew Angeline —fair Angeline of Forest Hill who seems a vision of that place, always young, always beautiful—a tradition of our land.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California".*

## PORT-U-GAL, MY PORT-U-GAL

### A LAMENT

May be sung to the refrain of "The Danube River".

O, Port-u-gal, my Port-u-gal
I long to press thy shore,
But O alas! I fear 't will be
That I'll behold thee
No more, no more.

Oh! in this land, so fair and sweet,
'T is here I've made my home,
And here it is I think I'll stay,
My feet no more
To roam, to roam.

Upon the hill, where white marbles gleam,
And all the pathways wind,
'T is there with friends who've gone before
I think I'll find
My Port-u-gal.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California".*

A Portuguese who has been in California for twenty years and over told me one day of his homesickness for the old country, but that he never expected to see that land again. Waving with his hand significantly toward the hill where rose the tombs of the Catholic cemetery of Haywards, he said, "I think it's there I'll find my Port-u-gal".

## MY HOUSE IS IN ORDER

My house is in order.
There is no one to fret,
I can go at my work
Without hindrance or let.

My work is a pastime—
And my work it loves me—
But I'm seeing the child
That once stood by my knee.

Earth is all beautiful
And Life, it is sweet,
But I'm listening to hear
The sound of her feet.

When the Comforter, Death,
So tall and so fair
Shall come to my door,
I know she'll be there.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California"; 1909.*

## CUPID IN SAUSALITO

### RONDEAU

Love fled the town, 't was late in May
And indolently thought to stray
Where, just beneath a green-grown hill,
There ran a cool, refreshing rill
That chased the sultry air away,
And there he let his fancies play
Till sleeping by his darts he lay.
Was it to slumber—all was still—
Love fled the town?

A shout aroused him in dismay
And up he sprang prepared to slay
Or wound, perhaps, with practised skill—
Far better 't were at once to kill.
The barb flew straight—I mind the day
Love fled the town.

*David E. W. Williamson.*

*1885.*

*"All honor to those sturdy pioneers, who, with self-sacrificing zeal and devotion, open up a primeval croft, whether in the physical, mental or moral wilderness, thus making it richer and brighter for those who follow after them."*

*Sarah B. Cooper.*

## WHEN I AM DEAD

"When you are dead and lying at rest
With your white hands folded above your breast—
Beautiful hands, too well I know,
As white as the lilies, as cold as the snow,
I will come and bend o'er your marble form,
Your cold hands cover with kisses warm,
And the words I will speak and the tears I will shed
Will tell I have loved you—when you are dead!

When you are dead your name shall rise
From the dust of the earth to the very skies,
And every voice that has sung your lays
Shall wake an echo to sound your praise.
Your name shall live through the coming age
Inscribed on Fame's mysterious page,
'Neath the towering marble shall rest your head,
But you'll live in memory—when you are dead!"

Then welcome, Death! thrice welcome be!
I am almost weary waiting for thee;
Life gives no recompense—toil no gain,
I seek for love and I find but pain;
Lily-white hands have grown pale in despair
Of the warm red kisses which should be their share.

Sad, aching heart has grown weary of song,
No answering echo their notes prolong;
Then take me, Oh, Death, to thy grim embrace!
Press quickly thy kiss on my eager face
For I have been promised, oh, bridegroom dread,
Both Love and Fame—when I am dead!

*Elizabeth Chamberlain, ("Carrie Carlton", and Topsy Turvy")*
*From "Story of the Files" 1893.*

## LOVE'S SLAVERY IS SWEET

### BALLAD

I would my soul were free
From love's sweet slavery,
    The heights of perfect peace to proudly greet;
I'd know no chains to fret
    Love's slavery is sweet!

Could I forget you, dear,
Cease wishing you were here,
    Cease holding spirit-arms your own to meet,
I know that peace I'd gain,
In freedom from Love's chain,
    But slavery is sweet.

And so—I cannot, dear,
Cease wishing you were here,
    Cease holding spirit-arms your own to meet,
Nor ever wish to be
From such dear bondage free—
    Love's slavery is sweet!

*Carrie Stevens Walter.*

*From "Rose Ashes";*
*San Francisco, 1890.*

## A FLIGHT OF MARK TWAIN'S

* * * In Sacramento it is fiery Summer always, and you can gather roses, and eat strawberries and ice-cream, and wear white linen clothes, and pant and perspire, at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and then take the cars, and at noon put on your furs and your skates, and go skimming over frozen Donner lake, seven thousand feet above the valley, among snowbanks fifteen feet deep, and in the shadow of grand mountain-peaks that lift their frosty crags ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. There is a transition for you! Where will you find another like it in the Western hemisphere? And some of us have swept around snow-walled curves of the Pacific railroad in that vicinity, six thousand feet above the sea, and looked down as the birds do, upon the deathless Summer of the Sacramento valley, with its fruitful fields, its feathery foliage, its silver streams, all slumbering in the mellow haze of its enchanted atmosphere, and all infinitely

softened and spiritualized by distance—a dreamy, exquisite glimpse of fairyland, made all the more charming and striking that it was caught through a forbidding gateway of ice and snow, and savage crags and precipices.

*Mark Twain.*

*From "Innocents at Home";*
*London: Chatto & Windus, 1910.*

## A SAMPLE OF CALIFORNIA WEATHER AND CLIMATE

So you want me to tell you once again of my trip from Quincy, Plumas county, via the old stage route to Oroville, and on to San Francisco, and how, in that distance, rather less than two hundred miles, "as the crow flies," I experienced such diversity in both weather and climate.

It was seven o'clock on a bright, sunny spring morning in mid-April, 1884, when we set out upon our journey of about eighty miles. The snow had melted; the ground was comparatively dry, and the early spring work of plowing had just begun in American valley. Seven miles out on the road, at the foot of Spanish Pass, the snow was still a foot deep; a little distance further on we abandoned the Concord coach, passengers and mail being transferred to a box-sleigh that had been left under a sheltering tree by the roadside on the previous day. The snow continued to deepen, and our next halt was to outfit the four horses with snow-shoes which, also, had been cached under a convenient tree.

Buck's ranch, at the top of the divide, was the station where horses were changed and passengers halted for dinner, and when our driver cheerfully called, "Here we are at Buck's", I could see not a sign of the house and barns—nothing but the field of snow and the track before us—but presently we swung round a curve, and down an incline perhaps a furlong in length, between high snow banks, at the other end of which there glimmered a light which proved to be coming from the fire in a great open fireplace high enough for a man to walk into. We ate our noonday meal by candle-light, and left the inhabitants cheerfully optimistic. They said the snow was going fast and they expected to be "out" in a week or two more.

We had been enjoying a remarkably fine view of the Sacramento valley and the Marysville Buttes and as I had no recollection of seeing it on the up-trip in the previous Septem-

ber, I asked the driver if we were on the same road, and received the enigmatic answer that we were and we weren't, supplemented by the explanation that there were about forty-five feet of snow under us and that what I had supposed to be young pines growing about us were really the tops of tall trees rooted in the ground far below.

The second day's travel reversed the proceedings of the first, for at intervals, the horses discarded their snow-shoes and the sleigh was abandoned for another coach. The weather continued bright and pleasant, and towards afternoon it was decidedly warm. At Bidwell's Bar we had ripe oranges picked fresh from the famous tree, the first one planted in the northern part of the state, and when we arrived at Oroville in the evening, snow was about the last thing one would have thought of.

During the night a rainstorm set in, and the next day the skies wept incessantly all through the Northern Sacramento valley; it was a dripping landscape that presented itself, and a day far more mid-winter than California spring. This continued until we reached Sacramento, where a change of trains necessitated a delay of an hour or two. Coming through Livermore valley there was not an indication of rain. Farmers in shirt-sleeves and straw hats were out in the fields raking the hay which they had cut, and bare-footed children in summery costume waved their greetings to the train.

*Sarah Connell.*

*From "Life in California";*
*a story the children like to hear, 1916.*

## LOVE STORY OF CONCHA ARGUELLO

Lines written in the tropics during a voyage to California.

(The occasion of the following remarks was the placing of a bronze tablet upon the oldest adobe building in San Francisco, the former residence of the Comandante, now the Officers' club, at the Presidio, under the auspices of the California Historical Landmarks league, on Serra Day, November 24, 1913.)

I am glad to see this bronze tablet affixed to this noble adobe building. I take it, that when some of the wooden eye-sores that here abound are torn down, in the necessary beautification that should precede 1915, this old historic building—a monument to Spanish chivalry and hospitality—will be spared. We have too few of them left to lose any of them now. And of all buildings in the world, the Presidio army post should guard this one with jealous care, for here was enacted one of the greatest, sweetest, most tragic love stories of the world—a story which is all the Presidio's own, and which it does not have to share with any other army post.

To you, men of the army, my appeal ought to be an easy one. You have no desire to escape the soft impeachment that the profession of arms has ever been susceptible to the charms of woman. The relaxation of Mars to Venus is not simply a legend of history, is founded on no mere mythology—their relationship is as sure as the firmament, and their orbits are sometimes very close together.

There is one name that should be the perennial toast of the men of this Presidio. We have just celebrated by a splendid pageant the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa, and we chose for queen of that ceremony a beautiful girl by the name of Conchita. There was another Conchita once, the daughter of the comandante of this Presidio, the bewitching, the beautiful, the radiant Concha Arguello.

In this old Presidio she was born. In the old Mission Dolores she was christened. Here, it is told, that in the merry exuberance of her innocent babyhood, she danced instead of prayed before the shrine. In the glory of these sunrises and day-vistas and sunsets, she passed her girlhood and bloomed into womanhood. In this old adobe building she queened it supremely. Here she presided at every hospitality; here she was the leader of every fiesta.

To this bay, on the 8th of April, 1806, in the absence of her stern old father in Monterey, and while the presidio was under the temporary command of her brother Luis, there came from the north the "Juno", the vessel of the Russian Chamberlain Rezanov, his secret mission an intrigue of some kind concerning this wonderland, for the benefit of the great Czar at St. Petersburg. He found no difficulty in coming ashore. Father was away. Brother was kind. Besides the Russian marines looked good, and the officers knew how to dance as only military men know how to dance. The hospitality was Castilian, unaffected, intimate, and at the evenings' dances in this old building their barrego was more graceful than any inartistic tango, and in the teaching of the waltz by the Russians—there was no "hesitation".

Then came Love's miracle; and by the time the comandante returned to his post, ten days later, the glances of the bright-flashing eyes of the daughter had more effectively pulverized the original scheme of the chamberlain, than any old guns of her father on this fort could have done. Their troth was plighted, and, as he belonged to the Greek church, with a lover's abandon, he started home to St. Petersburg, the tremendous journey of that day by way of Russian America

and across the plains of Siberia, to obtain his Emperor's consent to his marriage. No knight of chivalry ever pledged more determined devotion. He assured even the governor that, immediately upon his return to St. Petersburg, he would go to Madrid as ambassador extraordinary from the Czar, to obviate every kind of misunderstanding between the powers. From there he would proceed to Vera Cruz, or some other Spanish harbor in Mexico, and then return to San Francisco, to claim his bride.

On the 21st of May, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the "Juno" weighed anchor for Sitka, and in passing the fort, then called the fort of San Joaquin, she saluted it with seven guns and received in return a salute of nine. The old chronicler who accompanied the expedition says that the governor, with the whole Arguello family, and several other friends and acquaintances, collected at the fort and waved an adieu with hats and handkerchiefs. And one loyal soul stood looking seaward, till a vessel's hull sank below the horizon.

How many fair women, through the pitiless years, have thus stood—looking seaward! Once more the envious Fates prevailed. Unknown to his sweetheart, Rezanov died on the overland journey from Okhotsk to St. Petersburg, in a little town in the snows of central Siberia. With a woman's instinctive and unyielding faith, the beautiful girl waited and watched for his return, waited the long and dreary years till the roses of youth faded from her cheeks. True heart, no other voice could reach her ear! Dead to all allurement, she first joined a secular order, "dedicating her life to the instruction of the young and the consolation of the sick", and finally entered the Dominican sisterhood, where she gave the remainder of her life to the heroic and self-effacing service of her order. Not until late in life did she have the consolation of learning—and then quite by accident—that her lover had not been false to her, but had died of a fall from his horse on his mission to win her. Long years afterward she died, in 1857, at the convent of St. Catherine; and today, while he sleeps beneath a Greek cross in the wilds of Siberia, she is at rest beneath a Roman cross in the little Dominican cemetery at Benicia, across the Bay.

This history is true. These old walls were witnesses to part of it. These hills and dales were part of the setting for their love-drama. One picnic was taken by boat to what is now called the Island of Belvedere yonder. One horseback outing was taken to the picturesque canon of San Andres, so named by Captain Rivera and Father Palou in 1774. Gertrude

Atherton has given us the novel, and Bret Harte has sung the poem, founded upon it.

When we think of the love stories that have survived the ages, Alexander and Thais, Pericles and Aspasia, Anthony and Cleopatra, and all the rest of them—some of them a narrative unfit to handle with tongs—shall we let this local story die? Shall not America furnish a newer and purer standard? If to such a standard Massachusetts is to contribute the courtship of Miles Standish, may not California contribute the Courtship of Rezanov? You men of this army post have a peculiar right to proclaim this sentiment; in such an enlistment you, of all men, would have the right to unsheathe a flaming sword. For this memory of the comandante's daughter is yours—yours to cherish, yours to protect. In the barracks and on parade, at the dance and in the field, this "one sweet human fancy" belongs to this Presidio; and no court-martial nor departmental order can ever take it from you.

*John F. Davis.*

*From "California Romantic and Resourceful"; San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1914.*

## EARLY CALIFORNIA A LAND OF BACHELORHOOD

In the early mining days California was practically a land of bachelorhood. A woman in the "diggin's" was the "observed of all observers". If she passed from one mining-camp to another, work was suspended along the route she pursued, and they who were beardless boys when they left their monther's side, rough, unkempt miners now, gathered around to do honor to the lady who visited their section of country. It mattered not how scanty her physical charms, she was yet a woman and women were kind, generous, helpful, beautiful. It mattered not if she was a wife. Her husband must stand aside and patiently witness the admiration of men, many of whom had not seen a woman, yea, for many years. It was not unfrequent that these occasions should be not only an event in the "camp", but also a financial episode in the life of the newcomer. The miners were generous to a fault, and "dust" and "nuggets" in the absence of coin, were poured into the lap of her who reminded those hard-working men of the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives who were left behind in "the States".

Scarcely one in a hundred of all those who hastened to the new land of gold had the least intention of remaining there

longer than barely the time necessary to amass a fortune. Lovers left their sweethearts at the gate promising soon to return and bring with them the glittering gold that would make the journey of life a pleasure-voyage; husbands bade the good wives and the little ones good-bye for a season. But who can predict the future? There was a charm about the far-off land, once they had arrived there, which was irresistible. If the youth returned to wed, the honeymoon was ofttimes passed in journeying back to California.

Wives, mothers, sisters, children were sent for. Soon happy homes smiled over lovely valleys, and mountain gorges echoed the prattle of little ones. The plains began to lay aside their garments of wild oats and put on the clothing of orchard, vineyard and grain-field; school-houses and churches dotted the landscape; prosperous towns grew; cities expanded and a State was born. It was an Arabian Night's tale told in the prose of every day life.

*Charles B. Turrill.*

*From an address given in New Orleans, January, 1886.*

## LOVE IS DEAD

Love is dead!
  And all the world which smiled
With roses red
  And asphodel, beguiled
By odors, spicy sweet
And sense of joy complete,
  Seeming a place of soft delight
By intoxicating breezes fanned
Is now a scorched and desert land
Glaring with its burning sand,
Where I lie stricken all alone,
Where I lie fallen mute and prone.

Love is dead!
And my poor heart, once beating
Rhythmically true to all the fleeting
  Music of the spheres above,
With a wild fantastic sense
Of triumphant joy intense,
  As part of all the universe of love,
Is now a dull and pulseless thing,
Heavy hanging like a broken wing,
No longer craving life or breath—
Praying only for the peace of death.

Do not the roses breathe as sweet?
The pulses of the heart still beat?
And gloriously as e'er before
With added splendours more and more
The sky its pageant spread?
Ah yes, for other eyes to see,
But not for me, but not for me—
For Love is dead.

*Ella Sterling Mighels.*

*From "Cosmopolitan"; May, 1909.*

## AN IDYL OF MONTEREY

When summer days grow long and clear,
With June-time comes a memory, dear,
Of one glad day beneath the blue
In quaint old Monterey with you.

I mind the narrow, crooked street,
The old brick pave that tripped our feet;
Th' adobe houses, white and low,
The scarlet peppers, row on row.

The sweet Castilian roses made
Anon a bower of perfumed shade.
From casement, opened to the air,
Peeped dusky faces here and there.

I mind the church beyond the town;
The dusky highway winding down
Where sleek brown cattle grazed the farms,
Towards fair Del Monte's newer charms.

How deeply blue the skies that day!
And bluer still the sparkling bay!
The summer breeze like music bore
The sounds of mirth from wave and shore.

O'er many Junes the sun has set;
The years between were glad, and yet
I fain would live again that day
With you, in quaint old Monterey.

*Anna Cowan Sangster.*

*From "Overland Monthly"; Aug., 1899.*

## THE LOVE I SHOULD FORGET

'Tis time I should forget thee now,
Since thou so much art changed.
Since broken has been every vow
And we have grown estranged.
O would we never had to part,
O would we never met,
The old love lingers in my heart,
The love I should forget.

Although thou hast grown changed and cold,
Thou dost remember still
How e'en my lightest word of old
Thine inmost soul would thrill,
I cannot dream 'though far apart
Thou hast forgot while yet
The old love lingers in my heart,
The love I should forget.

In spite of changes time may bring,
In spite of space and tears,
My soul unto thy soul will cling
Through all the endless years;
Though in the world we live apart,
Fate hath her fiat set
The old love lingers in my heart,
The love I should forget.

*Ballad.* *Richard Edward White.*

## LOVE AND NATURE

### THEME FOR A PAINTING

Down such a hill as singers poetize—
Bloom-jeweled, smooth with grass, its easy slope
Inviting quick descent, and yet with hope
Inspiring upward-climbers to the rise—
Two beings race all mindlessly; and one
Is Nature, wild and free; 't is she that leads;
And Love the other is; he swiftly speeds
In hot pursuit. Her hair is wild, undone—
A matchless black, as if 't were woven fine
Of webs of night; unclad of robes is she,
Except that free about her loins and loose
A leopard's skin is girt in careless use,

And wreathed about her breast bewitchingly
Are garland roses, blushing to entwine
Her tingling form; a smile is on her lips
And in her eyes is life and gleam and fire—
Oh, everything but soul! With keen desire
To pass her in the race, Love rudely whips
The blooms aside with reddened feet and knees
And forward leans in eagerness, his hand
Outstretched to clutch a mocking, waving strand
Of air-buoyed tresses. In the race the bees
All honey-hungry, join: thus fast adown
The ever steeper hill. But at the top,
With sharp commands, entreaties, cries to stop,
Is Wisdom, watching anxiously, a frown,
A look of pity and a trickling tear
Upon her face. A warning doth she call
With Thunder's voice, as if God's forces all
Were hers wherewith to warn. Yet reason, fear
And shame alike are impotent in this
The frolic of the soulless pair and blind—
Who yet more swiftly leave the hill behind—
And just before them is a precipice.

*P. V. M., Inspired by Ella Sterling Mighels.*
*From "Out of a Silver Flute"; New York, 1895.*

## LINES WRITTEN IN THE TROPICS DURING A VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA

The clouds are darkening Northern skies,
Yet these are all serene,
The snow in Northern valleys lies,
While tropic shores are green.
But radiance tints those far-off hills,
No summer can bestow,
For there the light of memory dwells
On all we love below.
I watch yon point of steadfast light
Declining in the sea,
Yon polar star, that night by night
Is looking, love, on thee.
"Oh, give me, Heaven," I constant sigh
"For all this flowery zone,
A colder clime, a darker sky
And her I love—alone."

*Edward A. Pollock.*

## A TREMENDOUS MOMENT

That the facts in the case of the elopement of Senorita Josefa Carillo and Captain Henry Fitch may be known forever without doubt, I am here presenting a private paper written for me by a member of that family of eleven brave sons and beautiful daughters, whose descendants have intermarried with the Americans, thus making an integral part of our commonwealth.

This letter relates the incidents connected with the return from the elopement, in the following words:

It was Andre Pico (not Pio as has been stated) who took mother (Senorita Carillo) to meet father (Captain Henry Fitch) where he was waiting for her in a boat, sailors rowing them toward father's ship. Captain Smith was on board; he had accompanied father always since he had become captain; by grandfather Fitch's request (as father was so young when he began to serve).

Captain Smith married them out at sea. Then arriving at Valparaiso, they were married again by a Catholic priest in a Catholic church. Mother being faint, a part of the ceremony of kneeling was omitted.

On their return, arriving at Monterey from Valparaiso, father would not consent to let mother land, as word had been sent him that Don Joaquin Carillo (mother's father) meant to wipe out the disgrace of their having eloped, by shooting them both on sight.

However, mother was determined to see her father, to implore his forgiveness and blessing even, though it should cost her her life. So she enlisted the help and the sympathies of her maid and of one of the sailors, who consented to go with her and put her on shore.

At midnight, after father had retired in his stateroom, they stole out and into a boat and rowed to shore, she taking her infant son in her arms. The maid and the sailor returned to the ship, leaving her alone on the shore where wild animals lived—it was miles from any house. She made her way safely, however, and finally reached Tia Juana's house, where she rested until next morning.

Immediately the whole town knew about it, and many came to see her and beg of her not to go to her father's house, as he was intending to kill her, having a gun by his side all the time for that purpose. Her mother and sisters and brothers came to meet her weeping, and begging her not

to go to her father's, but she was determined to see him, and went.

Reaching the gate of the garden, still holding her babe, she knelt down and walked on her knees, she began talking to him and imploring his forgiveness, assuring him of her undying love and respect (mother was very eloquent, yon know). She could see her father through the open door—he had thrown himself down upon his bed, face downwards, in an agony of emotion—in a battle between love and duty—LOVE, for she was his favorite child, and DUTY, for so it behooved him to deal with an offspring who had, as he imagined it to be, brought disgrace into his family.

Mother still came on, talking so beautifully, so lovingly, so penitently (with outstretched arms that held her babe)—on to the very threshold, on towards the bed where her father lay. Don Joaquin stood up, raised the gun and—then looked at his daughter and her babe—the gun dropped out of his hand and he stretched out his arms and took them to his heart. Immediately there arose sounds of rejoicing and of weeping together out in the street, for many relatives and neighbors had congregated in the hope to avert the tragic end of the romance.

And all were overcome at the mingled grief and despair of both father and daughter, now turned to joy and happiness once more at this great reconciliation.

A messenger was now sent to Don Enrique to come, and join them.

In the meantime, poor father was wild with anxiety—having the bay dragged, searching for his wife's body, thinking she must have jumped overboard from her wild despair over her father's anger against her.

However, all was well—and after being in San Diego some days later, through the authority of the church they were ordered again to be married to complete the unfinished ceremony of the Valparaiso marriage by holding lighted candles as they knelt for a long time, and by a three-days' continued ceremony and celebration of High Mass, which served to make all things right and well.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California".*

GALAXY 9.—POETS, PROSE-WRITERS AND DIVINES

Emily Browne Powell
Mary E. Hart
Jacob Voorsanger
I. E. Dwinell

Lillian Ferguson
Eugenia Kellogg
John Richards
Mary De Lacey M. Furlong

Sarah M. Williamson
Sarah Connell
Emma Henrietta Oakes
Albert Sonnichen

GALAXY 10—ORATORS, EDITORS AND PROSE-WRITERS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John Daggett | George T. Bromley | Edwin Sherman |
| Charles B. Turrill | Jeremiah Lynch | Nathan Newmark |
| George Douglas | Clara Shortridge Foltz | Clarence M. Hunt |
| H. E. Poehlman | George Wharton James | Louis J. Stellman |

## LOVE

Love stands waiting with open arms,
Love that shields from vain alarms,
Love unbought, 't is priceless, pure—
Love, life's changes to endure.
Love that spans the flood of tears,
Sighs and hopes of weary years—
Love that blots out all life's past,
Breathes through the soul and holds Love fast.

*Anna Newbegin.*

## CHIVALRY AND CULTURE IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

### EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN IN 1850.

One year ago, tonight, at this very hour I was one hundred and fifty miles west of Salt Lake crossing the desert, my mouth parched with thirst, and myself speechless, without the first desire to live and without expectation of ever reaching the spring in the mountains that might save me. And here tonight I am writing from California to her who has just assured me by letter that her love is as constant as mine, and if it be as constant as I believe it to be pure, in a few months more I shall meet her once again never more to part.

* * * * * * * * *

It seems as though my affection for you increases every day, for there is hardly an hour while awake but that I find myself attempting to depict and picture to my mind a scene which I imagine will be the happiest of my life: the time when I shall return to strike glad hands with you.

* * * I am pleased to hear of your studies and improvement in music with the guitar and the piano. I was just looking at your miniature and a thought occurred to my mind which has presented itself a thousand times. How even more lovely you would look if you would part your raven-black hair upon the top and comb it both ways down, instead of drawing some of it backward from the front to the back. I have only time to say that you have surpassed yourself in this last letter, it being the nonpareil of all the thousand-and-one letters you have written to me, in your final saying that you are willing to leave your home in Pennsylvania and that you wish to live in California.

There does not a day pass but that my imagination pictures to my mind the happy time in anticipation of meeting

you and delivering unto your possession that which I have already given, my hand and heart, and claiming yours in return.

The letter before me has occasioned me more joy and delight than could be told in an octavo—it has transported me and I go about my business with a lightsome heart and a glad countenance.

Believe me language cannot express with what affection and truth I write forever yours,

STERLING.

*Extract from letter dated 1850; written by author of "Diary of a Forty-Niner"; published in "Grizzly Bear Magazine"; author having died in 1852; Original owned by The Gatherer.*

## THE HARP OF BROKEN STRINGS

And now by Sacramento's stream,
What memories sweet its music brings;
The vows of love, its smiles and tears
Hang o'er this harp of broken strings.
It speaks, and midst her blushing fears
The beauteous one before me stands!
Pure spirit in her downcast eyes,
**And like twin doves her folded hands!**

It breathes once more, and bowed with grief,
The bloom has left her cheek forever,
While, like my broken harp-strings now,
Behold her form with feeling quiver!
She turns her face o'errun with tears,
To him that silent bends above her,
And by the sweets of other years,
Entreats him still, oh! still to love her!

He loves her still—but darkness galls
Upon his ruined fortunes now,
And it is his evil doom to flee,
The dews like death are on his brow.
And cold the pang about his heart;
Oh! cease—to die is agony!
**'T is worse than death when loved ones part.**

*John Rollin Ridge.*

*From "Story of the Files"; San Francisco, 1893.*

## A PLAINSMAN'S SONG

*Oh give me a clutch in my hand of as much*
*Of the mane of a horse as a hold,*
*And let his desire to be gone be afire,*
*An let him be snorting and bold!*
*And then with a swing, on his back let me fling*
*My leg that is as naked as steel,*
*And let us away, to the end of the day,*
*To quiet the tempest I feel!*

*And keen as the wind, with the cities behind,*
*And prairie before like a sea,*
*With billows of grass, that lash as we pass —*
*Make way for my stallion and me!*
*And up with his nose, till his nostril aglows,*
*And out with his tail and his mane,*
*And up with my breast till the breath of the West*
*Is smiting me—knight of the plain!*

*Ah, give me a gleam of your eyes, love, adream*
*With the kiss of the sun and the dew,*
*And mountain nor vale, nor scorch, nor the hail*
*Shall halt me from spurring to you!*
*For wild as a flood—melted snow for its blood—*
*By crag, gorge or torrent or shoal,*
*I'll ride on my steed and lay, tho' it bleed,*
*My heart at your feet—and my soul!*

*P. V. M.*

*From "Harper's Weekly"; 1906.*

## SONG

I heard a flute in the night,
An old-time sweetest tune;
Then, soft as clouds that drift from sight,
When evening curtains out the light,
It passed like scented June.

Yet think that I can e'er forget,
The music of that strain?
From out my dreams dim eyes are wet
For every joy our souls had met,
Thou love was born in vain.

*Florence Richmond.*

*From "Heart of the Rose".*

## A FIERCE AFFECTION

The Californian loves his state because his state loves him. He returns her love with a fierce affection that to men who do not know California is always a surprise. Hence he is impatient of outside criticism. Those who do not love California, cannot understand her, and to his mind their shafts, however aimed, fly wide of the mark. * * * The charm of California has in the main, three sources—scenery, climate and freedom of life. To know the glory of California scenery, one must live close to it through the changing years. * * * Inland rises the great Sierra, with spreading ridge and foothill, like some huge, sprawling centipede its granite back unbroken for a thousand miles. * * * The climate of California is especially kind to childhood and old age. * * *The third element of charm in California is that of personal freedom. The dominant note in the social development of the state is individualism, with all that it implies of good or evil. Man is man in California; he exists for his own sake, not as a part of a social organism. He is in a sense superior to society. In the first place it is not his society; he came from some other region on his own business. Most likely he did not intend to stay; but having summered and wintered in California, he has become a Californian, and now he is not contented anywhere else. Life on the coast has, for him, something of the joyous irresponsibility of a picnic. * * * The Californian is peculiarly sensitive as to his own personal freedom of action. Toward public rights or duties he is correspondingly indifferent. In the times of National stress, he paid his debts in gold and asked the same of his creditors, regardless of the laws or the customs of the rest of the United States.

To him gold is still money, and a national promise to pay is not. * * * Varied ingenuity California demands of her Pioneers. Their native originality has been intensified by circumstances until it has become a matter of tradition and habit. The processes of natural selection have favored the survival of the ingenious, and the quality of adequacy has become hereditary. * * * Under all the deviations and variations of the social life here, lies the old Puritan conscience, which is still the backbone of the civilization of the republic. Life in California is a little fresher, a little freer, a good deal richer, in its physical aspect, and for these reasons, more intensely and characteristically American. * * * California is the most cosmopolitan of all the states of the Union and such she will remain. Whatever the fates may bring her, her people

will be tolerant, hopeful and adequate, sure of themselves, masters of the present, fearless of the future.

*David Starr Jordan.*

*From "California and the Californians";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1907.*

## I HEAR THY VOICE

I hear thy voice when meadow larks are trilling,
Trilling o'er the dewy lea,
I hear, hear thee when the swallows bring
Their evening song to me,
Fly forth today, wing ye away,
Bear ye my answer across the sea,
My heart is thine, beloved!
Alone I am waiting for thee.

I see thy face in every fleeting shadow
Wafted over field and fell,
I see, see thee in the rosebud blushing
In the hidden dell.
Only thy voice, only thy form
Shall in my soul forever dwell.
Fly on the wings of the morning
My envoys, this message to tell!

*Joseph D. Redding.*

*Ballad, both words and music;*
*Boston: G. Shirmer, 1918.*

## THE PRAIRIE

An inland sea of acres broad, and where
The undulating grassy billows leap
Exultantly; and far away and fair,
A schooner braves the mystic Western deep.

*P. V. M.*

## THE TWILIGHT PORCH

In Memory of Moonlight Nights in Sacramento in 1870, when the young men recited this poem to their lady-loves and soon after married them.

I would barter tonight a ton of gold
For an hour of the lovelit days of old,
When the cool South wind in its flow and float,
Just from the Tropic's fragrant throat
Rocked the leaves of the summer trees
As it rocks the boats of the Mexic seas.

As I sit alone in the porch tonight,
In the selfsame chair and the dim twilight,
I miss the voice of a gentle girl
And the touch of an overhanging curl,—
The trust that knew no shock or check,
The clinging arms around my neck,
And the eyes that said when bent over me,
"God marries, you know, the vine to the tree."

I thought just then as I looked on her,
With the pride of a human worshiper,
That the Sultan might search the Orient-land
From the Golden Horn to Samarcand,
And send his spies where the snows caress
The mountain-tops of the white Cherkess,
And none could be found as fair as she
Who stood on the twilight-porch with me.

I sometimes think when I pass away
In the hazy light of a summer's day,
Borne on the wings of a seraph band
To the silvery light of the Summerland,
That when in the midst of the spirits there,
Though their eyes be blue and their faces fair,
And the songs they sing be sweeter than
Young Mozart's song in the Vatican,
I should turn away to the realms below
Where your blue eyes beam and your sweet lips glow,
And sigh for the touch of the little hands
That cooled my brow like fairy fans,
Or stealthily crept along my sleeve
In the dim twilight of a summer-eve
Till they lay just under my chin as white
As the snow that gleams in an Arctic night.
I know I should long for the chair that stood

In the twilight-porch; and the womanhood
That made you come with your velvet feet,
And your laylike words, soothing and sweet,
Your coaxing eyes, and the delicate arts
That men will love in their queen of hearts,
And fold your hands just under my chin
And ask my heart to let you in!

Yes, full well I know that the seraph-band
On the beautiful plains of the Summer-Land
Would miss me when I thought of you;
The snow-flake arms and the eyes of blue,
The sweet meek face and the human tricks,
Where Art and Nature so intermix,
That none save Love could tell anyone
Where the girl left off and the woman begun!

Ah! sweet, I fear should I leave you here,
I would wander away from the spirit-sphere
And be with you when the seraph-band
Would want me up in the Summer-Land!
That in spite of a sweeter world than this,
I might barter its bliss for a human kiss,
While the fairest spirits would gaze and grieve,
And your hand stole stealthily up my sleeve,
Till folded and resting just under my chin,
You asked my heart to let you in.

*John W. Overhall.*

*From an old scrap-book made by Adley H. Cummins; Sacramento, 1873.*

## AMARE E'VIVERE

It is a blessed thing to love,
To love not wisely but too well,
To feel in life the witchery
Of love's romantic spell.

To keep within the heart of hearts
A sacred altar flame,
And burning daily incense there,
Maintain for answering love a claim.

To feel the thrill of conscious joy,
When in a handclasp hearts unite,
To centre all in one brief hour
And see it vanish from our sight.

To be beloved. To touch the chords,
Which vibrate with an answering thrill,
The lute-strings of another heart,
Vocal, responsive to our will.

To know, that in the careless world
One heart-throb is for us alone,
One voice is raised in our defense
Else low in love's soft undertone.

True love, it knoweth no distrust,
It cancels every anxious fear,
It lulls the troubled soul to rest,
Of human life, the golden year.

It is a blessed thing to love,
To love not wisely but too well,
To feel in life the witchery
Of love's romantic spell.

*Holly Dean.*

From the scrap-book of a Pioneer Mother who cherished and preserved this poem in her extreme youth as a precious thing. Nobody would put it into her scrap-book today. Yet it tells the story of her youth and innocence in an interesting way for many of them married at sixteen. This poem was written for the "Rural Free Press", date unknown.

## SONG OF HERRERA THE RAIDER

Oh, closed be all eyes but thine own, my sweet,
And dim be the kindly stars!
How else shall I come to thy dear, dear feet
When the hate of thy kindred bars?
And swift be thy silent hoofs, my steed,
Swift, swift, as the leagues fly by!
Thou knowest what need
Will I have of thy speed
Till the home of my foes be nigh;
The home of my foes,
Where there dwelleth the rose
For the breath of whose lips I would die!
Yes, deem myself blessed to die!

*From "The Nine Swords of Morales".* *George Homer Meyer.*

## BALLAD—RECOMPENSE

If God should plunge me in perpetual gloom
By taking from my eyes the boon of sight,
I would not rail against His word of doom,
Nor curse the solemn hours of endless night;

For Love would come attendant to my call,
And whisper of thy graces rare and bright,
And limn thy face upon my dungeon's wall
In perfect lines of ever-living light.

*Henry A. Melvin.*

## LIFE'S HOPES

When the weight of sorrow presses on the weary, weary heart,
When the future we have trusted fails to do its promised part,
As it creeps into the present, and we shrink deceived, betrayed,
With the fruit of expectation turning bitter in the shade
Of the Tree of Knowledge, reaching with its elongated bough
Through the shadow of the ages to the stern and staring now;
When the long-desired fulfilment, clasped at last in our embrace
Proves a chill and bloodless nothing with a stolid, painted face;
When we seem like some lone cedar which cruel Chance has placed
On a bleak and stony headland looking o'er a dreary waste;
When the smiling sky is darkened with the gloom-clouds of despair,
Not a single star to brighten—only blackness everywhere—
Then comes a breeze so gently blowing—
Comes a warm and tender light
Stealing up the Eastern Heaven—
When despair and sable night,
Slowly fade away together—Morning trips along the slope,
And the Spirit's Day breaks newly,
With the Dawning Light of Hope.

*L. U. G.*

*From "San Francisco Chronicle"; May, 1889.*

## FORBIDDEN

The Snow King, peering from Sierran steep,
Across the Western Slope of fragrant bloom,
Cries: "Halt!—To enter Eden were our doom!
Here let us fold our white robes close and sleep!"

*Richard Lew Dawson.*

## SWEETHEART

Sweetheart, I sail away to thee
  Wherever the helmsman steers,
Wherever the main is wild and free
  My hope doth banish tears.

Sweetheart, I strive always for thee
  Wherever my swift feet tread,
What task my eager eyes may see
  'Tis done for hope ahead.

Sweetheart, of thee I dream alway
  'Neath stars and summer skies
And by thy side I long to stay
  And read thy shining eyes.

'Tis true I know thee not, Sweetheart,
  Nor are thy kisses real,
But still of me art thou a part,
  My own, my fond ideal.

*Ben Field.*

*From "Poems of California and the West;"*
*Boston: Richard G. Badger, 1904.*

## A THOUGHT FROM LILLY O. REICHLING DYER

Very little is enough for us to live on; it is not clothes, it is not luxuries that give to us our greatest happiness, it is that which is within—our inward resources.

It is my belief that what we plan, even with our greatest effort, can never equal that which comes forth spontaneously as if by inspiration.

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In June, the cherries are more than ripe and luscious—they are the rubies and garnets of the jewel-world of fruits, in their lavish display. You hear the Portuguese at their work, singing in the trees, as they pluck the gems and prepare them for market. And it makes a poem of the season to hear them singing.

*A. E.*

## LOVE SONNETS OF A HOODLUM

Life is a combination hard to buck,
A proposition hard to beat,
E'en though you get there Zaza with both feet,
In forty flickers, it is the same hard luck,
And you are up against it nip and tuck,
Shanghaied without a steady place to eat,
Guyed by the very copper on your beat
Who lays to jug you when you run amuck.

O Life! you give Yours Truly quite a pain.
On the T square I do not like your style;
For you are playing favorites again
And you have got me handicapped a mile.
Avaunt, false Life, with all your pride and pelf;
Go take a running jump and chase yourself!

### EPILOGUE

To just one girl I've tuned my sad bazoo,
Stringing my pipe-dream off as it occurred,
And as I've tipped the straight talk every word,
If you don't like it you know what to do.
Perhaps you think I've handed out to you
And idle jest, a touch-me-not, absurd,
As any sky-blue-pink canary bird,
Billed for a season at the Zoo.

If that's your guess you'll have to guess again,
For this I fizzled in a burst of glory,
And this rhythmatic side-show doth contain
The sum and substance of my hard-luck story,
Showing how Vanity is still on deck
And humble Virtue gets it in the neck.

*Wallace Irwin.*

*Two stanzas from "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum"; San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co., 1901.*

## THE WEDDING IS OVER

The wedding is over, the guests are all gone,
But why sits the bride's sister all weeping alone?
The wreath of white roses she takes from her brow,
But why sits the bride's sister all sorrowing now?

*A Memory Gem.*

*A quotation from the lips of a Pioneer Mother of early days.*

## MORNING

Through yon gates of beaten gold
Cometh now the Goddess Morning,
Robed in glories manifold,
Earth and heaven adorning;
Fill the heart and banish sadness,
Touch the keys that thrill with might,
Loose the fountain floods of light,

*John G. Jury.*

*From "Omar and Fitzgerald and Other Poems"; Whitaker & Ray Company, 1903.*

## A RED, RED HEART

He gave me a red, red heart to wear,
I placed it next my own,
As a symbol of love—of love so fair—
But his was made of stone.

*A. E.*

The sweetheart of Summer weds to-day,—
Pride of the Wild Rose clan:
A Butterfly fay
For a bridesmaid gay,
And a bumblebee for best man!

*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

*From "California Nights' Entertainment"; Edinburgh: Valentine & Anderson.*

## WHEN LOVE GROWS TO BE TOO OBSERVANT

When Love grows to be too observant
It ceases to be fervent.

*Lorenzo Sosso.*

*From "Wisdom for the Wise".*

# INVOCATION

Goddess of Liberty! lo, thou
  Whose tearless eyes behold the chain,
  And look unmoved upon the slain,
Eternal peace upon thy brow,—

Before whose shrine the races press,
  Thy perfect favor to implore
  (The proudest tyrant asks no more,
The ironed anarchist no less),—

Whose altar-coals that touch the lips
  Of prophets kindle, too, the brand
  By Discord flung with wanton hand
Among the houses and the ships,—

Upon whose tranquil front the star
  Burns bleak and passionless and white,
  Its cold inclemency of light
More dreadful than the shadows are,—

Thy name we do not here invoke
  Our civic rites to sanctify;
  Enthroned in thy remoter sky,
Thou heedest not our broken yoke.

Thou carest not for such as we;
  Our millions die to serve thee still
  And secret purpose of thy will.
They perish—what is that to thee?

The light that fills the patriot's tomb
  Is not of thee. The shining crown
  Compassionately offered down
To those who falter in the gloom

And fall, and call upon thy name,
  And die desiring—'tis the sign
  Of a diviner love than thine,
Rewarding with a richer fame.

To Him alone let freemen cry
  Who hears alike the victor's shout
  The song of faith, the moan of doubt,
And bends Him from His nearer sky.

---

God of my country and my race!
  So greater than the gods of old—
  So fairer than the prophets told,
Who dimly saw and feared Thy face,—

Who didst but reveal Thy will
  And gracious ends to their desire,
  Behind the dawn's advancing fire
Thy tender day-beam veiling still,—

To whom the unceasing suns belong,
  And deed is one with consequence,—
  To whose divine inclusive sense
The moan is blended with the song,—

Whose laws, imperfect and unjust,
  Thy just and perfect purpose serve;
  The needle howsoe'er it swerve,
Still warranting the sailor's trust,—

God, lift Thy hand and make us free;
  Perfect the work Thou hast designed.
  O strike away the chains that bind
Our souls to our idolatry!

The liberty Thy love hath given
  We thank Thee for. We thank thee for
  Our great, dead father's holy war
Wherein our manacles were riven.

We thank Thee for the stronger stroke
  Ourselves delivered and incurred
  When Thine incitement half unheard—
The chains we riveted we broke.

We thank Thee that beyond the sea
  The people, growing ever wise,
  Turn to the west their serious eyes
And dumbly strive to be as we.

As when the sun's returning flame
  Upon the Egyptian statue shone,
  And struck from the enchanted stone
The music of a mighty fame,

Let Man salute the rising day
  Of liberty, but not adore.
  'Tis Opportunity—no more—
A useful, not a sacred ray.

It bringeth good, it bringeth ill,
  As he possessing shall elect.
  He maketh it of none effect
Who worketh not within Thy will.

O give us more or less, as we
  Shall serve the right or serve the
    wrong.
  Confirm our freedom but so long
As we are worthy to be free.

But when (O distant be the time!)
  Majorities in passion draw
  Insurgent swords to murder Law
And all the land is red with crime,

Or—nearer menace! when the band
  Of feebler spirits cringe and plead
  To the gigantic strength of Greed,
And fawn upon his iron hand!

Nay, when the steps to power are worn
  In hollows by the feet of thieves,
  And Mammon sits among the sheaves
And chuckles while the reapers mourn—

Then stay Thy miracle! replace
  The broken throne, repair the chain,
  Restore the interrupted reign
And veil again Thy patient face.

Lo! here upon the world's extreme
  We stand with lifted arms and dare
  By Thine eternal name to swear
Our country, which so fair we deem—

Upon whose hills—a bannered throng—
The spirits of the dawn display
Their flashing lances all the day
And hears the sea's pacific song—

Shall be so ruled in might and grace
That men shall say: "O drive afield
The lawless eagle from the shield
And call an angel to the place".

*Ambrose Bierce.*

*Note: This great poem has been the inspiration of other great poems.—The Gatherer.*

*(This poem was first read at a Fourth of July celebration. Later it was sent by the poet to be preserved in the "Story of the Files of California.")*

## THE SIMPLICITY OF TYRANNY

Not as poet's dream, is Freedom to be represented; not as a fair young maiden with light and delicate limbs, but, rather as a bearded man armed to the teeth, whose massive limbs are strong with struggling. For man has through the centuries fought and battled and won triumphs, has gained the treasures of art, has built magnificent temples, has wrought with cunning and skill—all things have come to him with splendid realization. But the one thing which is his by right, God-given and eternal, the one thing for which he has battled from the smallness of Time, has been the last to be accorded to him. That thing is the RIGHT TO THINK.

The mind which should be as free as the winds of heaven, has always been held in chains, weighed down by the tyrant's knee upon its breast. By some strange perversity of the human heart, the very moment that power is placed in the absolute keeping of some one man over his fellows, that moment he schemes to enslave the minds of those about him, or if failing so to do, gives them over to the torture chamber or the thumbscrew. The right to think, God-given and eternal though it may be, has been won only by wading through seas of blood and pressing forth into the wilderness of an unknown world. By what process has society been formed that this God-given right has been delayed until this nineteenth century? By what process did this desire to thwart man's natural heritage first arise? From what habit of primitive man did it receive its first impetus? * * *

It is the power of wealth that destroys a nation. Law ceases to be of any value. The social fabric becomes a festering mass of rottenness. * * * It may be stated as a fact that no nation ever died because it was poor—that is to say, poor

in purse; it could not be poor while it was rich in manhood. There was another thing that entered into making men poor indeed and depriving them of the right to think; it was the difficulty which stood in the way, preventing freedom of mind, because it was so much easier to submit than to organize against the ages and overturn the old order of things. It is the simplicity of Tyranny that gives it its power, while the complexities of Liberty keep it afar, like some distant star in the heavens, much admired and worshiped, but unattainable.

Why? Because one-man rule is easy, but to gain that power which the rule of many-men-together may operate for the good of all, requires patriotic fervor and self-effacement. To administer an empire it requires only an emperor, but to organize and carry on a republic it demands many incorruptible citizens who are more anxious over the common good than they are over their own personal good. Indeed there is required a self-effacement sometimes on the part of citizens of a republic that leaves them beggared for life in return for their sacrifices, made to save their country. In the founding of the Republic of the United States, there were many such instances required to make it possible, notably that of Robert Morris who was sustained in his efforts to supply large sums of money by an obscure banker named Solomon, a patriotic Jew, who aided him and Madison and Jefferson with his own private fortune. Although these sums were expended for state purposes yet they were never repaid and this patriot died at forty-five, a poor man.

Just to indulge in the white passion for patriotism is the only reward that is theirs, for it is proverbial that "republics are ungrateful". There is no one to do the bribing, no one to pay the debt of honor in the carrying on of a republic—all that belongs to the clever management of an empire where one-man rule covers everything.

Yes, it is the simplicity of TYRANNY that gives it its age-long power.

*Adley H. Cummins.*

*In "The Coming of Liberty,"*
*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine,"*
*April 10, 1918.*

# THE CIVIC CONSCIENCE

To purify politics we should first purify those from whom the politicians derive their powers. What is most needed in this country today is a sound civic conscience, a clear and deep intellectual perception of truth, a moral prescience which enables its possessor to differentiate right from wrong, coupled with an impulse toward rectitude. The civic conscience is the corner-stone of good citizenship, the mainspring of patriotism, the right which men should follow in every contact with government, and with society. A people without its pure flame to guide them are groping in darkness on the brink of a chasm. The country basking in its effulgence is immune to decay. It does not suffice to urge men to do their civic duty. They must have a proper sense of their obligations and their hearts must be inclined toward right action. To that end the heart as well as the mind must be cultivated, and that sort of cultivation comes with religious teaching. It has been pretty clearly demonstrated that there can be no moral progress under a system that has not honor for its basic principle. A sense of honor is incompatible with indulgence of the passions that breed depravity. The civic conscience is becoming atrophied in this materialistic age because of the growing popularity of the twentieth century gospel, the gospel of corrupting wealth which urges material ideals contrary to the fundamentals of ethical and pure Christianity. Hence the paramount importance of persistent denunciation of the irrational coveting of gold, and the eternal glorification of the idealities. Let us quit apotheosizing Success, and proclaim more frequently the higher purposes of existence which inspire grand and beneficent effort. By this course we may, in time, acquire a civic conscience which will find expression not only in political activities but in all our relations with society.

*Theodore Bonnet.*

*From "Town Talk," June 3, 1905.*

## LIBERTY'S BELL

There's a legend told of a far-off land—
The land of a king—where the people planned
To build them a bell that never should ring
But to tell of the death or the birth of a king,
Or proclaim an event, with its swinging slow,
That could startle the nation to joy or woe.

It was not to be builded—this bell they had planned—
Of common ore dug from the breast of the land,
But of metal first molded by skill of all arts—
Built of the treasures of fond human hearts.

And from all o'er the land, like pilgrims, they came,
Each to cast in a burden, a mite in the flame
Of the furnace—his offering—to mingle and swell
In the curious mass of this wonderful bell.

Knights came in armor, and flung in the shields
That had warded off blows on the Saracen fields;
Freemen brought chains from the prisons afar—
Bonds that had fettered the captives of war;
And sabres were cast in the molten flood,
Stained with the crimson of heroes' blood;
Pledges of love, a bracelet, a ring,
A gem that had gleamed in the crown of a king;
The coins that had ransomed a maiden from death;
The words, hot with eloquence, caught from the breath
Of a sage, and a prayer from the lips of a slave
Were heard and recorded, and cast in the wave,
To be melted and molded together, and tell
The tale of their wrongs in the tones of the bell.

It was finished at last, and, by artisan hand,
On its ponderous beams hung high over the land.
The slow years passed by, but no sound ever fell
On a listening ear from the tongue of the bell.
The brown spider wove her frail home on its walls,
And the dust settled deep in its cavernous halls.
Men laughed in derision, and scoffed at the pains
Of the builders; and harder and harder the chains
Of a tyrannous might on the people were laid;
More insatiate, more servile, the tribute they paid,
There was something they found far more cruel than death,
And something far sweeter than life's fleeting breath.

But, hark! in the midst of the turbulent throng,
The moans of the weak, and the groans of the strong,
There's a cry of alarm. Some invisible power
Is moving the long-silent bell in the tower.
Forward and backward and forward it swung,
And Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! rung
From its wide brazen throat, over mountain and vale,
Till the seas caught the echo, and monarchs turned pale.

Our forefathers heard it—that wild, thrilling tone,
Ringing out to the world, and they claimed it their own.
And up from the valley, and down from the hill,
From the flame of the forge, from the field and the mill,
They paid with their lives the price of its due,
And left it a legacy, freemen, to you.
And ever when danger is menacing nigh,
The mighty bell swings in the belfry on high;
And men wake from their dream, and grasp in affright
Their swords, when its warning sweeps out in the night.

It rang a wild paean o'er war's gory wave,
When the gyves were unloosened from our millions of slaves
It started with horror and trembled a knell
From ocean to ocean when brave Lincoln fell;
And again its wild notes sent a thrill through the land
When Garfield was struck by a traitorous hand;
And once in each year, as time onward rolls,
Slowly, and muffled, and mournful it tolls
A dirge while Columbia pauses to spread
A tribute of love on the graves of her dead.

While Washington's name is emblazoned in gold,
While the valor of Perry or Sherman is told,
While patriots treasure the name of a Hayne,
The fiery drops from the pen of a Paine,
While dear is the name of child, mother or wife,
Or sweet to a soul is the measure of life,
America's sons will to battle prepare
When its tones of alarm ring aloud on the air;
For Liberty's goddess holds in her white hand
The cord of the bell that swings over our land.

*Madge Morris Wagner.*

## WHAT IS THIS REPUBLIC?

What is this Republic? It is the concentrated expression of intelligent free men organized for the advancement of themselves in the pathways of honor and virtue, asking for higher and better things, not seeking for enslavement; not organizing themselves to be slaves.

"Reviewing the array of nations prepared for war, I see a mighty nation—a Russia, a France, a Germany, and England, with their millions of men armed and ready to strike; ready to fight; ready to extinguish life. I see their serried forms, not only upon land, but their wondrous navies upon the vasty deep; I behold their mighty cannon leveled at the foe; and I ask myself why is it thus? I turn back my eyes to the days when on Calvary's mount the Nazarene died that man might live

and that peace might prevail; * * * and I wonder whether in this nineteenth century, in this day and in this hour whether we are in reality sincere.

For myself my views are clear. I believe in my country. Her I am ready to defend. On her great shore, from her mountain tops, and from every vale within which she attempts to exercise jurisdiction, I believe it to be the duty of our manhood to rally to the support of the American flag. But I think that her destiny is something more than to subjugate rattlesnakes, boa constrictors, Filipinos or Cubans. I look upon her as the typification of the republic of the ages. I regard her as containing within her mighty bosom the truth of centuries, received from those who have striven to elevate virtue, to take women and men and build them up to be higher and better things in the struggling story of mortality. I believe in that, and I summon to that great contest no barbarian horde. If I have anything to say, if my voice may summon from the vasty deep, if it may call from the mountain top, if it may bring echoes from the plain, the note will be, "Let us fight that manhood may be better; that it may be purer; that it may be greater".

And at my side I want intellect, purity, truth, manhood; and ABOVE ME THE STANDARD OF JUSTICE.

*From "Speeches of Stephen M. White";*
*Extract from "The Decadence of the Past*
*and the Hope of the Future,"*
*Delivered in Los Angeles, California April 14, 1899.*
*Los Angeles, Cal.: Times-Mirror Co.*

*After forty-eight years of devotion to his native state, as orator, United States senator, and citizen, with the great harbor of San Pedro as a monument to the sagacity, cleverness, adroitness, audacity and unswerving loyalty of this man, Stephen M. White, his life came to an end on February 21st, 1901, at 4:15 a. m. His last words to those assembled at his bedside were as follows: "The evidence is all in; the case is submitted."*

## EARLY CALIFORNIA BALLAD
## THE MAID OF MONTEREY

The moon shone but dimly
  Upon the battle plain,
A gentle breeze fanned softly
  O'er the features of the slain.
The guns had hushed their thunder
  The guns in silence lay
Then came the señorita,
  The Maid of Monterey.

She cast a look of anguish
On the dying and the dead
And made her lap a pillow
  For those who mourned and bled.
Now here's to that bright beauty
  Who drives death's pangs away,
The meek-eyed señorita,
  The Maid of Monterey.

Although she loved her country,
  And prayed that it might live,
Yet for the foreign soldier
  She had a tear to give.
And when the dying soldier
  In her bright gleam did pray
He blessed this señorita
  The Maid of Monterey.

She gave the thirsty water,
  And dressed each bleeding wound,
A fervent prayer she uttered
  For those whom death had doomed.
And when the bugle sounded
  Just at the dawn of day,
They blessed this senorita,
  The Maid of Monterey.

*Author unknown.*

*(This ballad was sung by the soldiers of the Mexican War, in the early days of California. From "California, '46 to '88, Jacob Wright Harlan; San Francisco: Bancroft Co., 1888.)*

## AN EXPERIENCE IN THE PHILIPPINES

By this time the bombardment had ceased, but we met men breathlessly running who had informed us that the Americans had landed and were advancing upon the town. * * * We waited and watched anxiously, when finally, a small black speck made its appearance, then another and another until quite a column of these tiny figures were observed descending

from the brow of the hill. The black mass became bluish, the figures more distinct. In front fluttered something, borne by one of the foremost of the advancing figures, the colors of which, as they became visible to my straining eyes, sent a thrill through my whole being. Never before had those red and white stripes impressed me with a similar sensation. * * * We brought to under a tree not two hundred yards from the advancing column. I could now distinguish them as soldiers and marines. On foot we walked forward to meet them. The foremost marine reached out his hand to me as I ran up, and my first impulse, had I given way to it, would have been to throw my arms around his neck and weep on his bosom; but with a mighty effort, I contained myself, and nearly shook his hand off.

An elderly officer who appeared to be in command, called a halt and to him I now addressed myself. * * * At length they seemed to understand me, and taking a cutlass from the nearest marine, I split open the cane and delivered Gilmore's letter. This caused some excitement for Gilmore's misfortune had evidently made him a famous man.

* * * These were the men of the good ship "Oregon"; the officer in command was Lieutenant-Commander McCracken. To him I now introduced Villamor and Singson, and the former as representative of the people, surrendered the town formally. The American officer treated them with the utmost courtesy. At length my two native friends and I re-entered the quilez, and leading the way, returned to Vigan, the inhabitants of which now headed by the band, flocked out to meet us. When we reached the plaza, the marines, some two hundred, were lined up before the palace.

The governor came out, and I introduced him to Commander McCracken, upon whom he expended just one-half of his entire English vocabulary, "Welcome!" which so impressed the American officer with his knowledge of our language that he at once expressed himself as deeply pleased to meet the Honorable Governor. Acosta understood not a word, so in despair he gave forth the other half of his vocabulary, "Good-bye!"

All was silent, a hush had fallen over that mighty throng in the plaza. Glancing at the palace I comprehended what was to follow. A moment later I was rushing wildly up the stairs to the floor above.

From the balcony the Stars and Stripes were gliding slowly out and upward toward the flagstaff where a day before the Insurgent banner had fluttered; while down below in the

plaza the notes of the American bugles arose. I had arrived in the nick of time. The flag was half way up, and the next moment I had a hold on the halyard as it dropped from the hands of the sailor who stood on the railing.

Thus I assisted in raising the American colors over Vigan.

*Albert Sonnichsen.*

*From "Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos"; being a narrative of adventure and observation during imprisonment on the Island of Luzon, P. I.; New York: Scribner's, 1901.*

## A CALIFORNIA SUNSET

Unfurled above the horizon
Were crimson stripes on cumulus,
On snowy clouds: though day was done
The sun's brave message stayed for us.

There hung the lingering evening star,
Bright in its field of azure true.
"What flag," asks Earth, "shall master War?"
The Heavens respond: "Red, White and Blue!"

*Arthur L. Price.*

*From Examiner, Oct. 1917.*

## THE SIGHT OF "OLD GLORY" TO AN EXILE

This is a tale of long ago; if you are young—a long span of years to which to look forward. But to us who are elder, it seems but yesterday that Cleveland laid the first keel of the new American navy.

At the time of which I write, two venerable side-wheelers, the Monocacy and the Monongahela, represented the might of the Western Republic in the Eastern seas, because no mariner was there intrepid enough to sail them home. For the same reason a very restricted area of these seas they sailed, and the Stars-and-Stripes were known to but a mere handful of the denizens of their shores. Since then came Dewey on a May Day to Manila Bay. Since then, to Pekin, in the vanguard of nations, Old Glory led the march, and we are better known in the Eastern seas, today. But still there are wanderers who like Renwick, hunger for a sight of the flag, still people of the earth to be reminded of the power of the Great Republic. And not a lesser duty of our navy than acting as

advance agent of our great commerce is that of carrying cheer to our exiles.

* * * * * * * *

When I went to Fusan I met there, Renwick, who being from the Southern States, welcomed me as a countryman, though I was but a boy from California. Yet we became comrades. Later I learned his story. At the close of the war of the rebellion in which he had fought for the South and lost, he drifted into the navy with a dim idea of making atonement to his country. In the surgeon's crew he had sailed for the China station. When the cruise had ended, Renwick was not ready to return. What welcome had he, a rebel, and homeless, to expect from his native land? So he bade his ship-mates farewell, and continued drifting in his voluntary exile through the Eastern world. And so it happened that the vicissitudes of time and chance wafted him to Corea and Fusan, and there I found him. * * * It was on the next morning that we sat in rapt admiration of the scene looking down on the sparkling waters from the summer tea-house amid the perfume of pine and sweet pea. From near-by boats rose in soft cadence the chants of fishermen and sailors. Just now, below us, where the sun's rays glanced from the water, lay the old vessel that had borne me to this unique corner of earth.

As I looked, the colors floated to the mast-head. The flutter caught Renwick's eye, and as he descried the old flag rising from the blinding reflection, he arose and stood at attention; he removed his helmet and with his head upon his breast, dwelt long and sadly on that banner of red, white and blue. His face was pale. His eyes, dimmed with manly tears of emotion, gazed with a vacant, far-away look, and one hand rested on the near-by rail of the tea-house veranda, for support, for his very limbs trembled beneath him. Then he gave way to the pent-up emotions within him.

"Old Glory, flag of the country God made!" he exclaimed.

After a pause he turned to me and said, "Bradley, you were glad to greet a countryman after a few paltry days of separation from your home and kindred to whom you expect to return before long. Suppose it had been years since you had grasped the hand of one who could tell you of your home-country! years that each seemed ages since you had seen that flag wafted in its native air, or even borne by a representative of its power and glory!" His emotion affected me deeply.

* * * A few days later I found him in the driving rain, leaning against the old scarred fir-tree, while the rising waves

of the bay laved his feet and he was seemingly oblivious of it all. I ran to him, crying, "Man, have you lost your mind?"

"No," he replied, "I am going—home." His arm extended to the hazy outline of the harbor-entrance where lay the ship. "Home—" he murmured, "at last." * * * As the good townspeople, young and old, came with many a sincere tear to view all that was mortal of their companion and friend, a day later, I wondered not that the land for which beat such a heart was great; I did regret, however, that the nation that fostered such a deep sentiment took not greater pains to gladden like hearts among its exiles.

*W. Kimball Briggs.*

*Extract from a very beautiful short story written in 1893, after the return of the author from Korea, where he was one of the secretaries of the then Minister to Korea, Gen. Lucius Harwood Foote. The title of the story is "My Light".*

(Note by the Gatherer: While preparing the "Story of the Files", in 1893, this Ms. was brought to me by the author, then a mere youth, to read and make comments upon. I could never forget the impression made upon my mind by this particular incident of the story, as told above, because it was different from any other of the kind. Twenty-two years later I sought to get this incident to include in "Literary California". As a result of this effort the story will be issued in book-form by the author.)

## GEOGRAPHICAL

California is the largest State in the Union, with the exception of Texas. Its area is 158,360 square miles. Irregular in form, the length is about 750 miles, the width about 200 miles. The most striking physical feature is the great mountain-rimmed basins of the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers. The waters of the mountain streams and rivers of the valleys pour into San Francisco Bay and mingle with the waters of the Pacific at the Golden Gate.

*From "The Pacific School Geography."*
*Harr Wagner, 1902, San Francisco, California.*

# LEX SCRIPTA

"For the Letter killeth; but the Spirit giveth life."—St. Paul.

This once I dreamed. Before me grandly stood
One fashioned like a Deity—his brow
Still, massive, white—calm as Beatitude,
All passion sifted from its sacred glow,
His eyes serenely fathomless and wise,
His lips just fit to fashion words that fall

Like silent lightning from the summer skies
To kill without the thunder; over all
The sense of Thor's vast strength and symmetry of Saul.

Clad with eternal youth, the ages brake
Harmlessly over his majestic form,
As the clouds break on Shasta. Then I spake
Glad words, awe-struck, devotional and warm.
"Behold," I cried, "the Promised One is come—
The Leader of the Nations, pure and strong!
He who shall make this wailing earth our Home,
And guide the sorrowful and weak along
To reach a land of Rest where right has conquered wrong!

"Oh, He shall build in mercy, and shall found
Justice as firmly as Sierra's base,
And unseal founts of charity profound
As Tahoe's crystal waters and erase
The lines of vice and selfishness and crime
From the scarred heart of sad humanity.
Hail, splendid Leader! Hail, auspicious time!
When might and right with holiness shall be
Like base and treble blent in anthems of the free!"

Just then I heard a wailing, mocking voice
Shiver and curse along the still, dark night,
Freezing the marrow in my bones: "Rejoice;
And may your Leader lead you to the Light!
He laid that perfect hand of His on me
And left me what I am—cursed, crushed and blind—
A living, hopeless, cureless Infamy,
Bound with such bonds as He alone can bind—
Bonds that consume the flesh and putrefy the mind."

I looked and saw what once had been a girl;
A sense of beauty glinted round her frame,
Like corpse-lights over rottenness that swirl
To image putrid forms in ghastly flame.
"Poor, tempted, weak, I did sin once," she cried,
"And I was damned for it—would I were dead!
The partner of my guilt was never tried;
Your Leader there was on his side, and said
That this was right and just." The woman spoke and fled.

The wondrous Being did not move or speak,
  Did not regard that lost, accusing soul
More than he did the night breeze on his cheek;
  Smiled not nor frowned; serene, sedate and cold,
And while I wondered that no cold wrath
  Blazed from his eyes, a wretched creature came
Cringing and moaning, skulking in his path
  A fierce, wild beast that cruelty kept tame—
  A lying, coward thing, for which there is no name.

This whining, human, wretchedest complaint,
  Crouching, as from some unseen lash, thus spoke:
"He held the poison to my lips; the taint
  Corrupts me through and through! his iron yoke,
Worn on my ankles, makes me shuffle so.
  'The criminal class'! Yea, that was his hot brand
Which worked me such irremediable woe,
  Writ on my soul by his relentless hand—
  A doom more fearful than the just can understand.

"He careth nothing for the right or truth,
  Believes in naught save punishment and crime,
Regardeth not the plea of sex, or youth,
  Nor hoary hair, nor manhood in its prime.
That which is called 'respectable' and 'rich'
  Seems right to him; and that he doth uphold
With force implacable, calm, cruel, which
  Hath delegated all God's power to gold,
  Making the many weak, the few more bad and bold.

"He never championed the weak; no cause
  Was holy, just and pure enough to gain
His aid without——" a momentary pause,
  Born of some superhuman throe of pain
Let in a calm, grave voice that quietly
  Pursued the swift indictment: "I declare
Wherever right and wrong were warring,
  Displayed his merciless, calm forces where
  He might most aid the strong, and bid the weak despair.

"He murdered Christ and Socrates, and set
  Rome's diadem upon the felon brows
Of Caesars, Caligulas, and wet
  Zion's high altar with the blood of sows.
For ever more the slaughter of mankind,
  Oppressions, sacrileges, cruelties,
Thongs for the flesh, and tortures for the mind—
  These are his works!" Astounded, dizzy, blind,
  I gathered up my soul, and cast all fear behind.

"This grand but beautiful thing should die," I cried,
  "In God's great name have at thee!" Then I sprung
With superhuman strength and swiftness—tried
  To seize, to strangle, and to kill, and flung
All my soul's force to break and bear him down.
  The calm, strong being did not move or speak;
The grand face showed no trace of smile or frown;
  The eyes burned not; the beautiful, smooth cheek
  Nor flushed nor paled, but I grew impotent and weak.

A hand reached forth as fair and delicate
As any girl's, as if but to caress
My throat; the steel-like fingers, firm as fate,
Relentless, merciless and passionless,
Began to strangle me; the chill of death
Crept on me, numbing brain and heart and eye.
"Who are thou, Devil?" shrieked I, without breath.
Before death came I heard his cold reply:
"I am Lex Scripta, madman, and I cannot die."

*Nathan Kouns.*

*From "Story of the Files of California", San Francisco: 1893.*

## "THE WAY OF WAR"

Man primeval hurled a rock,
Torn with angry passions he;
To escape the which rude shock,
Foeman ducked behind a tree.

Man primeval made a spear,
Swift of death on battlefield;
Foemen fashioned other gear
Fought behind his hidebound shield.

Man mediaeval built a wall,
Said he didn't give a damn;
Foeman not put out at all,
Smashed it with a battering ram.

Man mediaeval, just for fun,
Made himself a coat of mail;
Foeman laughed and forged a gun,
Peppered him with iron hail.

Modern man bethought a change,
Cast more massive iron-plate;
Foeman just increased his range,
Tipped his ball to penetrate.

Modern man, with toil untold,
Deftly built torpedo boats;
Foeman launched "destroyers" bold,
Swept the seas of all that floats.

Future man—ah! who can say?—
  May blow to smithereens our earth;
In the course of warrior play
  Fling death across the heaven's girth.

Future man may hurl the stars,
  Leash the comets, o'er-ride space,
Sear the universe with scars,
  In the fight 'twixt race and race.

Yet foeman will be just as cute—
  Amid the rain of falling suns,
Leave the world by parachute,
  And build ethereal forts and guns.

And when skies begin to fall
  And foeman still will new invent—
Into a star-proof world he'll crawl,
  Heaven insured from accident.

*Jack London.*

*Reprint of a Prophetic Poem from S. F. Chronicle, Dec. 16th, 1917.*

## THE AGE OF ORATORY IN CALIFORNIA

The age of Oratory is past in California. Thirty or forty years ago there was not a village in the state but could contribute its orator, and no slouch at that. In the late seventies for instance, Los Angeles was nothing more than a country village, but the town could boast of half a dozen speakers, any one of whom could give cards and spades on the stump to the best that California can produce today. There was that marvelous master of style, Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, on the Democratic side, and handsome Jim Eastman on the Republican end. There were, besides, the masterful Volney Howard, "Black Jim" Howard, Frank Ganahl and others.

Stephen M. White was just beginning his career in those days and great as he became, he was outclassed as an orator by most of the men I have named.

The people of that day used to travel miles to have a part in a big political powwow and the orator was a popular hero. In those days the roads in Los Angeles county were simply

beds of shifting sand and at Downey City the Missourians would flock in from the country along about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon and squat down in the soft and warm sand in front of the hotel, smoking corncob pipes and waiting for Frank Ganahl to come along about sundown and expound to them the democratic law and gospel from the balcony. Nobody ever thought of hiring a hall. September was the campaign month and all political functions were held outdoors.

You could hear Stephen M. White's voice a block away. You did not have to attend the meeting. All that was necessary was to open the windows and listen. That marvelous voice of White's with which in later years he was able to control national conventions, gained its pitch and compass by practice in open-air speaking. * * * P. D. Wigginton of Merced, Henry Edgerton of Sacramento, William Henry Livingston Barnes—they are gone and only Tom Fitch, the silver-tongued, remains of all that notable band. Of all the wonderful array of orators that California has produced the most delightful and most polished was General Barnes, and the most effective and convincing was Stephen M. White.

Barnes was never strongly in earnest. He was the advocate and political opportunist. The best thing he ever did was a short speech at the republican state convention in Sacramento in 1898. The convention was waiting for a report to be handed in and Barnes was called to the platform to fill in the time and keep things moving. He made a very pretty talk for about twenty minutes and stopped but the report was not ready and the convention insisted he should go on. It was at the time when the volunteer army for the Philippines was cantoned at Camp Merced, among the foggy sand dunes of San Francisco. The sanitary arrangements were wretched and there was no little suffering in camp. Barnes broke away into the story of the dying soldier of Camp Merced, far away from home and friends. He spoke for another twenty minutes and the speech was a little classic. Clement Shorter reported it in shorthand, and the remarkable thing is that it reads as well in cold print as it sounded from the platform. That is a rare thing with oratory. Tom Fitch was another of the great word weavers. He had an almost miraculous skill in compounding glittering epigram, but like Barnes he was merely the advocate. * * *

Oratory was a powerful factor in the first half century of California history. The reputation of Colonel E. D. Baker, the "Gray Eagle", who died for his country at the head of his troops at Ball's Bluff, has come down to us. Ned Jerome, who used to be deputy collector of the port, was a great

admirer of Baker and collected and published some of his speeches. As models of English diction they are wonderfully perfect.

Just fifty years ago last month David C. Broderick, senator from California, was killed in a duel by David S. Terry, who had resigned his office of chief justice as preliminary to the meeting. Baker delivered the funeral oration and it is worth quotation as an example of his style:

"Fellow Citizens! One year ago today I performed a duty such as I perform today over the remains of Senator Ferguson, who died as Broderick died, tangled in the meshes of the code of honor. Today there is another and more eminent sacrifice. Today I renew my protest; today I utter yours. The code of honor is a delusion and a snare; it palters with the hope of a true courage and binds it at the feet of crafty and cruel skill. It surrounds its victim with the pomp and grace of the procession, but leaves him bleeding on the altar. It substitutes cold and deliberate preparation for courageous and manly impulse and arms the one to disarm the other; it may prevent fraud between practiced duelists who should be forever without its pale but makes the mere trick of the weapon superior to the noblest cause and the truest courage. Its pretense of quality is a lie—it is unequal in all the form, it is unjust in all the substance—the habitude of arms, the early training, the frontier life, the border war, the sectional custom, the life of leisure, all these are advantages which no negotiation can neutralize, and which no courage can overcome.

But, fellow-citizens, the protest is not only spoken in your words and mine—it is written in indelible characters; it is written in the blood of Gilbert, in the blood of Ferguson, in the blood of Broderick, and the inscription will not altogether fade. With the administration of the code in this particular case I am not here to deal. Amid passionate grief, let us strive to be just. I give no currency to rumors of which personally I know nothing. There are other tribunals to which they may be well referred and this is not one of them. But I am here to say that whatever in the the code of honor or out of it demands or allows, a deadly combat where there is not in all things entire and certain equity, is a prostitution of the name, is an evasion of the substance, and is a shield blazoned with the name of chivalry to cover the malignity of murder."

How much of the history of California sprang from that duel! It was the starting-point of that tremendous drama in which Judge Terry, Stephen J. Field, William Sharon and

Sarah Althea Hill were the leading figures. It had all the intensity, the inexorable force and logic of a Greek tragedy. Aeschylus might have used it for a theme.

*Edward F. Cahill.*

*From "San Francisco Call";*
*October 17, 1909.*

## SWORD, GO THROUGH THE LAND

Sword, go through the land and slay
Guilt and Hate, Revenge, Dismay!
Now where is such a sword, you say?

Sword, go through the land but spare
Love and Hope and Peace and Prayer!
Now who, you ask, that sword shall bear?

Sword, go through the land and Youth,
Prime and Age shall cry, "Forsooth,
How mighty is the sword called Truth"!

*From "A California Troubadour";*
*A. M. Robertson;*
*S. F. 1912.*

## THE COMING OF LIBERTY

"Gentlemen of America," wrote a brilliant Frenchman, during the American Revolution," what right have you more than we, to this cherished liberty? Inexorable tyranny crushes Europe, and you lawless and mutinous people, without kings and without queens, will you dance to the clanking of the chains which weigh down the human race? and deranging the beautiful equipoise, will you beard the whole world and be free?"

Nevertheless the day came when France, herself, deranged the beautiful equipoise and demanded that she, too, should have her liberty!

Oh, it was a wonderful day for France when the walls of the Bastile were leveled! and in the place where was known so much human misery, where men had been chained for so long that the charges against them had been forgotten, the record lost of why they had been thus confined, when the new era came in, and in this place was hung the device,

"DANCING HERE"!

GALAXY 11.—POETS AND PROSE-WRITERS

Ellen Donovan
Robert Willson Murphy
Nora May French
Florence Richmond

John Vance Cheney
Lucius Harwood Foote
Lionel Josephare
Dora Amsden

C. Van Orden
Mrs. Fremont Older
James Doran
Grace MacGowan Cooke
Alice MacGowan

GALAXY 12.—ORATORS, DRAMATISTS, MUSICAL COMPOSER

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Julius Kahn | Joseph D. Redding | David Belasco |
| Eleanor Tully | Theodore Bonnet | David Starr Jordan |
| Mary Austin | A. C. Gunter | Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco |
| Clay M. Greene | R. H. Savage | Benjamin Ide Wheeler |

Merriment, joy and delight, citizens of France, "dancing here" on this spot infamous in history, blackened with the tyrannies of kings! "Dancing here"? where the tears have worn furrows down the cheeks of innocent men! Let the feet trip and the music swell the breeze, a defiance against the memories of this awful spot. And so let it be written over all institutions of slavery and tyranny: "dancing here! dancing here!"

It was a beautiful thought, one characteristic of the French mind and temperament, the sending of the great key of the Bastile to rest upon the coffin of Washington—as if it were fitting that it should be placed in his keeping and care, even though dead.

Manhood of our Western civilization has dared to derange the beautiful equipoise of tyranny and be free. That last-obtained heritage, the "RIGHT TO THINK" is at last ours. Ecclesiasticism, that goblin of our creation, from which we have turned affrighted and fled shrieking, has lost its power to hold mankind in its thrall. Like the serpents, imprisoning Laoccoon and his sons in its coils, the folds are slowly loosening superstition is in its dying throes.

Western civilization carries the torch uplifted, its rays must shine in every corner. Where the race goes, there the germs of liberty are scattered and take root and flourish.

The story is told of a certain elephant named Mr. Punjaub, who dwelt in a lovely, fever-laden jungle in India with Mrs. Punjaub and their daughter. Now Mr. Punjaub had a tremendously high opinion of his own valor and prowess. In fact he announced his ability to annihilate any moving, breathing thing on earth. But one day, down two queer looking lines of steel which were mysteriously laid through his reservation, there charged a furious monster, puffing and blowing.

To vindicate his defiance of this new rival, Mr. Punjaub stumped around and tore a few trees up by the roots. But the next day he gave the monster battle—with the result that Mr. Punjaub was observed by his loving family perched upon the cowcatcher of the locomotive, and tearing across the country at a frightful rate of speed.

Upon his return, a wiser but a sorer elephant, he stuck up on high a sign, which being interpreted, means "**This jungle** to let!"

And so where goes this new dominant race that loves "FREEDOM"—it is as well for them to announce "This jungle to let"—For the miasma and fevers and decay of old superstitions left over from those days of the childhood of

our race shall be driven out and dissipated—the coiling reptiles of superstition cast off, the goblins-of-light-and-darkness no longer feared.

Where this race comes with this flaming torch of liberty there will the nations be lifted up and enlightened and learn to resist tyranny.

"Citizens, the nineteenth century is great, but the twentieth century shall be happy."

Let us hope indeed that this new century whose dawn is now reddening the horizon, will bring to sorrowing, suffering, toil-worn millions of earth, their long-hoped-for freedom, those halcyon days

"When the dwellers in the nether gloom"

shall be happy yet.

*Adley H. Cummins.*

*Extract from "The Coming of Liberty", published in the "Grizzly Bear Magazine", April, 1918. This Oration was first delivered at Irving Hall, S. F., March, 1889.*

## A STAR SEEN AT TWILIGHT

Shine on companionless
As now thou seemst. Thou art the throne
Of thine own spirit, star!
And mighty things must be alone.
Alone the ocean heaves,
Or calms his bosom into sleep;
Alone each mountain stands
Upon its basis broad and deep;
Alone through Heaven the comets sweep—
Those burning worlds which God has thrown
Upon the universe in wrath,
As if he hated them—their path
No stars, no suns may follow—**none—**
**'Tis great, 'tis great to be alone.**

*John Rollin Ridge.*

*From "Poems", San Francisco: 1868.*

## WHAT IS OUR COUNTRY?

What is our country? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes, the rivers and the mountains and valleys—not alone the people, their customs and laws—not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future. It is something more than all these combined.

It is a Divine Abstraction. You cannot tell what it is—but let your flag rustle above your head and you feel its living presence in your heart.

* * * * Not yet, not yet, shall the Republic die. Baptized anew, it shall live a thousand years to come, the Colossus of the nations—its feet upon the continents, its sceptre over the seas—its forehead among the stars."—
*From "Sacramento Union".*

*Newton Booth.*

## MAKERS OF THE FLAG

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk.

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter: whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"**Yesterday** the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"**The work** that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart-breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this Nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

*Franklin K. Lane.*

*Delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employes of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.*

## HERE—AND THERE

Day sleeps. By Twilight's tender hand caressed
The poppies nod, where beds of lupin lie
In deepening shade, and the unfathomed sky
In velvet robe folds Earth's abundant breast.
A soft breeze stirs the forest's curving crest:
Above, a purple vault, where pale clouds fly;
And on the ear sounds Ocean's solemn sigh,
In murmurous monotone of vast unrest.

How peaceful is this dreaming spot this night,
Where dim, mysterious shadows, veil the light.
And man, and all his deeds, seem far apart:
And yet, somewhere in France, this hour there toll
War's direful bells, that search her bleeding heart.
And echo in the caverns of her soul.

*Edward DeWitt Taylor.*

## DREAM OF A SLACKER

A corporal gave me instruction;
Clear of eye, a clean-cut chin,
Face firm set; yet boyish, young—
Shoulders square and stomach in.
A mellow voice, a cultured tongue—
Of the sort reared by our Pilgrim fathers
On Pilgrim farms.
"Steady men,
Once again,
Left shoulder—arms!"

And we were his keen and eager pupils,
Clean of limb and bronzed of face;
Were keen, alert, our heads held high—
Pride of half the human race;
Were proud, and unafraid to die—
Of the sort reared by our Pilgrim fathers
On Pilgrim farms.
Smart and snap
Of piece and strap
To "order—arms!"

And then we had some bayonet drill.
Smart the clap of solid heel;
Our fingers tight like iron bands
Gripping the glist'ning steel;
We boys with man-like hairy hands,
And strong, like knights of Middle Ages
Who threw the lance!
"Firm of sound,
Hold your ground,
On guard—advance!"

And we marched to our transport,
All equipped, in fighting trim,
Our muscles swelled by the heavy load,
Jaws set firm and faces grim
With eyes ahead upon the road.
We were manly and mighty—eager,
Yes, keen to go.
The hep-hep
Of eager step!
"Squads left—ho!"

'T was not till then I felt my high head nod;
'T was not till then I wakened from my dream
And rose my head
From pillowed bed;
And saw me as I am; then cried, "O God!"

*Sergeant Thomas Kleckner;*
*"S. F. Chronicle"; 1917.*

## GOD BLESS OUR BOYS

**(Tune, Pentecost.)**

L. M.

God bless our boys where'er they be.
In conflict with the enemy,
On tented field or rolling sea,
God bless our boys where'er they be.

Midst perils many keep them free
From harm and sin's mad misery;
May they repose their lives in Thee,
God bless our boys where'er they be.

As Thine own soldiers may they be
Lovers of God and loved of Thee;
Speed Thou their fight to victory—
God bless our boys where'er they be.

Soon o'er the earth let freedom see
Her banners wave; and endless be
God's reign of love and liberty—
God bless our boys where'er they be.

*J. H. Lewin.*

*Inserted in a hymnbook to suit the hour;*
*San Francisco: 1918.*

## FOR OUR SOLDIERS

It is the tendency in this country to decry the services of the army and of its officers; and yet, most of the latter spend the greater part of their lives on the frontiers and is the Indian country. Weeks at a time are passed in scouting against their treacherous foe, enduring every hardship, and daily risking life itself, to open the way for the pioneer and settler. Yet, what is their reward? When the papers come to them from the regions of civilization, they find themselves stigmatized in

editorials, and even in speeches on the floor of Congress, as the drones of society, living on the government, yet a useless encumbrance and expense.

But, one by one, how many lay down their lives in this cause! Without counting those who sink into the grave from sickness produced by unwholesome climates, exposure and hardships, how many more actually meet their deaths on the battle field! During the last season alone, Taylor, Gaston, Allen and Van Camp have thus shed their blood, and every year the list increases. Yet they fall in battle with an obscure enemy, and little are their sufferings appreciated by the

————"gentlemen
Who live at home at ease."

*Lawrence Kip.*

*From "Army Life on the Pacific; Redfield, New York: 1859.*

## NAPOLEON'S DYING SOLDIER

Fast drives the thickening snow;
In great white clouds it drifts along the way,
Sweeping into its engendering breast
My wasted comrades to their alien rest;
And they, poor ones, open their lips and smile
To feel the chilling breath strike at their hearts the while.

Oh, Land of awful things,
That you my wretched body should retain!
Strewing the grave of him who helpless dies
With tears of blood wrung from his comrades' eyes.
And are the sons of France decreed to sleep
Forgot beneath the soil of Russia's frozen steep?

Sweet France, Queen of my heart!
If but for once mine eyes might see your vales
Blushing among their roses crimson glow;
But here, O God! amid the scudding snow
My wearied soul will slumber to the drum—
The bonds of death are strong—I cannot come.

*Agnes S. Taylor.*

## ABOUT SWORDS

It often takes two swords to keep
Another in its sheath asleep.

*Lorenzo Sosso.*

*From "Wisdom of the Wise".*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In July is the glory of the apricot time, when the luscious golden fruitage hangs so thickly upon the trees that one may count eight, ten, fourteen clustered together so closely that they seem as if trying to emulate the grape in their arrangement of growing. But there is tragedy in the apricot crop more than in any other. If Nature is too lavish one year, the price goes down to fourteen dollars a ton, picked and delivered. If it is scanty in one place or another, then you sell them for one hundred dollars a ton. To own your own apricot trees and pick and eat them yourself, ripe one at a time, "till you have consumed seventeen 'cots," is said to restore a dyspeptic to rugged health.

*A. E.*

## WARS AND WISHES

I wish all wars were over,
  And in wishes there is weight,
And if all the world so wished it,
  There would be no room for hate;
For what we wish and what we will
  Are three-fourths human fate.

*George Douglas.*

*From "S. F. Chronicle"; 1916.*

## THE LITTLE LAD

To me it's always the little lad
  Afraid to speak his name.
But he was one of the first to go,
  When his heart received the flame.

He used to steal from the shadowy room,
  And over the lighted stair,
If dismal tales were being told.
  But he won the Croix de Guerre.

He clutched my hand when the thunder broke.
  He paled at the lightning's glance.
But he met the Teutons face to face,
  And fell with the sons of France.

*Agnes Lee.*

*From "The Mountain Realty, Joseph J. Bamber, Editor;*

## "A GREAT THOUGHT NEVER DIES"

No matter where uttered a great thought never dies. It does not perish amid the snows of mountains or the floods of rivers or in the depths of valleys. For a time it may seemingly be forgotten, but it is somewhere embalmed in memory, and after a while reappears on the horizon like a long gone star returning on its unchanging orbit, and on its way around the endless circles of eternity.

*Calvin B. McDonald.*

*From "Story of the Files of California"; San Francisco: 1893.*

## IN A HAMMOCK

Carelessly singing, carelessly swinging,
  Now in the sunshine, now in the shade—
What could be fairer, what could be rarer
Than bird-song, day-dream and flower-bloom together,
All growing out of the sunshiny weather,
  Filling their happiness just as they fade?

Branches hang over me, green leaflets cover me,
  Whispering their secrets of wood-love sweet,
Fluttering and calling, floating and calling,
Setting in visions of cloudland palaces
Pouring out wine from the sun-land chalices,
  Kissing my face with their shadows fleet.

Up in the world of sky, out where the echoes die,
  Soareth a gray hawk, atilt for prey,
Circling and sinking, carelessly drinking
Draughts of the infinite—how it brims over!
  Summer's own children alone know the way.

Somewhere a grief-note out of a dove-throat
Troubles the silence like falling tears,
Somewhere a memory comes with a cry
Calling the past from its shadowy curtain,
Parting the mists from its visions uncertain,
Breathing the breath of the vanished years.

Swifter the swallows fly, longer the shadows lie,
While I swing idly twixt shadow and shine;
Nothing of summer-bliss, surely can balance this
Service of bird-note and incense of heather,
Perfect content and cups of glad weather,
Nothing I care when all these are mine.

*Kate M. Bishop.*

*From "Story of the Files of California";*
*San Francisco: 1893.*

## TO MRS. JANE LATHROP STANFORD

### ON HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 25, 1898

To you beneath life's reddening sunset ray,
Seeing what visions with reverted eyes!—
Hope, joy, and anguish, boundless sacrifice,
And faith triumphant on the Dolorous Way;
To you, in sign of all words cannot say,
Thankful at least to know your sorrow lies
Safe locked now with dead years' sanctities,
This friendly token let us bring today.

For us, still sorrow that your years creep on;
For you, but gladness. The world's claim is quit—
Fulfilled, and nobly. Happy, who can sit
At eventide and look back to the dawn
Saying, Not empty has the day withdrawn.
Wait for the sunset; peace comes after it.

*Alphonzo G. Newcomer.*

*Accompanying a framed copy of*
*Abbott Thayer's "Caritas".*

## THE SEQUOIAS

God set seven signs upon this land of ours
To teach, by awe, mankind His wondrous powers;—
A river sweeping broadly to the sea;
A cataract that thunders ceaselessly;
A mountain peak that towers in heaven's face;
A chasm deep-sunk toward the nether place;
A lake that all the wide horizon fills;
A pleasant vale set gem-like in the hills;
And worthy younger brother of all these,
The great Sequoia, king of all the trees.

A cradle, song and bed the waters meant;
The others, playground, grave and monument;
All wonderful, but cold and hard and dead;
The trees alone, like man, with life are fed,
Like him have felt the stir to rise from earth,
To toil,—to strive to heights of greater worth,—
To breast the storms and know the North wind's rage,
And pass traditions down from age to age.
O'er fourscore spans of human life they see,
And whisper of their tales to you and me.

**Some men** have worshipped 'neath their mighty beams—
**Some men** have dreamed and told the world their dreams;
**Some men** have lain most humbly at their feet
And sunk into the tired child's slumber sweet;
**Some men**—men?—have you seen plants wilt and worse,
Their base engirdled by the cut-worm's curse?—
**Such men** with axe and saw have gnawed and gnawed
And felled to earth what never back to God
Their lives can raise, nor sons, nor grandsons raise,
Through penance of a thousand arbor-days.

And all for what? To thatch some petty cell?
God keep me roofless ere 'neath such I dwell!
To make our homes a work of finished art
Shall we cut out some great Sequoia's heart?
Still may my pencil be for ever more
If it be splintered from Sequoia core!
Shall vandals sack his temples and lay low,
And no one for His altars strike a blow?
Avaunt! grant to these great trees nobler death,—
The earthquake or some mighty tempest's breath.

*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

*From "California Nights' Entertainment"; Edinburgh: Valentine and Anderson.*

## ALLOYED

How easy 'tis to wish a lady joy;
Nothing so cheap is offered without fears—
Joy, like rare metal, needs must have alloy
To lend it substance unto useful years;
So thou wilt find no joy unmixed with tears.

There is, I think, in every pleasing note,
Struck from the harp of life, a minor strain,
That keeps it in the memory afloat
Unto a time it may be heard again—
Though angel-weft into a new refrain.

Like that rare wax which the perfumers use
To hold in ward each fine and subtle scent,
That otherwise a presence would refuse
In perfect essences, for beauty blent,
All things seem strangely held for good intent.

Sorrow holds joy; the coarse retains the fine;
Age fosters beauty; Hope is life endured
Unto an ending, which is proof and sign
That by itself its own worst ills are cured —
By earthly things the heavenly are assured!

*Frank Rose Starr.*

*From "Golden Era Magazine"; June, 1885.*

## QUAIL

Softly! See, far ahead, across our way,
Those silent forms pass swiftly out of sight;
So noiseless that the breezes seem affright,
Breathless a moment ere the leaves they sway.
In all their war-paint's glorious array,
With feathered head-dress nodding in the light,
They glide before us like a vision bright,
And as a vision, swiftly are away.
But now and then among the vines and brush
A dusky form seems darting to and fro—
Was that a waving scalp-lock on the rush?
What is it stirs beside that bush, there, low?
Then lightning-like and thunder-loud, and oh!—
The heart stands still—ah!—valley quail at flush!

*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

*From "California Nights' Entertainment"; Edinburgh: Valentine and Anderson.*

## BARE BROWN HILLS

I did not love them overmuch
  Till I had turned away,
But now they glimmer thro' my dreams,
  They haunt the summer day—
The low brown hills, the bare brown hills
  Of San Francisco Bay.

My heart ached for their barrenness,
  Their browns veined thro' with gray;
No tree where some sweet Western bird
  Might sit and sing his lay—
But low brown hills and bare brown hills
  Of San Francisco Bay.

Not one slim blade of living green
  To make the soft slopes gay;
No dim, secluded forest dells
  Where one might kneel and pray—
But low brown hills and bare brown hills
  Of San Francisco Bay.

Tell me the secret of this charm
  That ever, night and day,
From greener lands and sweeter lands
  Draws thought and dream away.
To the low brown hills, the bare brown hills
  Of San Francisco Bay.

*Ella Higginson.*

*By permission*
*From "When the Birds Go North Again";*
*The McMillan Company, London, 1912.*

## WAITING FOR THE RAIN

Oh! the earth is weary waiting,
  Waiting for the rain—
Waiting for the fresh'ning showers,
  Wakening all her slumb'ring powers,
With their dewy moisture sating
  Thirsty hill and plain—
O, the earth is weary waiting,
  Waiting for the rain.

*Sister Anna Raphael.*

*From "Chaplet of Verses."*

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# THE CROWNING OF MISS COOLBRITH

It was while the Exposition of the Panama-Pacific International world's fair was in progress in San Francisco in 1915, that many literary lights appeared here to unite in an Author's Congress. And on June 30th was held a ceremony unique in the annals of California.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, presided, a representative of Governor Hiram Johnson, Arthur Arlett, arrived with a special message to deliver to President Wheeler.

James D. Phelan, a Native Son of the Golden West, and a United States Senator, gave an address, expressing the regard of the people of California for Miss Ina Coolbrith, and telling of the honors showered upon her abroad, and asking that the poet be given her rightful title at this time and at this place.

Thereupon President Wheeler called the name of Miss Coolbrith. And she stood before that great audience in all her simplicity and all her greatness. She was robed in handsome black brocade satin, embroidered in silver, with point lace about the corsage and sleeves. Her crown was her own silver hair. She stood there like a queen, full of grace and majesty. At the sight of this dearly-beloved home-woman thus exalted, tears began to flow from many eyes, and sobs, half-suppressed, were heard amid the stillness.

Always shy, always retiring, always a slave to her home-duties, always one who had battled with the wolf at the door, to see her thus exalted by the sheer genius of her poetic art, gave a new glimpse into life in California. Was it possible that anything so exquisite as poetry should be recognized and honored thus, in a land given over to the story of gold and grain, fruits and flowers, as its chief products?

Presenting her with a laurel wreath, President Wheeler addressed her in these words:

"Upon thee, Ina Coolbrith, by the power vested in me by the Governor of the State of California, by common consent of all the guild of those who write—upon thee, sole living representative of the golden age of California letters, coadjutor and colleague of the great spirits of that age, thyself well worthy by natural right to hold place in their forward rank, upon thee I lay this poetic crown and name thee, our Poet Laureate."

In response Miss Coolbrith gave answer thus:

"It is with pride and gratitude that I feel the honor you would confer upon me, yet I can but voice my realization of my unworthiness. Senator Phelan has spoken justly of the little I have published. By me Poetry has been regarded not only as the supremest of arts, but as a divine gift, for the best-use of which its recipient should be fitted by education, time, opportunity. None of these have been mine. The 'higher education' was not open to me in my youth, and in a life of unremitting toil later leisure and opportunity have been denied. So my meagre output of verse is the result of odd moments, and only done at all because so wholly a 'labor of love.'

"I feel that the honor extended me today is meant not so much because of any special merit of my own, as in memory of that wonderful group of early writers with whom it was my fortune to be affiliated and of which I am the sole survivor, and for those who have passed away, and for my sister-women I accept this laurel with deep gratitude and deeper humility," and turning to President Wheeler, she said, "I thank you."

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine";*
*August, 1915.*

## HOME INFLUENCE IN EARLY CALIFORNIA

The other diversions offered the people were about on a par with the drinking saloon and gaming table; but with the growth of home influence men began to long for better things. They began to be interested in the development of the great resources of the country. Men sent for their families, and young men began to look for wives. As soon as they made up their minds to settle permanently in the country, their conduct underwent a great change for the better. They were interested in the establishment of schools and churches, a better observation of the Sabbath, and whatever they thought would improve social conditions. In spite of dissipating and disorganizing influences, the main stock of society was strong, vigorous, and progressive; and with the same energy with which they had plunged into earlier excesses, the Americans now set about the establishment of order, guided by an enlightened experience and the instinct of right. In a community which contained contributions from all the nationalities of Europe, Asia, America, and the islands of the sea, the men of the United States dominated by numbers, by right of conquest, by energy, shrewdness, and adaptability. From the worst elements of anarchy was evolved social order. With a freshly-awakened pride of country, which made every citizen jealously and disinterestedly anxious that California should acquit herself honorably in the eyes of the nation at large, the prejudices of sect and party were disclaimed, and all united in the serious work of forming the commonwealth.

*Zoeth Skinner Eldredge.*

*From "The Beginnings of San Francisco"; San Francisco: 1912.*

## PICO

Last of thy gallant race, farewell!
When darkness on his eyelids fell
The chain was snapped—the tale was told
That linked the new world to the old;—
The new world of our happy day
To those brave times which fade away
In memories of flocks and fells,
Of lowing herds and mission bells.
He linked us to the times which wrote
Vallejo, Sutter, Stockton, Sloat,
Upon their banners—times which knew
The cowled Franciscan, and the gray
Old hero-priest of Monterey.

In his proud eye one saw again
The chivalry of ancient Spain;
The grace of speech, the gallant air,
The readiness to do and dare.
And he was ready; and his hand
For love of this, his motherland,
Was quick to strike and strong to lead;
He served her in her hour of need
And, loving, served her as he knew.
What better proof, though unconfessed,
Than those old scars upon his breast?

Once these broad fields which slope away
Asleep in verdure, zone on zone,
With countless herds, were all his own.
Once from his white ancestral hall.
A lavish welcome ran to all.
Today the land which gave him birth
Allots him but a plot of earth—
  A tomb where winter roses creep
On Santa Clara's crumbling wall;
Fit place, perhaps, for one to sleep
Who knew and loved her best of all.

So ends in rest life's fitful day.
He saw an era pass away.
He touched the morning and the noon
Of that sweet time which, all too soon,
To twilight hastened when the call
Of Fremont from her mountain wall
Provoked the golden land to leap
New-vestured from her age-long sleep.

The train moves on. No hand may stay
The onward march of destiny;
But from her valleys, rich in grain,
From mountain slope and poppied plain
A sigh is heard—his deeds they tell,
And, sighing, hail and call farewell.

*Daniel S. Richardson.*

*From "Trail Dust";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1908.*

## "THE NATIONS OF THE WEST"

The Nations of the West are grouped around that prairie wagon, drawn by two oxen. In the center stands the Mother of Tomorrow, a typical American girl, roughly dressed, but with character as well as beauty in her face and figure. On top of the wagon kneels the symbolic figure of "Enterprise", with a white boy on one side and a colored boy on the other, "Heroes of Tomorrow". On the other side of the wagon stand typical figures, the French-Canadian trapper, the Alaska woman, bearing totem poles on her back, the American of Latin descent on his horse, bearing a standard, a German, an Italian, an American of English descent, a squaw with a papoose, and an Indian chief on his pony.

*John D. Barry.*

*From "The City of Domes";*
*San Francisco: John J. Newbegin, 1915.*

## MUIR OF THE MOUNTAINS

A lean, wild-haired, wild-bearded craggy man,
Wild as a Modoc and as unafraid,
A man who went his way with no man's aid,
Yet mild and soft of heart as any maid.

Sky-loving, stalwart as the sugar-pine,
Sweet, simple, fragrant as that towering tree,
A mountain man, and free as they are free
Who tread the heights and know tranquility.

A man whose speech knew naught of studied art,
But careless straying as the stream that flows,
And full of grace, poetic as the rose
That to the wind its pure song-petals throws.

A relish of the larger life was his,
With reverence rapt and wonder and deep awe
For any beauty Nature's brush might draw,
A man of faith who kept each primal law.

The skylands brown, the blest sky-waters blue
He haunted, and he had a curious eye
For glaciers, where his bold feet dared to try
The dizziest summits and their threats defy.

A coarse and stinted fare to him was rich
So it were seasoned with the savory
Sweet airs, while his glad eye was feasting free
Upon the blue domes of Yo Semite.

He made his bed amid the sheltering rocks
Or where the lowly, blood-red snow-plant blooms,
Where sleep more sweetly comes than ever comes
In the stale heated air and dust of rooms.

Unarmed he faced the grizzly in the wood,
Birds trilled him friendly notes from tree-tops tall;
The ouzel, thrush and quail and whimsical
Gray squirrel miss him, for he loved them all.

Gone is the traveler of the unseen trail
To seek that wilder beauty which defied
His eager earthly quest—gone with his Guide
To find it there beyond the Great Divide!

*Bailey Millard.*

*From "San Francisco Examiner", August 15, 1916;*
*Read to the Sierra Club at its meeting in*
*Muir Woods, August 12, 1916.*

## THE MEMORY OF THE PIONEERS

The memory of the Pioneers will never pass; the traditions of Sutter's Fort and Coloma and Table Mountain and Poker Flat will live forever. The very odor of the balsam of pines, the scent of wild azaleas, the gleam of banks of red sandstone, live in the pages of our history, while the eloquence of Starr King and Baker will survive as long as upon the broad domain of California the heart of a patriot will beat with love.

*John F. Davis.*

## ABOUT LANGUAGES

It is said that in a shop-window in France is a sign thus: "English Spoken American Understood"; which reminds us of the native daughter who said she could speak five languages: San Francisco, San Bruno, Mission and Potrero, and could make herself understood in Alameda.

*George Douglas.*

*From "Bits for Breakfast";*
*S. F. Chronicle, September, 1918.*

## PORT TOWNSEND

Above the waters of the Inland Sea
Whose tides like rushing troops of cavalry,
Omnipotent, bear down from Ocean's breast;
And surge and roar and leap from crest to crest,
Until exhausted on Olympia's sands
This city of the Sound resplendent stands.
* * * * * * * *
Oh, silent night, in soft September air!
Oh grand and lovely Sound beyond compare!
The crescent moon has vanished in the West,
And all the stars are mirrored in thy breast.
Above from violet sky, the Pleiades
Reflect their brilliance in the glassy seas;
Orion holds his gleaming saber high;
His jeweled belt with splendor lights the sky;
While Aldebaran shines with ruddy glow,
And Sirius flashes diamonds from below.

As down the smooth but rapid tide they steer
The shadows of the forest disappear.
And pulse of engine, sound of busy mill,
No more are heard; but all is hushed and still.

*Leonard S. Clark.*

*An extract*
*From "Overland Monthly";*
*November, 1893.*

## DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE

Under the desert sky the spreading multitude was called to order. There followed a solemn prayer of thanksgiving. The laurel tie was placed, amidst ringing cheers. The golden spike was set. The trans-American wire was adjusted. Amid breathless silence the silver hammer was lifted, poised, dropped, giving the gentle tap that ticked the news to all the world. Then blow on blow, Governor Stanford sent the spike to place! A storm of wild huzzas burst forth; desert rock and sand, plain and mountain echoed the conquest of their terrors. The two engines moved up, touched noses; and each in turn crossed the magic tie. America was belted! The great Iron Way was finished.

*Sarah Pratt Carr.*

*From "The Iron Way,"*
*A. C. McClurg & Co., 1907.*

## THE FIRST SHIP TO ENTER SAN FRANCISCO BAY

To Lieutenant Ayala was designed the survey of the Bay of San Francisco. Owing to contrary winds progress was slow and it was not until August 5th, that they approached the entrance to the port. * * * At nine the tide was out so strongly that the ship was driven to sea, but at eleven o'clock the tide turned and it drew near the coast, the captain approaching the entrance with caution, taking frequent soundings. At sunset the launch was seen coming from the port but the flood tide was too strong and she was forced back. Night was now coming on; an anchorage must be found and the San Carlos stood in through the unknown passage. Rock cliffs lined the narrow strait and the inrushing tide dashing against rock pinnacles bore the little ship onward. In mid-channel a sixty fathom line with a twenty pound lead failed to find bottom. Swiftly ran the tide and as day darkened into night the San Carlos sailed through the uncharted narrows, passed into its inner portal, and opened the Golden Gate to the commerce of the world. Skirting the northern shore the first ship cast anchor in the waters of San Francisco Bay at half-past ten o'clock on the night of August 5th, 1775, in twenty-two fathoms, off what is now Sausalito.

*Zoeth Skinner Eldredge.*

*From "The Beginnings of San Francisco," 1912.*

## CHINESE CURIO

Wong Ning stands in his usual place with that wise look he always assumes when about to indulge in legendary lore about "one home China". And thus he speaks: "You know why the little cat, the little dog always keep the eye shut for nine days? Why, the calf no keep him shut at all?"

"Why, no, Wong Ning; why is it?"

"I hear 'on home, China' that when little cat first born, she say to the mother, 'Mother Cat, what kind of world this?' And the mother say, 'Velly poor world this; have velly hard time. The master pull the tail; the children throw too many stone, dlown in the water. Velly hard world you come.' The little dog say, 'Mother Dog, what kind of world this?' just the same like the little cat. And the mother say, 'Not good world —have velly hard time. Get plenty kick; sometime no get anythin' eat. Velly poor world you come.' And the little cat, the little dog keep the eye shut and cly, cly for nine days because such a bad world."

"But when the little calf say, 'Mother Cow, what kind of

world this?' the mother say, 'Velly nice world this. Have plenty to eat; no work; master take velly good care all your life. Velly good world you come.'

"And the little calf open the eyes quick."

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Golden Era Magazine"; August, 1884.*

## LIFE IN BODIE IN 1865

These jolly miners were the happiest set of bachelors imaginable, with neither chick nor child to trouble them; cooked their own food, did their own washing; mended their own clothes; made their own beds; and on Sundays cut their own hair, greased their own boots and brushed their own coats, thus proving to the most positive direct evidence that woman is an unnecessary and expensive institution, and ought to be abolished by law. I have always maintained, and do still contend, that the constant interference, the despotic sway, the exactions and caprices of the female sex ought no longer to be tolerated, and it is with a glow of pride and triumph that I introduce this striking example of the ability of men to live in a state of exemption from all these trials and tribulations. True, I must admit that the honest miners of Bodie spent a great deal of their leisure time in reading yellow-covered novels and writing love-letters; but that was only a clever device to fortify themselves against the insidious approaches of the enemy.

*J. Ross Browne.*

*From "Harper's Monthly", September, 1865; also from "Complete Guide to Mono County Mines", by Joseph Wasson.*

## AN EARLY SPANISH SCENE

We were followed in a moment by the Governor, adjusting his collar and smoothing his hair. As he reached the doorway at the front of the house he was greeted with a shout from assembled Monterey. The plaza was gay with beaming faces and bright attire. The men, women and children of the people were on foot, a mass of color on the opposite side of the plaza, the women in gaudy cotton frocks girt with silken sashes, tawdry jewels and spotless camisas, the coquettish reboso draping with equal grace faces old and brown, faces round and olive, the men in glazed sombreros, short calico jackets and

trousers, Indians wound up in gala blankets. In the foreground were caballeros and doñs on prancing, silver-trapped horses, laughing and coquetting, looking down in triumph upon the dueñas and parents who rode older and milder mustangs and shook brown, knotted fingers at heedless youth. The young men had ribbons twisted in their long black hair and silver eagles on their soft gray sombreros. Their velvet serapes were embroidered in gold; the velvet knee-breeches were laced with gold or silver cord over fine white linen; long deer-skin botas were gartered with vivid ribbon; flaunting sashes bound their slender waists, knotted over the hip. The girls and young married women wore black or white mantillas, the silken lace of Spain, regardless of the sun which might darken their Castilian fairness. Their gowns were of flowered silk or red or yellow satin, the waist long and pointed, the skirt full; jeweled buckles of tiny slippers flashed beneath the hem. A few Americans were there in the ugly garb of their country—a blot on the picture.

*Gertrude Atherton.*

*From "The Dooms-Woman"; 1893.*

## THE GRAND CANYON FROM AURORA TO BODIE BLUFF

One fine morning in September we set forth on our expedition. The rugged cliffs along the road cropped out at every turn like grim old castles of feudal times, and there were frowning fortresses of solid rock that seemed ready to belch forth murderous streams of fire upon the head of any enemy that might approach. I was particularly struck with the rugged grandeur of the scenery in the neighborhood of Fogus' quartz-mill. * * *

We stopped a while at the foot of the grade to visit the magnificent quartz-mills of the Real Del Monte and Antelope mining companies, of which I had heard so much since my arrival in Aurora. Both of these mills are built of brick on the same plan, and in the Gothic style of architecture. Nothing finer in point of symmetrical proportion, beauty and finish of the machinery, and capacity for reducing ores by crushing and amalgamation, exists on the Eastern slopes of the Sierras. I had little expected to find in this out of the way part of the world such splendid monuments of enterprise. * * * Passing several other mills as we proceeded up the canyon, we entered a singularly wild and rugged pass in the mountains

where it seemed as if the earth had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature for the express purpose of letting people through. It reminded me of the Almannajan in Iceland, which was evidently produced by the contraction of the lava as it cooled and dried. Whatever way it happened, the road thus formed is a great convenience to the traveling public.

* * * * * * * *

(In description of a trip to Mono Lake the following is added:)

"A soft delicious air, fragrant with odors of wild-flowers, and new-mown hay, made it a luxury to breathe. High to the right, tipped by the glowing rays of the sun, towered the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada. In the west and south, grand and solitary—monarchs among the mountain-kings—stood Castle Peak and Mount Dana as if in sublime scorn of the puny civilization which encircles their feet. These mighty potentates of the wilderness, according to the geological survey of Professor Whitney, reach the altitude of 13,000 and 13,500 feet, respectively.

*J. Ross Browne.*

*From "Harper's Monthly", September, 1865; also from "Complete Guide to Mono County Mines", by Joseph Wasson.*

## A TRIP TO THE TOP OF MOUNT TAMALPAIS

**Personnel: Chaperon, Poets, Blossoms and Guide**

Prose is lonesome in the presence of poetry. The atmosphere that circles at the foot of Mount Tamalpais is laden with the tune which gives the poet inspiration. Up from the waters, across the vine-clad hills and valleys, speeds to a meeting the hushed music of the winds, the psalm of Nature.

The heart of the poet is light, the foot of the poet is free, and even the children, the blossoms, measured their tread in iambics. I jogged along in prose. * * * The children loitered by the way to weave round their fingers the silken thread that the gossamer spider hangs on blades of grass. The poets paused to peep up through the trees, admiring the tints that break out here and there in splendor, and are interested in the fungi that spring up, of every size and hue, from slender scarlet on the decaying log to the bold toadstool that the children call "the lunch table for the fairies of the mountain." A deer sped across the trail. * * * Two poets remained, too weary to proceed further. The hot sun sent down

rays that pierced like needle-points. All beauty was forgotten. The chaperon and the blossoms reached the mountain road, then turned back to quaff from the spring. * * * The climb through the underbrush was taken. The physical and the esthetical waged a war. The love of beauty triumphed. My hot thirst for water was abated by the approaching view of the Pacific. The last rock was scaled. I stood on the top with arms outstretching like a cross. Nature had lifted me above the level of vegetation and cast aside the mountain's drapery of fog.

I could see where wheat fields, groves and orchards meet the waters of the great salt sea, and the little villages of wild, romantic beauty, half hidden by the oak trees and the willows. Just beyond the Golden Gate I could see Sutro Heights, with its classic beauty, a landmark of the endless waste beyond.

There are panoramas of the Hudson, and the Rhine, but there are none to equal the cycle of Tamalpais, where the human vision leaps from city to city, from bay to bay, from village to village, from lake to lake, from mountain to mountain, from ocean to infinite space.

*Harr Wagner.*

*From "Story of the Files of California";*
*San Francisco: 1893.*

## A TRIBUTE TO STARR KING

As the man plodded down Geary street, he came to an old building of gray stone, whose walls were half buried beneath a dense growth of English ivy which framed the arched doorway. Some meeting was being held inside, and through the stained-glass windows the light fell in brilliant patches on the moist green sward, reaching the outlines of a low Gothic tomb, where all that was mortal of Starr King had been placed by loving hands, in sight of the church that had been the scene of his unselfish ministrations. In his extremity of need the desolate man outside, clung to the iron palings, while his heart cried aloud to the friend of his boyhood days. But no answer came from the silent sleeper.

*Flora Haines Longhead.*

*From "The Man Who Was Guilty";*
*Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1886.*

## A THOUGHT UPON LAKE TAHOE

To a wearied frame and tired mind what refreshment there is in the neighborhood of this lake! The air is singularly searching and strengthening. The noble pines not obstructed by underbrush, enrich the slightest breeze with aroma and music. Grand peaks rise around, on which the eye can admire the sternness of everlasting crags and the equal permanence of delicate and feathery snow. Then there is the sense of seclusion from the haunts and cares of men, of being upheld on the immense pillars of the Sierra at an elevation near the line of perpetual snow, yet finding the air genial, and the loneliness clothed with the charm of feeling the sense of the mystery of the mountain heights part of a chain that links the two polar seas, and of the mystery of the water poured into the granite bowl, whose bounty finds no outlet into the ocean but sinks again into the land. * * * The whole of the vast surface of the lake * * * is a mass of pure splendor. When the day is calm, there is a ring of the lake, extending more than a mile from shore which is brilliantly green. Within this ring the vast center of the expanse is of a deep, yet soft and singularly tinted blue. * * * They do not shade into each other; they lie as clearly defined as the course of glowing gems in the wall of the New Jerusalem.

*Thomas Starr King.*

*From "Christianity and Humanity";*
*Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1863.*
*By George Wharton James, 1098 N. Raymond Ave.,*
*Pasadena, California, 1915.*

## A PICTURE OF THE LAKE TAHOE REGION

After leaving the fertile valley of the Sacramento and rising into the glorious foothills of the Sierras, every roll of the billows of the mountains and canyons wedged in between is redolent of memories of the argonauts and emigrants. Yonder are Yuba, Dutch Flat, the North Fork, the South Fork (of the American River), Colfax, Gold Run, Midas, Blue Canyon, Emigrant Gap, Grass Valley, Michigan Bluff, Grizzly Gulch, Alpha, Omega, Eagle Bird, Red Dog, Chips Flat, Quaker Hill and You Bet. Can you not see these camps, alive with rough-handed, full-bearded, sunburned, stalwart men, and hear the clang of hammer upon drill, the shock of the blast, the wheeling away and crash of waste rock as it is thrown over the dump pile?

And it is in the very bottom of this majestic scenery that Lake Tahoe lies enshrined. Its entrancing beauty is such that we do not wonder that the triumphant monarchs of the "upper seas" cluster around it as if in reverent adoration, and that they wear their vestal virgin robes of purest white in token of the purity of their worship.

Thoughts like these flood our hearts and minds as we reach Truckee, the point where we leave the Southern Pacific cars and change to those of the narrow gauge for Tahoe Tavern on the very edge of the lake. This ride is of itself romantic and beautiful. The river of the Truckee is never out of sight, and again and again it reminds one in its foaming speed of Joaquin Miller's expressive phrase:

"See where the cool white river runs."

*George Wharton James.*

*From "The Lake of the Sky";*
*Pasadena, California, 1915.*

## A TRIBUTE TO LAKE TAHOE

Oh! the exquisite beauty of this lake—its clear waters, emerald green, and the deepest ultramarine blue; its pure shores, rocky or cleanest gravel, so clean that the chafing of the waves does not stain in the least the bright cleanness of the waters; the high granite mountains with serried peaks which stand close around its very shore to guard its crystal purity—this lake, not among, but on the mountains, lifted six thousand feet towards the deep-blue over-reaching sky whose image it reflects! * * * All these produce a never-ceasing and ever-increasing sense of joy, which naturally grows into love. There would seem to be no beauty except as associated with human life and connected with a sense of fitness for human happiness. Natural beauty is but the type of spiritual beauty.

*Joseph Le Conte.*

*From "The Lake of the Sky";*
*by George Wharton James,*
*Pasadena, California, 1915.*

## A SIERRA SNOW-PLANT

From afar they had a glimpse of the beautiful blue-green lake of Tahoe, but went on, upward. Presently the party came upon a jagged place of broken rocks in the midst of a thick covering of pine-needles, where was growing a tall thick

stem of watermelon pink, studded from top to root with graceful bells and bracts of the same color.

Murielle fell down beside it, calling to them all in a triumphant tone, "Oh, I have found a snow-plant—I've found a snow-plant." And with a broken pine-bough she dug away the earth, revealing below a great tuberlike root of the delicate pink, which she declared went down endlessly. She broke it off a foot below, saying, "I have never succeeded in reaching the end of a root yet, and I won't worry with this one. Isn't it a beauty? Every bell is perfect. Have you ever studied snow-plants, Mr. Earl?"

"No," he said smiling, "I am just commencing." She looked up quickly. "This is my first lesson, I mean," he added. "They are of strange growth, I have heard." "Well, they are strange plants to me," she continued. "I am convinced that they belong to the fungus family, even if the botanies do say 'the heath family.' They grow suddenly and they wither over night, sometimes, and they are fleshy like a fungus, too."

"What? Does a fungus grow with such regularity and beauty?" he objected.

"Not generally, of course," she admitted. "But you surely won't try to make me believe it is just a common exogenous plant! This, you must remember, is an extraordinary fungus." "Could it not be a parasitic plant, springing from some peculiarity in a pine-root, or some underground stem?" he suggested. "That might explain the length of its root."

"Possibly," replied Murielle thoughtfully, "I wonder why I never thought of it before. You have only commenced the study, Mr. Earl, yet you are ahead of me. I feel as if I were in the primary class."

"You must remember that I have all the benefit of your study to begin with. Will it wilt before we get it to the hotel?" Murielle laughed. "Now you show how superficial your knowledge is. Any one could see this is your first experience. Why, I intend to take that plant home with me to San Francisco, to exhibit for a month to come."

"How? You certainly can't press it in a book, a great big tuber like that." He seemed mystified.

"No, I shall pack it in ice and it will keep fresh and full for weeks." He whistled to express his surprise.

"Put it in the lunch-basket, please," she said to him, "it is too heavy to carry in your hand—rather too bulky, I should say."

"Too delicate, you mean," he added mischievously; "my

hands are not exactly icy. I am afraid it would wilt very soon in my care."

*Ella Sterling Mighels.*

*From "The Little Mountain Princess";*
*(first novel written by a native Californian);*
*Boston: Loring, 1880.*

## NIGHT ON SHASTA

How very close to heaven it seems up here,
When noiseless night her velvet curtain drops!
I dare not raise my head above the copse
Lest I should bump some star, they are so near.
How dark below; above, how dazzling clear!
The moon, just risen, sails the sky and stops
Resplendent, in the dark firs' stunted tops—
But where the goddess of the silver spear?

Sweet heathen! She has not the hardihood
To hunt so close the very throne of God;
Her beauty cannot charm this sacred wood;
She dares not tread upon such hallowed sod;
In some Ionian vale she conquers still,
But not upon this vast sidereal hill.

*Ralph Bacon.*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

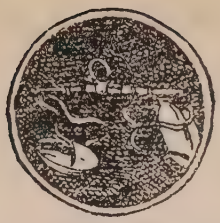
In August comes a glory unlike any other to the landscape. I remember a row of plum or prune trees of the silver and the blue, alternating, where the fruitage was so heavy that the branches turned downward and hung upon the very ground, making a gorgeous screen in decorative design of peacock tints. It was my very own, on my little baby-ranch up at Silver Hill in Hayward that this wonder came to pass. I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning to go out and gaze upon it from the sheer love of beauty. And meanwhile I enjoyed tasting the sweet ripe gems of this Aladdin-like tale of a garden—and gained new life and strength in the midst of such perfection.

*A. E.*

## WHO GOETH SOFTLY

Who goeth softly, safely goes,
Wisdom walks on velvet toes.

*Loronzo Sosso.*



## THE MINER'S SONG OF LABOR

The eastern sky is blushing red,
  The distant hill-tops glowing;
The brook is murmuring in its bed,
  In idle frolics flowing;
'T is time the pickaxe and the spade,
  And iron "tom" were ringing,
And with ourselves, the mountain stream,
  A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is cool and fresh,
  Unclouded skies bend o'er us,
Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,
  Lie temptingly before us;
We ask no magic Midas' wand,
  Nor wizard-rod divining,
The pickaxe, spade and brawny hand
  Are sorcerers in mining.

When labor closes with the day,
  To simple fare returning,
We gather in a merry group
  Around the camp-fire burning;
The mountain sod our couch at night,
  The stars shine bright above us,
We think of home and fall asleep,
  To dream of those who love us.

*John Swett.*

## A FAIR EXCHANGE

Time is money; I have plenty of the former to exchange for a little of the latter.

*Mark Twain.*

## A PERFECT DAY

I will be glad today; the sun
  Smiles all adown the land;
The lilies lean along the way;
The full-blown roses, red and white,
  In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods
  Forgets, nor longer grieves;
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,
  And ripples the ripe sheaves;
High overhead some happy bird
  Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, the bees;
  A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
  From some far pasture-ground;
The crickets in the warm, green grass
  Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,
  Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing cloud;
  The sea looks up as fair—
So bright a picture on its breast
  As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter—nay,
  Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
  Of immemorial years:
Perhaps of that far morn when she
  Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds today
  Some sacred Sabbath feast;
It may be that some patient soul
  Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake He smiles on us,
  And all the day is blest.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

*From "Songs from the Golden Gate";*
*Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1895.*

## THE SPIRIT OF CALIFORNIA

I am Ariel freed of a master;
  I am Puck lacking Oberon's ban;
When the lotus is ripe, hark my Pandean pipe,
  For I'm Peter the godchild of Pan.
I am Iris, my brush is a rainbow:
  Endymion awakened am I;
I'm the breast of the tree Hamadryad I be—
  With Sequoia I tickle the sky!

O, I'm secret of life-giving rivers;
  I am balm that exhales from Health's cave;
Consumed in each kernel, I live on eternal,
  I am Master of Life, I'm its Slave.
From the battlements of the Sierra
  The Pandean pipe I swing free,
And my far-floating tune, in the stillness of noon,
  Weaves a spell from the peaks to the sea.

*Rufus Steele.*

*Copyright; P. F. Collier & Son, 1909.*

## A SONG OF WORK

There is no idleness in all this moving world
That lives and flourishes.
For idleness is death,
It nourishes
Its lorn existence with the dying breath,
It hovers spectre-like round tombs and graves,
It lies in mouldy vaults and dank forgotten caves,
With rotting skulls that crumble 'neath the hand,
It skulks and falters thro' the living land,
And ever cries and cries
In its death throe as it lies.
But work and toil is life!
There's a glory in the strife,
There's a vigor in the strain,
There's a promise in the pain
Of work, work, work!
Oh the men that never shirk
Life's appointed task,
And the women who ne'er ask
If the work will ever end—
Oh the trees that never bend
'Neath the pressure of the storm,
Oh the lusty upright form,
Oh the ever busy brain,

Ever striving to attain
More, more, more
Of the world's unstudied lore!
Hear the anvil and the hammer
How they bandy forth their clamor,
Hear the ceaseless bells that ring,
Hear the reapers toil and sing—
Hear the buzz and hum
Of the engines, never dumb
In the sawmill, with the shrilling
Of the lumber 'neath the plane;
It is crying out in pain
That the heartless steel is killing,
Killing every forest tree,
Large and free.
Hear the sailors making sail,
Hear their chantey in the gale,
As they pull, pull, pull,
Till the flapping sail is full.
See the clerk forever writing,
See the businessman inditing
Letters that will make his fortune,
While his creditors importune.
All are busy—some with good and some with evil—
Shrewd connivings with the devil
Busy some with midnight revel—
Such is life—all incomplete and growing,
Working, heaving, thrusting, throwing—
Working out God's destined plan,
Working for the betterment of man,
Working through the aeons fierce and strong,
Bursting forth with gladness into song.

*Charles A. Keeler.*

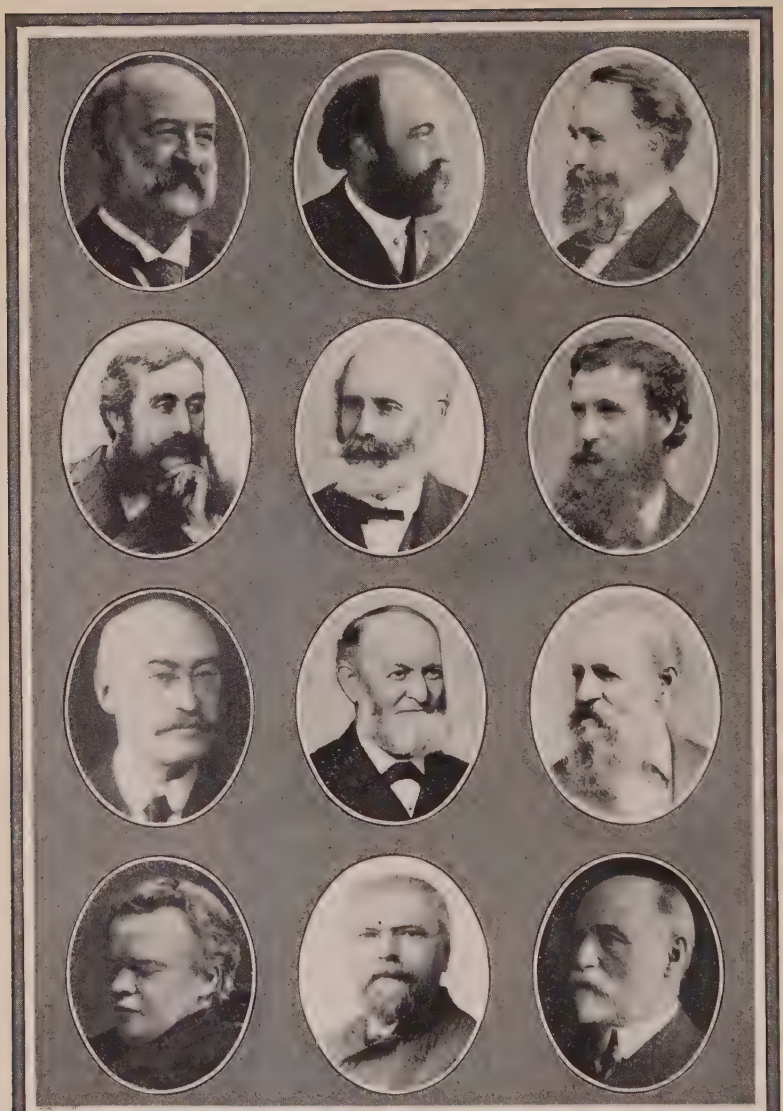
## ALL WORK IS PRAYER

All work is prayer beneath the sun;
  The laborer is God's true priest:
Will he not ask, "What have ye done?"
  Of those who only play and feast?

The world is one great hive of toil;
  Man's ministry through ages past
Has glorified the common soil
  To raise God's altar there at last.

GALAXY 13.—POETS, PROSE-WRITERS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Charles Keeler | Mrs. I. Lowenberg | Charles Phillips |
| D. S. Richardson | Richard Edward White | James Hopper |
| Mariana Bertola | Josephine Martin | Louis Robertson |
| Clarence Urmy | Fred Emerson Brooks | Alice Rose Power |



GALAXY 14.—HISTORICAL AND SCIENTIFIC WRITERS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Noah Brooks | Charles Howard Shinn | J. Ross Browne |
| H. H. Bancroft | J. M. Hutchings | John Muir |
| Zoeth S. Eldredge | John Hittell | Theodore Hittell |
| Josiah Royce | Charles Nordoff | John P. Young |

No other shrine his worship needs;
No other prayer for Jew or Turk,
Gentile, or men of various creed,
Except the glorious prayer of work.

Work! noble, pure, devout—baptized
By man alone, the living prayer:
Work sanctified! but equalized,
So that each one shall do his share.

No kings; no beggars: none so great
As to despise the hands that toil
To build the true Fraternal State
In every land, or every soil.

O ye who strive to break the ban,
Still laboring from year to year
To bring equality to man,
Work on! work on! the time is near.

*Lorenzo Sosso.*

## SCIENCE

The winds of heaven trample down the pines
Or creep in lazy tides along the lea;
Lead the wild waters from the smitten rock,
Or crawl with childish babble to the sea;
But why the tempests out of heaven blow,
Or what the purpose of the seaward flow,
No man hath known, and none shall ever know.

Why seek to know? To follow nature up
Against the current of her course, why care?
Vain is the toil; he's wisest still who knows
All science is but formulated prayer—
Prayer for the warm winds and the quickening rain,
Prayer for sharp sickle and for laboring swain,
To gather from the planted past the grain.

*Ambrose G. Bierce.*

*From "Golden Era"; December, 1883.*

## EXTRACT FROM EARLY POEM ON MECHANIC ART

Mechanics! to your hands we owe
Whatever we behold below,
From Nature taken, and designed
To suit the changing human mind.
And more, Americans! our State,
So young, and yet so proudly great!
* * * * * * * *
What need to praise upon my part,
The genius of Mechanic Art?
She speaks—from quarries, woods and mines,
Behold like light a city shines.
She waves her wand—the seas are white
With ships impatient in their flight.
Her finger traces, and its course
Is followed by the iron horse;
Through the deep seas from which the heart
In wildest fantasy will start
She looks, and lo! the magic wire
Transports her messages of fire.
For her the blacksmith swings his sledge,
The builder grinds his hatchet's edge,
All workmen labor as she says,
All matter her behest obeys,
All shapes are facile at her nod,
From the rude cabin-logs and sod
To temples to the living God.

*Edward Pollock.*

*Delivered at the opening of the First Industrial Exhibition, September 7, 1857.*

## A MESSAGE FROM ADLEY H. CUMMINS

There is an engraving hanging on a wall in this city of San Francisco, an engraving which thousands have stopped to admire and study. It is like the voice of one crying in the wilderness—like the eloquent voice of the desert preacher. It represents, I think, the ruins of Persepolis. Stately columns and graceful pillars rise on every side; in the foreground a flight of marble steps is pictured. It is midnight and moonlight on the desert. In that bright light which many have observed to illumine such solitudes, a vivid evidence of life appears. Those halls are no longer tenantless, silent and forsaken. A king and his queen have deigned to visit them.

Ages ago, one who was pleased to term himself the King of Kings—whose reign extended from the Golden Horn to Samarcand, from the Hydaspes to the Aegean—was wont to pace those corridors in luxury and pride; but up those marble steps now pace in solitary grandeur the king of beasts and his consort, and his roar sounds out the requiem of the departed State.

And yet within that city and all the countless towns along that line of latitude there was a time when life was sweet to the human inhabitants; when mothers looked with holy joy upon the budding promise of youth; love looked into the eyes of love and told in silence, or in soft and tender words, that old, old story, which man has ever told his mate, and will continue so to do as long as

Myrtles grow and roses blow
And morning brings the sun;

where sorrow-stricken people with breaking hearts laid away their dead to rest and asked, "When shall it please God that we meet again?"

The young, the bright, the beautiful, the mourned and the mourner have alike passed away, and the state and majesty of their country have departed. Why so? Because the Corrupter came to dwell with them; because wealth accumulated and MEN decayed. The rich became richer, the poor poorer. While the one rioted in ill-gotten opulence, the other pined away in infinite pain. So alongside the name of that nation, upon a blank space in the page of history is written: "This nation became so vile and infamous that it was no longer fit to live; it therefore died."

The sword of vengeance is ready drawn for any other nation which permits such a state of society. The executioner, though not in sight, will appear at the critical moment, and smite the worthless head from the infamous trunk.

*From "The San Franciscan"; 1884.*

## FRATERNITY

I sing of Human Brotherhood, the sentiment divine
That views a brother mortal's ills as if those ills were mine;
That of the good or ill of life will either lend or borrow,
And with his neighbor share his joy or share his neighbor's sorrow.

Alas! that man from Eden's way so soon should step aside—
That the first-born of all mankind should be a fratricide.
Alas! through all the centuries that man with man was striving
In endless feuds and bloody war instead of peace contriving.

From age to age, in every land, man's history has stood
A chronicle of human woe, writ in fraternal blood;
Nation 'gainst nation, man 'gainst man, through all its crimson pages,
In deadly enmity arrayed—the story of the ages.

But through the cruel centuries were prophets, bards and seers,
Who caught a glimpse of better days amid the darkling years,
When mighty men of hand and brain should use their God-like power
To elevate the weak and poor, and not crush him lower—

When men should grasp each other's hands, and seek each other's good,
And join themselves in loyal bands of Knightly Brotherhood—
When woman should at last be free from her enthralled subjection,
And stand upon an equal plane of Mutual Protection.

Hail we the happy days for which the ancient bards did pray,
That usher in the gospel of the New Fraternity;
That teaches men the blessedness of loving and forgiving,
And in the place of war and death gives peace and joyful living.

Hail to the men of every guild—"Mason," "Odd Fellow", "Friend",
"Red Man," "Forester," "Workman," "Knight," in whom thy virtues blend;
Who see in earth's lowly child a sister or a brother,
And recognizes that "love of God" is "love for one another".

Fraternity! Fraternity! What human tongue or pen
Can estimate the great "good will" which thou hast brought to men—
What joy and comfort thou hast brought unto the poor and sighing!
What unrecorded ministries unto the sick and dying!

Ah! not till the last trump proclaims that time shall cease to be
Will it be known in earth or heaven how much we owe to thee.

Then when the books are opened and the angels tell the story,
Heaven's vaults shall echo to the song that celebrates thy glory.

*Sam Booth.*

*From "Poems by Sam Booth";*
*Neal Publishing Company, 66 Fremont Street,*
*San Francisco.*

## "GET LEAVE TO WORK"

Get leave to work—
In this world 't is the best you get at all;
For God in cursing gives better gifts
Than man in benediction. God says sweat
For foreheads, men say crowns, and so we are crowned;
As gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring—get work, get work,
Be sure it is better than what you work to get.

*A Memory Gem.*

*Cherished fragment quoted by a Pioneer Woman,*
*Mrs. M. M. Bay, of Hayward.*

## THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM

Of the unsolved problems that have agitated the human mind from time immemorial, the most important has been to make just provision for the poor. Intellectual and philanthropic giants have grappled with this most vital problem in vain. For it is the duty of every one to ameliorate the condition of the poor without impairing the self respect of the recipient. Dignity of manhood can be acquired and maintained only by means of honest labor, not by subsisting on the earnings or generosity of the benevolent. "While all have a right to exist," yet it must always be remembered that "Every right involves a corresponding duty." * * *

The great teacher, Paul, said, "He that will not work shall not eat." In spite of the march of civilization with its inventions, machinery, and tremendous improvements, the army of the poor steadily increase, assuming colossal proportions. How shall they gain their bread? There is no problem of today more worthy of the thought of man than this—how shall the unemployed be turned away from despair and led into proper channels of activity for the good of not only themselves, but also for the world's good?

Metternich wisely and truly observes, "There are no more political questions, there are only social questions." We are standing on the brink of a volcano, and no number of soup-houses will repress the smouldering fires; it requires more direct, substantial aid. Some plan must be devised by the body politic to make men self-sustaining. Sporadic charity amounts to nothing save temporarily, for that alone, while the cause still remains untouched, for each tomorrow brings its own hunger afresh. Every dollar given to an association to provide work —work in any shape for the unemployed—is the initiation of a commendable effort to elevate the condition of the poor. This attempt is not an iconoclastic one, not tearing down without building up; it is simply substituting the workshop for the soup-house. If we make the people independent of charity; but dependent upon labor, there will rise up a nation in that place, strong in principle and action—the essential elements of a free and powerful race.

* * * * * * * * * *

In a certain canton in Switzerland there is already a society started on these lines, taking for its motto this principle, "Labor is the best largesse". A number of persons subscribe so much annually for the purchase of raw material, usually cotton, flax, hemp, thread, which is given to be worked up for pay, and the product is either sold or distributed amongst the subscribers at a fair price. I read recently that thirty-one persons died of actual starvation in London last year, not one having applied to the parish authorities for relief. It is even more our duty to reach this deserving class to preserve them to the world, than the merely thriftless who are willing to accept charity, and by supplying work to know that it is possible to gather all in, both the worthy as well as the unworthy poor.

There is no doubt that nothing can be done without labor; but it must not be forgotten that nothing can be done without capital. They are certainly dependent upon each other. We all, the rich and poor, are mutually inter-dependent. Each needs the other.

Preventive charity by endeavoring to provide work for the masses is the great thing to be accomplished. Neither trades-unions, mechanical inventions, nor other great discoveries of hitherto unknown forces, nor elemosynary institutions have decreased pauperism. Charity demoralizes because it eliminates the stamina and self-respect—work elevates man.

Exceptions should be made in regard to the giving of alms and providing institutions. Indulgence is claimed for the children, the infirm and the aged, and even the maintenance of

the latter could be avoided and their independence secured, as in some parts of Europe where there is a compulsory insurance for old age which works with excellent results.

It is not the "Man with the Hoe" that cries to the world, but the man "Without the Hoe", who wants work and there is none. The "hoe" does not make the man the "Brother of the Ox", but the brother of the man who will rise with new conditions.

Organized associations and public workshops where needy persons can apply and obtain work and must work, not organized charities, are what are required. Work is not demoralizing, but develops "individual freedom"—the goal we all should seek.

*Mrs. I. Lowenberg.*

*From "The Unsolved Problem";*
*read before the California Federation of Women's Clubs,*
*Los Angeles, 1899.*

## TWO FRIENDS

Heaven in its bounty, friends unto me sent;
From some I borrowed and to others lent.
Now this I say: If thou wouldst keep a friend,
Of him then borrow—wouldst thou lose him, lend.

*Charles Henry Webb.*

*From "With Lead and Line";*
*Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1901.*

## THE AUTHORS' CARNIVAL

The Authors' Carnival, given at Mechanics' Pavilion in 1879 for the benefit of the various hospitals of the city was by far the most elaborate and successful of any entertainment given in San Francisco up to that time. The prominent characters from the works of eminent authors were represented by many of the ladies and gentlemen of the most exclusive circles of society, and the grand procession with which the evening's entertainment was opened proved the most gorgeous and attractive in the splendor and variety of the costumes worn by the participants that has ever been seen in the city. Mr. Smyth Clark, then a prominent member of the Bohemian Club, and myself, owing to our striking resemblance to each other, were chosen to represent the Cheeryble Brothers of Charles

Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby", and by reason of the similarity of our features, size and costume, we were considered quite a prominent feature of the parade. To those now living who took part in that delightful work of the Authors' Carnival, I wish to say that I only hope their recollection of the scenes and events of that season is as pleasing to them as it has ever been with me.

*George Tisdale Bromley.*

*From "The Long Ago and the Later On";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1904.*

## HISTORICAL

To the little city of Jackson, belongs the honor of being the birthplace of the noble Order of Native Daughters of the Golden West, the great sisterhood of native-born California women which has grown from its humble beginning in the foothills of Amador County to a mighty army of earnest workers for the civic and social development of our wonderful Western Empire on the shores of the Pacific. This distinctively California organization was founded in Jackson on Saturday, September 11, 1886, as result of a call issued to native-born California women by Miss Lilly O. Reichling, to whom the Grand Parlor has accorded special honor as the Founder of the Order.

## NOTE ON "THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

A great sensation followed the publishing of the poem, "The Man With the Hoe", in the "San Francisco Examiner", under the direction of the editor, Bailey Millard, himself a litterary man who was the first to recognize its greatness. Not understanding the true meaning of this magnificent word-painting, which many conceived to be intended as a slight to the farmer, a great storm of protest arose. It even went so far as to bring forth an offer of three money-prizes to any poet or poets who would successfully give answer, championing the cause of the worker in agriculture. Thousands competed, without adding to the riches of literature, and three well-known poets won the money. It is only those who have gazed on the celebrated painting of the great master of that art, who seem able to understand the poem. The poem was inspired by the painting which shows a poor French peasant at work in a turnip-field, in the days leading up to the horrors of the French

Revolution. After looking at this canvas you are better able to conceive of the reasons for the ferocities of that terrible epoch in the history of France. The poor wretch is exhausted, ill-fed, without one gleam of hope, yet digging away mechanically at his dreary labor. His mouth hangs open, he is the result of ages of oppression and the tyranny of kings. There has never been anything but despair and hunger and misery for the generations for which he stands, now a sinister and tragic form of dumb agony. There is the menace prophetic for all time, as portrayed by the brush of the great painter as a warning not only to France but to all the world forever. And here is the poem inspired by the painting to stand as a warning not only to France but to all the world forever. It took a great poet to understand a great painter and to interpret the message to us all. It is not a protest against the farmer, as some ignorant Americans conceive it to be; it is a protest against oppression. It is a symbol of what comes to pass as result of any oppression whatever. Let each one take it to himself, even in smaller degree, and not bear on so heavily to the burdens of either sister or brother in the great human family. This is what the great poet and the great painter are trying to tell us by this poem and by this painting. Yet this is not all of this peculiarly Californian episode by means of which the poem came into being. It must be told that the painting itself, masterpiece as it is, belongs in California. It was brought here, as the property of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and shared with the public by them, in loan exhibitions and at the World's Fair at Portland, Oregon, in 1905, to the great benefit of the people, generally. It was on one of these occasions that the poet, too poor to own the painting, himself, beheld the masterpiece, by the generosity of this art-spirit which belongs to our wealthy classes. He stood and beheld and gave forth to the world his interpretation.

Already a poet of mature years, yet until then his name was known only to a few of his brother-writers. But one of these realized the greatness of the poem and it was he who dared to publish and proclaim it. It has been my pleasure in New York circles to hear Bailey Millard introduce the poet, Edwin Markham, preparatory to his reading "The Man With the Hoe".

*The Gatherer.*

## THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Bowed with the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back his brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity;
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies;
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

*Edwin Markham.*

## THE LAST OF THE HOODLUMS

It was a strange sight in early days or nights to observe the cluttering up of the San Francisco docks with boys of all ages who chose to make their homes there in preference to remaining under shelter with their elders. They roamed at will and enjoyed their freedom for a long time and no one interfered. The ships that came in were a fascinating study to them, and the sailors greeted them heartily. The climate was such that they knew no difference in the seasons and adapted themselves easily, being hardy young creatures, bent on having their own way, regardless of what happened. One day, several men of prominence observed what was going on and began to inquire about the matter. "Oh, they are just huddle-ums all together," said one, "you can't do anything with them."

From this, the term "hoodlums" is said to be derived—although in England a similar word is used to express a certain class there of a more criminal nature, "hoolighans"—by which it would appear that the same root-word applied to both is the outcome of a similar thought. As years passed, these young creatures were joined by others—spoiled darlings of indulgent mothers in many cases, who "spun not", yet who were arrayed in the habiliments of fashion of a peculiar sort of their own. And together, the idle and the outcasts joined forces and became a weird element in the social life of San Francisco not to be forgotten. The hoodlum and his girl were easily recognizable from all other classes. They assumed an air of jauntiness and defiance against social customs and while undoubtedly "tough customers", yet they belonged to the soil, climate and productions of San Francisco. They were not ignorant; they were far from being like the sodden criminal class. In some instances they were graduates of the grammar-schools of the city, and "sophisticated" to the nth degree.

They lived off of the benevolent, kindly ones who were in

the majority in those days, and even stories are told how a number of these unregenerates and youthful rogues played their tricks on Moody and Sankey and other leaders of religious movements, for the conversion of the people of San Francisco, and came forward at the revivals and repented publicly for the sake of the material benefit which was showered upon them, only to "backslide" the next day, and return to their fellows to brag of the adventures they had had "wid dem pious".

They evolved a vernacular all their own, startling and peculiar.

They had their own standard of honor. If one of them was stabbed by his best friend, he refused to recognize him when brought to his bedside in the hospital. "Wot d'ye take me fur?" he would growl.

One day an old woman appealed to one of these fellows to fix a key that had broken off in the lock. "Dat was de best day in my life fur I got a life-job from dat key. An' I kep' it fur my mascot for many a year—till it got burned up in de fire—'cause I got to be a key-man from dat day—and mended everybody's keys all over de city. All de old women give me jobs mendin' dere keys."

He is the only one left alive, the last one of all the old hoodlums of the waterfront days, and that is because he was naturally industrious, and naturally honest, for even today, there are those who wait for him to appear to supply them with keys for their locks, as they have done for forty years past.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California".*

## AN AUTOGRAPH ON THE HILLSIDES

As for the literary test being applied at our gates, to the incoming man who knows how to make things grow, I assure you there is no autograph so powerful in this country as the one made by the plow and harrow in growing grain and fruits on our hillsides. In a very large and true sense the farmer is a poet. See what he has written out there on the landscape—greater works than Dante, or Shakespeare or Browning.

*Bailey Millard.*

*From "Orchard and Farm";*
*San Francisco, 1917.*

## COMING HOME

Tell me something, you who know,
  Have you ever felt the thrill—
Homeward speeding through the snow—
  Truckee—westward, down the hill?
Do you know that hammer stroke
  Somewhere underneath the vest,
When the ties begin to smoke
  As she plunges to the west?

Far aback the deserts lie—
  Splintered rock and canyon brink—
Dreary wastes of alkali,
  Sage and sand and Humboldt Sink.
All have vanished!—home draws near;
  We have crossed the great divide;
We are speeding with a cheer
  Down the home-stretch to the tide.

O, the wildness of the way!
  O, the call of bird and stream!
O, the lights and shades that play
  Where the winding rivers gleam!
Throw her open! Donner Lake
  Slumbers in the cup below;
All the pine trees are awake
  Shouting to us as we go.

Don't you see the fern-tips there
  Where the bank is lush and green?
Can't you see the poppies flare
  Through the manzanita screen?
Throw her open! From the wall
  Nod the lilies as we pass,
And a thousand wild things call
  From the shadows in the grass.

Whoop! She shivers on the rail;
  How the canyons laugh and roar
When she hits the curving trail
  Tipping downward to the shore!
Far below the valley sleeps,
  Warm and tender; I can see
Where the Sacramento creeps
  Willow-bordered to the sea.

O I know that sunny land;
I can hear the med'larks call;
I can see the oak tree stand
Where the wheat grows rank and tall.
Give her headway! When a son
Rushes to his mother's heart—
All his toil and wandering done
And her loving arms apart.

Nothing matters. Give her steam!
Sun and wind and skies conspire.
Love to him is not a dream
Who has touched the heart's desire.
Love to him new meaning brings
Who has felt his bosom thrill
When across the line she swings,
Truckee—westward, down the hill.

*Daniel S. Richardson.*

*From "Trail-Dust; A Little Round-up of Western Verse"; San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1908.*

## TO A. E.

My soul through births and deaths processioned on
The Progress-way, ambition-spurred but, oh,
It glides so swiftly since you brought the dawn
And made white-lilied aspirations grow!

*P. V. M.*

*From "Out of a Silver Flute"; New York, 1896.*

## A MESSAGE FROM THE NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST

It is June again. We meet for the business of our organization. This year in coming, we come with a new tenderness in our hearts, a deeper sense of comradeship. More than ever before we recognize the strength that lies in the unity of interest, ideas, labors and obligations. One year ago the war-clouds were darkly gathering, and yet we of the country and of the cities, large and small, were sleeping and rising and working and laughing as if this were the "same sweet earth in which we had our birth". Today there are more of us wearing over our hearts the service-pin—one star, perhaps more

than one; we think war! we breathe war! we live war! as someone has said we must—if we shall win!

We are remembering the thousands who will lie upon the battlefield, today and tomorrow and every day of the "Great Year of Doom" and we think of our California boys of California mothers (and aunts, too, I know I love my boy as devotedly as any mother could) who may be "swept to the void by battle's iron broom".

We are all fired with pulsing, passionate, purposeful patriotism, ready, willing, eager to do everything we can do in every way that we can—hoping, praying, **working** for that great day which shall bring Victory and Freedom! To everyone of us has there come at times the inclination, or temptation, to forget all the things which it has taken us years and years to build up. In our desire to prove our loyalty, in our ambition to demonstrate our executive ability or our medical of mechanical skill or our mathematical genius a little nearer the scene of action, we are almost forced to forget that, no matter how great our sacrifices or how keen our enthusiasm for all things military, our efforts shall be for naught if we neglect our civic responsibilities or fail to keep to our standard in all lines of welfare work—if we succeed not in Holding-the-HOME LINES; if we remember not that the children are the best foundation of the world's future—the Hope of the Nation and must first of all be considered; their protection, their development, their growth guaranteed in this land, and every other land.

We must be ready to carry on with even greater zest (if for no other reason than the practical one of what we have begun we must finish) the well organized constructive work undertaken by the two orders of the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters of the Golden West—for the finding of homes for children who haven't any—those children who want above everything else in the wide world to feel that they **belong to somebody!** * * *

Sometimes the men-folks to whom we give our children begin to apologize for living in the country. I always feel like putting my hand on the arm of such a one and saying, "Don't worry; the little fellow you take to your heart and home will never be sorry for the days in the real country. He will look back when he is a man, with delightful memories to the time when he was a boy and enjoyed the freedom of the woods and fields, and rode the horse and walked on stilts as high as the shed or the barn, and jumped ditches, and played prisoner's base, and went swimming and looked for eggs—and found the first Johnny-jump-ups—and saw the red roosters—"

My! my! I wouldn't give up the memories of my fun in the country in old Amador for all the world!

*Mary E. Brusie.*

*From "Report of Committee on Homeless Children";*
*Given at Assembly of Grand Parlor,*
*Santa Cruz, June, 1918.*

## A MESSAGE FROM STEPHEN M. WHITE

*While the Pioneer man was breaking the wilderness, and suffering privations, what was the Pioneer woman doing? The only church we knew was around our mother's knees.*
*From an oration given in the California Building,*
*Chicago, 1893.*

## ABOUT THE PIONEER MOTHER

There lies on my desk a letter in which, among other things, the writer says that there will be a meeting next Saturday, at which the talk will be about the Statue of the Pioneer Mother, and about that mother's life, and how she taught civic virtue in "the church around her knees," to quote the quaint phrase of the letter itself. A portion of Mr. George Hamlin Fitch's essay entitled, "The Greatest English Classic — the Bible", is to be read, and some things that I have had occasion to write about our forefathers and foremothers also, which is indeed an honor that is appreciated to the full.

* * * * * * * * * *

It has been said that the lives of the Puritan mothers were undoubtedly harder to bear than the lives of the Puritan fathers, because the mothers had to endure the same hardships as the fathers endured and in addition, had to endure the fathers. But the men whose axes blazed the trails of civilization through the forests of the First West, and the sons who crossed the plains were not men of Puritan austerity and gloom, though there ran in the veins of many of them, indeed, the blood of that famous breed. The large liberty of the wilderness spoke into the hearts of the Pioneers a kindlier faith, a more catholic tolerance. * * *

*Among the many fine characteristics of this strong and adventurous race of men one stands out in white light—their unaffected reverence of women in the homely and beautiful aspect of wife and mother. They carried this reverence almost to the point of the fantastic—and no knight of chivalry's ancient day was more prompt to lay lance in rest to avenge insult to his lady-love than were these men prompt with fist or pistol to*

*defend the good name and honorable repute of plain Betsy or Jane. He took his life carelessly in his hand who talked lightly of the Pioneer's womankind. They were good and brave women, and all that we have that is worth having in our own characters, as well as all this wonderful civilization which now stands, so splendid, so magnificent, where stretched the wilderness their hands helped to subdue, we owe to their goodness and to their bravery.* * * *

We are apt to think of states as though they were founded on war and conquest, and their glories and happiness as secured by the arms and the valor and the toil of their men. But in truth the happiness and glory of a people is always in ratio to the virtues and the valor of its women. It is upon * * * the supreme and sacred function of motherhood that the edifice of the republic securely rests. Not in its ships of battle nor in its armies nor in its riches nor in its numbers is the nation's final strength, but in the character of its women. * * * Taken as a whole, the generation which sprang from these daughters of the wilderness was a race full of vigor, inheriting not alone bodily strength, but that large and magnanimous strength of mind and dauntlessness of spirit which their fathers and their mothers wore as a sign upon their hands and as frontlets between their eyes. Nor was the wilderness always harsh and its face austere. It offered to those hardy adventurers the LIBERTY which they prized above all gifts, and the promise of that abundance with which it was to blossom under their subduing hands. It wrought into the very fibres of their being an admirable largeness of soul.

They possessed a valiant simplicity and went about the most heroic tasks with no notion that they were doing anything out of the ordinary; and chiefly they did their work whether in the field or in the neighborhood senates or in the battle or in the kitchen or at the wash-tub or facing matters of life and death—these warrior men and women of whom no bard has ever yet sung the noble epic—with a stubborn faith in their own endurance and a high unchallenging trust in the Providence which they believed to hold them in the hollow of its Almighty hand.

So they came by rough roads and thorny ways from the firesides of their old homes, scattered over many states and foregathered in the new land, and in the courage of their simple hearts and the strength of their strong hands, they wrought the mighty fabric of those commonwealths in which we live, surrounded by the innumerable comforts of a happy society.

The Pioneer mothers did not alone travail in birth with us who are their children; they brought forth upon their knees

and nourished with their own milk the states themselves. And the glory of the Republic is their glory; its renown their renown; its greatest story their story.

With the stones and the mortar of their innumerable hardships, their sufferings, their valor, their self-denial and their faith, the approving providence of God built this very temple of orderly and lawful LIBERTY to which we men and women draw for shelter and safety. The fire upon its altars they kindled. And while that fire burns, from generation to generation, the tale of the virtues and the sacrifices and the achievements of our simple and heroic mothers shall not die on the lips of men.

*Phil Frances.*

*From "San Francisco Call";*
*September, 1912.*

## AN INCIDENT OF HUNT'S HILL

No writer has given a better picture of the attiude of the early men toward their women-folks than has Phil Francis, in the preceding article. It is quite true, as he says, that the early men of California were quick to resent any slight put upon plain Betsy or Jane, their wives—the mothers of the little families of that time. Such is clearly told in the words of an eighty-five-year-old Pioneer woman when she gave me the incident of Hunt's Hill—which is an unwritten bit of history.

The women of the mining-camps lived far apart, and often took their children and went to spend the day with each other, while the men-folks came to take them home, after supper. It was the one bit of social life left to them in the new country. It so happened that on a certain day, she, Mrs. Larkin, by name, then in her first youth, took her babe in arms, with the little fellow by the hand, to enjoy an outing thus. Unpleasant as it was, she had to pass by a certain locality where was a house of very rough females who knew no law or order. Timidly she made her way along, as fast as she could with her small burdens, trying to hurry past the place. At sight of her, these lawless beings came out and accosted her, and swore and called her by every opprobrious epithet known to man. Endeavoring to terrorize her, they threatened her with what they would do if she ever ventured that way again, although there was no other road to take, save that one. At last, she managed to get past and hurried on her way, in a state of mind not easily to be described.

Arriving at her friends house, she told her what had happened. And her friend's husband swore it was time the men had something to say at Hunt's Hill; that it was a pity a mother and her children could not go along the road there, without such an insult as that. When Mr. Larkin arrived to take home his little family, he found several other husbands-and-fathers there, ready and waiting to take up the case, and presently a committee was formed. They sallied forth, armed, and had audience of the keeper of the bagnio, and gave him two hours in which to leave town, himself and the inmates.

No horses could be procured. It was four miles to the next town. Presently was seen the sight of a scattered procession of beings, each with a bundle, composed of a skirt full of contents tied up, and borne on the back, trudging on foot to the next town; and never did they, or any like them, ever come back to Hunt's Hill. The walking was good. The weather was fine. There was no hardship in the matter whatever. They arrived in an hour or so, in the long twilight of a summer evening, and found new quarters.

However, it took the genius of a Bret Harte to supply a gorge in the mountains in the grip of the ice-king, and an innocent pair caught in the storm, and a gambler who bravely shot himself to give his share of the food to the others in order to make a tremendous tragedy out of this incident. All the sympathy is played upon in order to create an atmosphere of compassion and pity for the unfortunates thus brought to a tragic end. But it is a fact that the innocent mothers and children of Hunt's Hill were the ones who suffered, rather than the denizens of that place, now celebrated and immortalized under the name and title of the "Outcasts of Poker Flat". It never happened thus, except in the weird depths of Bret Harte's own mind as a fancy sketch. But the outside world has grieved over these imaginary victims and has never heard or known of the mothers and children, and their hardships in the early days of California in holding the State for civilization.

*The Gatherer.*

## THE NIGHTS OF CALIFORNIA

Night-time in California. Elsewhere men only guess
At the glory of the evenings that are perfect—nothing less;
But here, the nights, returning, are the wond'rous gifts of God—
As if the days were maidens fair with golden slippers shod.

There is no cloud to hide the sky; the universe is ours,
And the starlight likes to look and laugh in Cupid's haunted
bowers.
Oh the restful, peaceful evenings! In them my soul delights,
For God loved California when He gave her her nights.

*Alfred James Waterhouse.*

## ELIZABETH SAUNDERS

Supremest player—Nature's counterpart,
With grace to lure the tear-dews from the eye,
And from the breast to draw the unconscious sigh
Or from the ribs make boisterous laughter start.
She wheedled Nature with such exquisite art:
Each character-ideal, set so high,
She did not act but seemed to typify,
The very pulse of genius and the heart.

She played her parts with such consummate skill,
They differed in their glory every one—
Like Autumn tapestry spread upon the hill—
A bit of Nature-painting God has done.
All elder Californians reckon still,
Her light out-shone the "stars", as doth the Sun.

*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

*Written for "Literary California".*

## IN PRAISE OF THE EARLY CALIFORNIA CATTLE AND HORSES

In speaking of these animals I cannot refrain from saying a word as to the native California horse. In the far south of the state there be some few of them left (1888). Here in the north there are none. For service on the road there are good horses—even fine ones, but for work across country in the long day-in and day-out gallop, in the rodeo and fight with the wild bull we have none of them left. Who would trust himself mounted on one of our modern horses to lasso and overcome a wild steer on a hillside of forty-five degrees of slope? Yet on the California horses, miscalled mustangs—which they were not—the old Californian could do it, and tie him hand and foot and kill him or do whatever might be required, and the horse would lean over and keep the reata taut till the vaquero could

dismount and tie the beast's legs and make it helpless. Then if it was desired to take the captive home alive, the ranchero availed himself of the old tame ox, which being yoked to the prisoner by the inflexible Spanish yoke, would walk off home with him to let his blood cool in the corral and make the flesh fit for food.

I knew a horse, a white California stallion belonging to a ranchero, the lands of whose rancho are within sight of the place where I now write (Alameda). His big black eyes and dark skin, round, well-ribbed body, flat legs, hoofs black and like flint and tail nearly reaching the ground and spreading out like a fan, marked him as a horse whose service should have been prized, but the poor fellow had been deposed from his position in the manada, and his place filled by a very fine blooded American stock horse. He thus became the saddle-horse of a friend of mine, a fair rider, weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds, and the two had many a contest for neither the horse nor the man liked to surrender—each had some temper of his own which it was not safe to stir too rudely.

An extensive survey was in progress by a United States surveyor, whereby to fix the exterior lines of this rancho. These lines ran over a very rough country. For about two weeks this horse had been in the duties of the survey and in exploration. It was severe service. One evening it was found necessary to send to San Francisco to the United States Surveyor-general's office for additional instructions. This horse had been hard at work all day, and was ridden rapidly home—eight miles—and put into the stable. Before being cool enough to be fed or watered, alarm was given that the manada or band of horses, wild mares and colts—which numbered several hundred—had broken the foot-hill fences and was widely scattered on the plain among the squatter's grain. This meant that every one of these animals upon which a squatter could draw a bead would be shot. It also meant that every available horse must be taken and ridden till the estrays could be collected and driven for miles back into the hill pastures.

It may be noted that then the whole plain of Alameda county from San Pablo to near San José more than forty miles in length by two or three in width, was one vast grain-field, without fences except the hill-foot fence which kept the cattle up in the rolling pasture lands.

This horse was taken and ridden by an American, weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. The wheat was standing breast-high, and the work of collecting a large drove of unbroken horses, mares and colts, scattered as they

were, over an extensive space, was very severe and continued until half past two A. M. The stallion was returned in worse condition than before. As day broke, many animals were observed dotted about among the wheat-fields which had been missed in the dark. Nearly every horse on the place was tired out with the previous night's service. This one was again taken by an Indian vaquero, a hard rider, and ridden as such fellows ride till after midday. On returning, it was found necessary to send to a village about fifteen miles distant. A young man, the son of the ranchero, was sent, mounted on this same horse. On that night some kind of a celebration was being held, and this young man attended it, leaving the horse tied to the fence till midnight. On arriving at home the horse was put into the corral without further care on the part of the rider, but the man who had ridden him on the night before rose from his bed and dried, watered and fed him.

Meanwhile the person who was using the horse on the survey had gone to San Francisco and returned. He arose about daylight, found his stallion well-cared for, and in apparent good condition, and knowing nothing of the hard work of the preceding thirty-six hours, mounted and rode off to the surveyor's camp, the horse showing no mark of any unusual service. What one of our horses, today, would remain alive to the end of such a piece of work?

*Jacob Wright Harlan.*

*From "California, '46 to '88";*
*San Francisco: Bancroft Company, 1888.*

## "WILD-COWTH"—AN INCIDENT

The early humorists of California were not confined to the brilliant group, so well known to later readers, from the books published by them. Not only did John Phoenix and J. Ross Browne add to the gayety of the Pacific Coast, and Artemas Ward and Orpheus C. Kerr before Mark Twain appeared, but there were others, such as Charles Henry Webb, under the pen-name of "John Paul," and Joseph Wasson, connected with the daily press. Besides a number of such writers as these, there was a general waggishness prevailing amongst the miners themselves, which led to many a quip-and-turn, which gave a certain grotesquerie to their speech. Many of these men were graduates of Bowdoin, Yale, Harvard, Oberlin and other colleges. As an offset to the digging for gold attended by continuous fortune and misfortune, mostly the latter, which dogged their steps with never-ending malignancy,

they were forced to become philosophers out of sheer obstinancy against Fate. So they fell to amusing themselves with small things by the way, and thus the current of speech of the coast became "Phoenixized" in more ways than one; for a school of original wags added to these terms in their daily talk, regardless of the press.

Taking notice of the fact that the "Eaglets of America" over in France find their pleasure in talking to the children there, reminds me of the way these grim men of early days in California and Nevada conversed with the little boys and girls of the mining-camps.

They were meditative men, much given to thinking, when not working and seeking the ever-illusive gold, or trying to find nepenthe in cards and drink to ward off despair. As I think of it now, they always wanted to impress on us—the young—how to get ahead of the world and escape their own misfortunes. So it was nearly always a homily which they gave us—simple as an Aesop's fable to us, but containing a deeper understanding to the other men in the group, hitting off some foible of one of them, or paying back some grudge, as a double-edged knife turned around in a sensitive spot.

I remember one day something like this happening, when a good friend of ours was telling us how to keep out of trouble.

"Now Bub and Ella, whatever else you do, keep away from Spanish cattle—they can't be depended on like other cattle. They're wild to begin with and wild to end with. They have no sense of honor—when you see them coming, waving their horns and rolling their eyes—just give them the road and clear the track. It's no use trying to be kind and polite with them—not at all! Just get out and strike for the tall timber—and climb a tree as high as you can."

"But," I demurred, "there are no trees here, only sage-brush and rocks and mountains and hills—"

"All righty! you just go and climb a hill and hide behind a rock till they get by—don't stop to reason with Spanish cattle—it's waste of breath."

"But how'll we know they are Spanish cattle?" my little brother inquired. Our friend gave a derisive chuckle. "By their horns, my son, by their horns—you can never mistake them—you can tell those **uncowth** creatures always—wherever they are; indeed I may say, those 'wild-cowth' creatures that get in everywhere, and have no manners and no honor! Give them the road and part company with them. For the only thing they are fit for—is the slaughter-house."

At this point, one of the group (a very disagreeable fellow to us, particularly) arose and went within. Presently he came

out and passed up the road and he had his blanket on his back. Our friend murmured, "Wild-cowth, that's all, but we prefer his room to his company.

During the many years that have followed, I have not forgotten that homily. Many has been the time that I have come into contact with Spanish cattle, but discreetly I have retired and let them have the road.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California"; 1884.*

## TO THE OX

I see thee standing firmly as an oak
In contemplation of the field and sky,
With resignation in thy plaintive eye,
Though thy broad back has felt many a stroke;

And though thy mighty neck beneath the yoke
Day after day, that passed unvarying by,
Hath bowed and strained until the stars were nigh
Since labor-rousing Dawn the hills awoke.

Helper of man, true brother of the soil,
That has with him the paths of progress made
Through wilderness trembling with surprise—
Great symbol thou of Patience and of Toil
To whom earth's children have such homage paid
That poets lift thee to immortal skies.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

*From "Lavender and Other Verse";*
*San Francisco: Paul Elder, Publisher.*
*From "Life in California".*

## THE JUDGMENTS OF LABOR

### LABOR DAY, 1896

O world of great achievements! It is truthful, it is well
That here the judgments of thy toil in sacred song we tell.

Here, where the rocks are riven with the brightest of thy springs,
And Columbia's peerless Eagle in mighty freedom wings,

We heed the mandate echoed from Eden's flame-barred gate—
Upon the labor of our hands the daily bread shall wait.

Not the bay-leaves of the Roman, nor the Greek's twined laurel bough,
Were so proudly worn as Labor's dews upon the freeman's brow.

Labor! Thou bold, rough comforter of many a weary hour,
Well dost thou soothe the restless heart with thy insistent power.

Labor! What words can catalogue thy deeds stupendous roll?
Thine is the tempered steel in fire, the artist's hands control;

Thine the quarry's solid granite, made smooth and polished fine,
And the stately dome high lifted by the plummet and the line.

Labor! What of thy martyrs! Where the Isthmus rails were laid,
Thy banners were the cerements where many a grave was made.

And thy name hath been the watchword of the miner lost to life,
Who heareth o'er his living grave the wailing of his wife.

What of the bells' loud ringing upon the midnight air!
The roof-tree flames out-springing, as a panther from his lair!

Call and beckon to the fireman, and 'tis in thy name he strives
With Death, in awful conflict, for precious human lives.

Where the forge's flame is glowing, while the smitten anvil rings,
Or where, to groaning mast-trees the storm-bound sailor clings.

And when the moon is setting, and the stars before the dawn,
Pale as Endymion, at his case the printer still works on.

For the babe that rests encradled on its sleeping mother's breast,
Love, the watch-fire ever burning, thy name and force attest.

These are thy martyrs, Labor, the heroes of all time,
Beneath thy standard dying, they make thy name sublime.

And oh! ye hands long perished by distant flowing Nile,
What wrought ye, Time hath cherished—the Sphinx's mystic smile,

The lonely chambered pyramids—yea, long thy strength was lent,
To build for all the ages, Labor's grand monument.

Labor! What are thy triumphs! Behold, the bright prow leaps
Out of dock, full-finished, into the dark-blue deeps—

Where once the weary mariners, Columbus and his band,
Watched eagerly the green branch float, which welcomed them to land.

Behold the locomotive! Which dares the mountain height,
And sways across the canyon, while the watcher's cheek is white—

And the boldest heart grows gentler, with a sense that Death is near,
If fail the eye or swerve the hand, of the steadfast engineer.

Edison! Fulton Franklin! How might we swell the train!
Of hand and thought, so deftly wrought, the workers of the brain.

Longfellow! Dickens! Ingelow! Holding the talents ten,
Their songs are graved within our hearts, the laborers of the pen.

Thine exalted cause is freest where the Starry Banner gleams,
Thou sceptre of the nation! Most eloquent of themes!

And naming all thy glories, the dearest that we bless,
The mightiest and the grandest, is America's Free Press.

*Gabriel Furlong Butler.*

*Note.—The author was but sixteen years of age when this poem was written.—The Gatherer.*

## THE PICTURE OF A DESERTED GARDEN

Yesterday, just when the sun was going down, I went for a walk in the Deserted Garden. It lies on the top of a quiet hill, which rises gently from a regular nest of busy streets. There was a house there once—a great house with broad steps leading up from the street in a kind of arcade, and there were porches and conservatories and sun-parlors, and inside, all the doors were made of rosewood, and the handles of the doors were made of beaten silver. The floors were of oak, the ceilings were high and lofty and there were old-fashioned chandeliers with glittering prisms of glass that shone in a thousand colors when the gas was lit. There were curious dressing-rooms with quaint old bowls of marble inlaid in colors all done in Florence far across the sea and brought with great care and expense out here to California. The story of the house shows long processions coming and going; first a great merchant when there were gay parties that filled the old mansion to overflowing, but illness and death came up the great steps and knocked with imperative knuckles upon the wide door of solid rosewood, and the great merchant sold the house and went away. Then followed a sea-captain, but he died and his family with him and others came—and again others.

There were weddings in the great rooms and once, they say, there were ten-thousand baby roses hung in garlands in the great sun porch—that was when there was a christening. Crepe was hung upon the silver door-knob—for death would as soon turn a silver handle for his entry as one made of wood or porcelain and then the old house was deserted.

It stood in the midst of its wonderful gardens, lonely and pathetic always as if it were standing on tiptoes to look down the street and see when some of the family were coming home again to open the dark shutters and throw wide the door and

let in the California sunshine like a benediction. The winds beat against the doors, the fogs wrapped the old house in a gray veil spangled with silver, and the rain streamed down upon the decaying roof, and one day the place was sold and it was told that the gardens were to be made over into city lots. They tore down the old house, sold the rosewood doors and the old fashioned mirrors and the marble mantels that had gone out of fashion. They cut down the laurel trees and burned the jasmine and the fuchsias and heliotrope to the ground. But the property is not sold after all—not yet.

The heliotrope has sprung up again, the geraniums have made themselves into a hedge, the honeysuckle and sweet alyssum cling together and run along the walk till they are like a fragrant carpet of white and purple, and everywhere the roses burgeon and bloom in riotous perfumery.

From the top of the old garden there is a glimpse of the blue bay of San Francisco, and of the steamers and the ferries passing like white birds across the water. It is strange to stand where the old house stood and hear the voices of the fishermen singing far, far below, and watch the shadows fall purple and mystical over Telegraph Hill, and see on the other side, the sun sink into the great Pacific, and to wonder what has become of all the people who were born and christened and married in the old house, and where those are who laughed and made merry there, and whether all the tears are dried for those that wept.

The blooms seem to say there is no death. Afar they wander, some of them in strange lands beyond the alien seas, and some in great cities to the East, and some are old that once were young, and some perhaps are sad that once were gay, but in that old garden they once knew and loved, the roses are blooming as fresh as if there was no such thing as death or change in all the earth.

Wherever they wander—those who once lived in the great house, one thing is sure. They will never find a more beautiful spot in the world than they left behind them here in San Francisco at the top of the quiet hill which rises so quietly from the busy streets.

*Annie Laurie.*

*From "The Call and Post";*
*June 10, 1918.*

## A TRIBUTE TO IRVING M. SCOTT

### THE BUILDER OF THE "OREGON"

There has never been a battleship so fondly remembered by the Californians as the "Oregon", which was built in the Union Iron Works and launched in our port, to achieve adventures that brought us glory for all time, in her going forth. The last to arrive, after her long trip around the coast of South America by way of Cape Horn at the scene of conflict in Cuba during the Spanish war, yet it was the Oregon and her captain that led the way in that brilliant naval victory. It was the story of the hare and the tortoise reaffirmed. Every body knows the name of that warship and the builder, Irving M. Scott, one of our Pioneer men of affairs, who directed wisely everything to which he turned his attention. His was a broad domain, for he was an orator, as well as being a builder. He was a power for good in public works of all kinds, a patron of art, a faithful friend to the lesser ones as well as to the higher ones. Let it be said of him, with all his gifts and honors and riches and splendid manhood, he had the modesty of true greatness.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California".*

## THE WHEAT OF SAN JOAQUIN

A thousand rustling yellow miles of wheat,
Gold-ripened in the sun, in one
Vast fenceless field. The hot June pours its flood
Of flaming splendor down, and burns
The field into such yellowness that it
Is gold of Nature's alchemy; and all
The mighty length and breadth of valley glows
With ripeness.

Then a rolling of machinery,
And tramp of horse and scream of steam
And swishing sighs of falling grain,
And sweaty brows of men; and then—
The Samson of the valleys lieth shorn.

*Madge Morris.*

## THE CAYOTE

Along about an hour after breakfast we saw the first wolf. If I remember rightly, this latter was the regular Kayote (pronounced ky-o-te) of the farther deserts. And if it **was,** he was not a pretty creature, or respectable either, for I got well acquainted with his race afterward, and can speak with confidence. The cayote is a long, slim, sick-and-sorry-looking skeleton, with a grey wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that for ever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth. He has a general slinking expression all over. The cayote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is **always** hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is **so** homely!—so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful. When he sees you he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you, from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you; he will trot fifty yards and stop again—another fifty and stop again; and finally the grey of his gliding body blends with the grey of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

* * * * * * * * * *

It is considered that the cayote, and the obscene birds, and the Indian of the desert testify their blood kinship with each other in that they live together in the waste places of the earth on terms of perfect confidence and friendship, while hating all other creatures and yearning to assist at their funerals. He does not mind going a hundred miles to breakfast, and a hundred and fifty to dinner, because he is sure to have three or

four days between meals, and he can just as well be travelling and looking at the scenery as lying around doing nothing and adding to the burdens of his parents.

*Mark Twain.*

*From "Roughing It".*

## A GOLDEN WEDDING IN 1881

The first party of white emigrants to California by way of Missouri, did not find a path, they cut one and this was the one in which the ill-fated Donner party followed two years later. This first party of emigrants which started on the 24th day of May, 1844, to make their way to the Pacific coast consisted of three generations of Murphys, and their quest was climate.

This they found in Santa Clara county where they established themselves and won honors, riches and renown. Their cattle roamed upon a thousand hills. Their hospitality was equal to that of the Spanish dons.

When in 1881 the subject was broached of celebrating the golden wedding anniversary of Martin Murphy and his wife, the genial old man said, "Don't talk to me of cards of invitation, just invite everybody—they will all be welcome". And so three carloads of guests arrived from San Francisco alone, while every sort of vehicle brought them from far and near in the adjoining counties to Santa Clara, until three thousand men, women and children had assembled to do honor to the occasion, and to offer congratulations to the worthy couple.

In the grove were built dinner-tables, dancing platforms, band stands, refreshment buffets, carving tables and other preparations for the entertainment of guests. At one side of the dancing-platform beneath a natural oak, stood the aged and happy couple receiving the congratulations which poured in upon them. The white-haired bride looked charmingly quaint in black brocade of antique fashion, black lace shawl and soft white cap. The bridegroom of seventy-four was straight, stalwart and dark; unflecked by even a single silver hair. Suspended from a branch of the oak tree overhead was a magnificent wedding bell composed of tuberoses, geraniums and pansies.

No description of this splendid historic scene would be adequate that failed to do justice to the preparations made in producing the barbecued meats for the providing for the needs of the inner man thus assembled. For the feast was provided

a dozen sheep, a dozen porkers, a half dozen of beeves, fatted, all of them for the occasion; the selected of countless flocks, droves and herds, choice, fat and young. A trench had been dug, 115 feet long, 4 feet deep and 4 feet broad. From that moment all the preparations were conducted under the immediate management of the chief of the barbecue and his assistants. A most picturesque person in the broadest sombrero is this same chief of the barbecue, master of ceremonies, even though his name is merely Smith. He has reduced the art of barbecues to a science. At midnight Sunday, Smith and his Mexicans took charge of affairs, lighted a fire in the entire length of the trench and carefully fed it till six in the morning.

Scientifically fed was the fire, for the seven cords of wood used must leave no charred nor smoky embers, nothing but glowing coals frosted with clean burnt white ashes. The sides and bottom of the trench were heated to almost a red heat. Then the quartered beef and the whole sheep and pigs were placed on to cook. Each piece—there were seven carcasses of beef, ten of sheep and ten of pork placed on at once—was spitted with two rods of iron, the ends of which rested on either bank of the trench. Each piece, too was seasoned with a coating of salt and pepper and basted at each turning. The basting was contained in a kettle over an adjoining fire, and consisted of melted butter, seasoned with care by the chief. The chief with a small mop and a can of basting, moved from spit to spit, and with the confidence of long experience, moistened the rich smelling sides of the browning carcasses with the care that an artist applies the finishing touches to his exhibition painting. His assistants turned the spits or with small brooms sprinkled water on the coals beneath the pieces which were browning too fast. This process continued from six in the morning until noon, when the chief turned over his charge to the carvers. They demonstrated the result to be perfectly cooked meats not a drop of whose juices had escaped; tender, rich flavored, unsurpassable. To taste of this product is to be born over again to a new sensation never known before, possibly never to be known again.

The preparation for the feast was as lavish in every other department as that presided over by the knight of the barbecue. Bread by the wagon load, salads by the bushels, red wine and champagne for the uncorking, beer by the keg, punch by the barrel were supplied, generously to the thousands present, besides fowl and fruits and many other things too numerous to mention.

Dancing and music were followed by dinner, and dinner was followed by speeches of notables, among whom were

General P. W. Murphy, Senator Gwin, Judge Evans and others. Toasts were given to the bride and groom, and the valley of Santa Clara echoed to the merry voices and good cheer of that wonderful day as the caravans of guests slowly returned to their homes to the north, south, east and west, and day faded into night.

*The Gatherer.*

*Condensed from daily newspaper;*
*July 19, 1881.*

## TO SANTA NIEBLA, OUR LADY OF THE FOGS

There are Californians who waver in their allegiance to the climate of California. Sometimes the climate of San Francisco has made me cross. Sometimes I have thought that the winds in summer were too cold, that the fogs in summer were too thick. But whenever I have crossed the continent—when I have emerged from New York at ninety-five degrees, and entered Chicago at one hundred degrees—when I have been breathing the dust of alkali deserts and the fiery air of sage-brush plains—these are the times when I have always been buoyed up by the anticipation of inhaling the salt air of San Francisco Bay.

If ever summer wanderer is glad to get back to his native land, it is I, returning to my native fog. Like that prodigal youth who returned to his home and filled himself with husks, so I always yearn in summer to return to mine, and fill myself up with fog. Not a thin insignificant mist, but a fog—a thick fog—one of those rich August fogs that blow in from the Pacific ocean over San Francisco.

When I leave the heated capitals of other lands and get back to California uncooked, I always offer up a thank-offering to Santa Niebla, Our Lady of the Fogs. Out near the Presidio, where Don Joaquin de Arillaga, the old comandante, revisits the glimpses of the moon, clad in rusty armor, with his Spanish spindle-shangs thrust into tall leathern boots—there some day I shall erect a chapel to Santa Niebla. And I have vowed to her as to an ex-voto a silver fog-horn, which horn will be wound by the winds of the broad Pacific, and will ceaselessly sound through the centuries the litany of Our Lady of the Fogs.

Every Californian has good reason to be loyal to his native land. If even the Swiss villagers, born in the high Alps, long to return to their birthplace, how much the more does the exiled Californian long to return to the land which bore him.

GALAXY 15.—ORATORS, DIVINES AND STATESMEN

Stephen M. White
Thomas Starr King
John F. Davis
Ferdinand C. Ewer

Horatio Stebbins
James D. Phelan
Thomas Guard
Junipero Serra

Adley H. Cummins
Joseph Sadoc Alemany
Thomas Fitch
Newton Booth

GALAXY 16.—POETS AND PROSE-WRITERS

Jack London
George Hamlin Fitch
Ella Higginson
Gertrude Atherton

Kate Douglas Wiggin
Frank Norris
Wallace Irwin
Gelett Burgess

Will Irwin
Edward R. Taylor
George Sterling
Herman Whittaker

There are other, richer, and more populous lands, but to the Californian born, California is the only place in which to live. And to the returning Californian, particularly if he be native-born, the love of his birthplace is only intensified by visits to other lands.

*Jerome A. Hart.*

*From "Argonaut Letters".*

## THE SPELL OF THE MOUNTAINS

I have been looking from this rock ten hundred thousand years.
I have not moved since God Eternal made a million spheres.
I saw the sun swing into place,
The myriad stars pause high in space;
I saw the moon drift from the blue
And brighter grow, on nearer view;
I heard God's voice in mighty sweep
Call mountains from the shoreless deep;
He drew them up against the sky
And hung His feathery clouds on high.
I saw Him from the mountain seams
Pour sparkling, bubbling, crystal streams.
His cooling breath was on my face—
And winds possessed unmeasured space!
He blessed the earth—and forests sprang.
He spoke—and feathered choirs sang.
These granite rocks are organ keys
His rivers play, and every breeze
That whispers to the listening ear
Sings in the anthem: "God is Here!"

*Rife Goodloe.*

## TOLERANCE

*What know you of my soul's inherent strife*
*By that calm faith, untried, which wells in thine?*
*How can you from the knowledge of your life*
*Write out a creed for mine?*

*Madge Morris Wagner.*

*From "Golden Era Magazine"; 1885.*

## ABOUT THE CRICKETS OF SILVERADO

Crickets were not wanting. I thought I could make out exactly four of them, each with a corner of his own, who used to make night musical at Silverado. In the matter of voice, they far excelled the birds, and their ringing whistle sounded from rock to rock, calling and replying the same thing, as in a meaningless opera. Thus, children in full health and spirits shout together, to the dismay of their neighbors; and their idle, happy deafening vociferations rise and fall, like the song of the crickets. I used to sit at night on the platform, and wonder why these creatures were so happy; and what was wrong with man that he did not also wind up his days with an hour or two of shouting; but I suspect that all long-lived animals are solemn.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

*From "The Silverado Squatters".*

## THE CRICKET

The twilight is the morning of his day—
While Sleep drops seaward from the fading shore
With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,
He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay.
Until the dark east softens into gray,
Now as the noisy hours are coming—hark!
His song dies gently—it is getting dark—
His night with its one star is on the way!

Faintly the light breaks over the blowing oats—
Sleep, little Brother, sleep: I am astir.
Lead thou the starlit night with merry notes,
And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme:
We worship Song, and servants are of her—
I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time.

*Edwin Markham.*

*From "Readings from the California Poets": San Francisco, 1893.*

## THE NOBLEST LIFE

The noblest life—the life of labor,
The noblest love—the love of neighbor.

*Lorenzo Sosso.*

*From "Wisdom of the Wise".*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In September we have an orgie of peaches—peaches of not only exquisite flavor and comfort to the inner man, but also of a beauty transcendent. At the solstice time one should hold a little ceremonial in honor of this beauty and grace of the season. There is something about a peach-tree that should make it honored. Freestones, clingstones, mountain and other variety follow one after another—each giving joy and flavor to life. While the sight of them feasts the eye with their yellow and pink tinting, like topaz and coral combined by a Master Artist.

*S. E.*

## ON THE PRESIDIO HILLS

Bare of all save bending grasses,
Fleurs-de-lis,
And a wind that lightly passes
From the sea,
O, today I would be dreaming
Where the lances green are gleaming—
Where the lonely mists are lifting,
And the salt, salt winds are drifting
From the sea!

Silent save for bird notes falling
Full and free,
....And a wind that's ever calling
To the sea.
O, today I would be resting
Where the meadow-lark is nesting—
Where the fleurs-de-lis are growing,
And the salt, salt winds are blowing
From the sea!

Yes, I'm dreaming of the shining
Fleurs-de-lis,
And a wind that's softly pining
For the sea—
Of the grass in waving motion
On the wild hills by the ocean,
Where the lark its flight is winging
And the wind is singing, singing
To the sea!

*Martha T. Tyler.*

*From "Overland Monthly"; September, 1898.*

## THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

We knew it, as God's prophets knew;
  We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven through
  With flaming torch that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced the insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned
  Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,
  As if his own soul might appease.
  Yet on and on, through all the stars,
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then staunch Walt Whitman saw and knew;
  Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"
He heard his "Drum Taps," and God drew
  His great soul through the shining pass,
Made light, made bright by burnished stars,
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
  To cease; was heard to sing no more;
As you have heard some sweetest bird
  The more because its song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars.

*  *  *  *

And then the king came; king of thought,
  King David with his harp and crown. . .
How wisely well the gods had wrought
  That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome mid the stars
All silent in the sight of Mars.

All silent. . . So, he lies in state. . .
Our redwoods drip and drip with rain. . .
Against our rock-locked Golden gate
We hear the great and sobbing main.
But silent all. . . He walked the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

*Joaquin Miller.*

*From "Story of the Files of California"; San Francisco, 1893.*

## BRET HARTE

What jewel shines in California's round
Above the cunning of the scales to weigh,
Beyond all dollar-value men can lay
Upon the gilded things their hands have found?
Is it her radiant mountain peaks that sound
The note of glory to their deathless day,
Or verdurous, tree-lined valleys that convey
Her streams with crystalline, rare beauty crowned?
Ah, no! 'Tis he who does the heart entrance
With all the wonders of that great romance,
His own imagination makes sublime;
'Tis he who gives, by his bewitching art,
Eternal breathing to that virgin time
Which tried the essence of men's souls—Bret Harte.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

*From "Overland Monthly"; December, 1914.*

## THE FIRST RAIN

Last night the moody sky burst forth in tears;
Through the wide silence of the darkened air,
The long chill drops descended everywhere;
As, on the heart, sometimes, fall gloomy fears,
And memories of sorrow-laden years;
But in the morn the world awoke from sleep,
And smiled and whispered, "It is good to weep."

*John E. Richards.*

## WALKING THROUGH THE MUSTARD

As Father Salvierderra proceeded he found the mustard thicker and thicker. The wild mustard in Southern California is like that spoken of in the New Testament, in the branches of which birds of the air may rest. Coming out of the earth, so slender a stem that dozens can find starting-point in an inch, it darts up, a slender straight shoot, five, ten, twenty feet, with hundreds of fine feathery branches locking and interlocking with all the other hundreds around it, till it is an inextricable network like lace. Then it burst into yellow bloom still finer, more feathery and lacelike. The stems are so infinitesimally small and of so dark a green, that at a short distance they do not show, and the cloud of blossom seems floating in the air; at times it looks like golden dust. With a clear blue sky behind it, as it is often seen, it looks like a golden snow-storm. The plant is a tyrant and a nuisance—the terror of the farmer; it takes riotous possession of a whole field in a season; once in, never out; for one plant this year, a million the next; but it is impossible to wish that the land were freed from it. Its gold is as distinct a value to the eye as the nugget gold is in the pocket.

As he went upon his way he soon found himself in a veritable thicket of these delicate branches. * * * It was a fantastic sort of dilemma and not unpleasing. Except that the Father was in haste to reach his journey's end, he would have enjoyed threading his way through the golden meshes. Suddenly he heard faint notes of singing. He paused—listened. It was the voice of a woman. It was slowly drawing nearer. * * * Peering ahead through the mustard blossoms, he saw them waving and bending. * * * The notes grew clearer; light steps were now to be heard. * * * In a moment more came, distinct and clear to his ear, the beautiful words of the second stanza of St. Francis' inimitable lyric, "The Canticle of the Sun:"

"Praise be to thee, O Lord, for all thy creatures, and especially for our brother, the Sun—who illuminates the day, and by his beauty and splendor shadows forth unto us thine."

"Ramona," exclaimed the Father, his thin cheeks flushing with pleasure. "The blessed child!" And as he spoke her face came into sight set in a swaying frame of the blossoms, as she parted them lightly to the right and left with her hands, and half crept, half danced through the loop-hole openings thus made. * * * Ramona's beauty was of the sort to be best enhanced by the waving gold which now framed her face.

* * * Her hair was like her Indian mother's, heavy and black, but her eyes were like her father's, steel-blue.

She cried out joyfully, "Ah, Father, I knew you would come by this path," and she sprang forward and sank on her knees before him, bowing her head for his blessing.

*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

*From "Ramona; A Story";*
*Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1911.*

## A TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR OF "RAMONA"

"H. H."

Proud California! bend thy head,
  And measure, reverently, thy tread;
And plant thy tallest pine to wave
  Above the gentle stranger's grave!

* * * * * *

A rose has dropped into the sea,
  And drowned;—
But every wave that washed the lea,
  Or swept the ocean round,
Came back and brought upon its crest
A sweetness from the rose's breast.

A song bird on the summit crown
  Of self-denied,
Fell slowly fluttering, fluttering down,
  And died;—
But all the hills and valleys rung
With music of the songs it sung.

A woman's soul has crossed the size
  Of mortal sight—
A woman's hands, a woman's eyes
  Are shut in night;—
But all along the way she came
Are springing blessings on her name.

O rose! O bird! O woman's heart!
  Dead heart—dead flower—and silent bird,—
Ye gave us but the fainter part
  Of songs ye heard:
The solemn nights have sung to thee,—

The tree, and winds and moaning sea;
The mighty silences of space
Closed round and taught thee face to face!
No land may claim thee to enshrine,
Thou art the world's—the world was thine.

*Madge Morris.*

*San Francisco: September, 1885.*

## HELEN HUNT JACKSON

"H. H."

What songs found voice upon those lips,
What magic dwelt within the pen,
Whose music into silence slips,
Whose spell lives not again!

For her the clamorous today
The dreamful yesterday became;
The brands upon dead hearths that lay
Leaped into living flame.

Clear ring the silvery Mission bells
Their calls to vesper and to mass;
O'er vineyard slopes, thro' fruited dells,
The long processions pass;

The pale Franciscan lifts in air
The Cross above the kneeling throng;
Their simple world how sweet with prayer,
With chant and matin-song!

There, with her dimpled, lifted hands,
Parting the mustard's golden plumes,
The dusky maid, Ramona, stands
Amid the sea of blooms.

And Alessandro, type of all ..
His broken tribe, for evermore
An exile, hears the stranger call
Within his father's door.

The visions vanish and are not,
Still are the sounds of peace and strife,
Passed with the earnest heart and thought
Which lured them back to life.

O sunset land! O land of vine,
And rose, and bay! in silence here
Let fall one little leaf of thine,
With love, upon her bier.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

## PIONEER AND OLD SETTLERS' DAY

It was a wonderful pilgrimage, led by Alexander P. Murgotten of San Jose, on that day, October 16, 1915, when the Pioneers and the Old Settlers were met at the gates of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, by the officials thereof, and a grand march was formed, six abreast, to be escorted to the California Building! A band preceded them and to inspiring music of the olden time, marched they all, a thousand and more, gathered thus for the occasion from practically every one of the fifty-two counties of the State.

Hundreds of Pioneers, who had not seen each other for years, met again on this day. As they marched there was a solemnity upon them all, for they knew it was, doubtless, the last gathering that would thus assemble them together—they who had come to this land in 1849, or before, or near that date, who were thus marching together, six abreast, their heads crowned with silver and their hearts full of memories of the early days and the thousands of those who had departed to the Beyond in these intermediate years.

Scattered throughout the marching throng were wives and daughters arrayed in the elegant heirlooms of the past—rich East Indian shawls of camel's hair or cashmere, and beautiful crepe shawls of spotless white, or of bright embroideries, with long, swaying fringes, or wearing scarves and bonnets of the early Victorian era, which gave a new idea of the dignity and elegance of that time, for some of these rich webs from the looms of India and China were paid for in California gold, requiring five hundred or even a thousand dollars for the purchase of them. Nothing was too good for the brides of the miners in those days. Wonderful bags and reticules and handsome fans and other souvenirs of the past were placed proudly on exhibition that day to speak for the women of the early times.

And so they marched, six abreast, a noble host, under the leadership of Alexander P. Murgotten (the editor for twenty years of "The Pioneer Magazine"), to show to all the world their high hearts and enthusiasm and their loyalty to the land which they had served from their youth up to this day of days.

And marching with them were the native sons and daughters whose final duty it is to take their places when they are here no more.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California," October 16, 1915.*

## LET THIS DREAM BE TRUE

Softly o'er the dark lagoon
Winds of evening sigh;
Softly falls the fountain's tune
Where the breezes die;
Night is ours, my dreams, I cry,
Night is ours; but ah, too soon
Must my dreaming die!

What will morning bring to me
In this leafy shade—
Only a sweet memory
Of a fairy glade?
Night is ours, my lovely dream.
Night is ours; but ah, so soon
Must my dreaming fade?

Nay! Let Greed his vandal hand
From this vision stay!
Other dreams of fairy land
Vanish with the day;
Let this dream no man undo!
While the winds of fancy play,
Let this dream be true!

*Charles Phillips.*

*From "San Francisco Call and Post"; October 14, 1915.*
*This lyric was sung at the Exposition as a part of the Fine Arts Preservation Day programme..*

## EDWIN BOOTH

In vision I behold by Avon's side
The mighty Shakespeare, and a wondrous train—
The vast creations of that matchless brain—
Walked with him through the dusk of eventide.
Slowly the dim procession, solemn-eyed,
Therewith the tawny Moor, and Cawdor's thane,

And, soul most sorrowful, the princely Dane,
Passed and repassed into the shadows wide,
Then with a sense of overmastering awe,
And listening heart that scarcely seemed to stir,
I woke; to lapsing centuries of time,
To the thronged walls, and blaze of lights, and saw
Not Shakespeare, but his grand Interpreter,
Than thought's great master only less sublime.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

*From "Songs of the Golden Gate";*
*Houghton, Mifflin & Company,*
*Boston and New York, 1895.*

## EDWIN BOOTH, THE EXPRESSION OF SHAKESPEARE

It is a dastard thing that time has done in laying his withering hand so heavily upon Edwin Booth. The great actor seemed to be one of "the few, the immortal men that were not born to die", if one may paraphrase something too great to bear a change, and consequently to have immunity from the ghoulish hand of decay.

To the greater part of us he is a memory only ten years old, and ten years ago he was still so young that youth was one of the manifold graces of his wonderful Hamlet.

When, therefore, the curtain rolled up slowly, even solemnly, on Monday night—or it may have seemed so in the breathless hush of expectancy—and the Hamlet looked mournfully out upon us from the lineaments of an old man, there was not a heart that did not throb with a moment's pain. Curiously enough, it did not strike people as being exactly wrong. There is but one Hamlet, and his name is Edwin Booth. But people have been talking it over—and taking a melancholy comfort in it, too—and wondering vaguely if nothing could be done. Booth has ruthlessly sheared his hyperian locks, which were, for so many years, distinctive of him, and their impatient shake belonged to Hamlet quite as much as the fitful clapping of his brow.

One would say of another man that he had cut his hair, but it does not seem quite the phrase to apply to Booth, who is the romantic figure of the day, so far as the stage is concerned. The thought comes that he is shorn like a new Absalom, and every one who has loved his Hamlet cannot help but sigh for his lost locks. The swarth of his dark, Oriental face

would seem to take kindly to pigments, and what can restore the lustre of his marvelous eyes? * * * Shakespeare was his creator, but with Edwin Booth, Hamlet was born, and with Edwin Booth Hamlet will die. For look you, this is not acting that we have been wondering over. There is no smell of the midnight oil on this pale, dark, mystic-looking man. These clear, meaningful readings are not the tortured evolutions of the student's study, for Edwin Booth is not a student, and there is no strain of pedantry in any translation of his. There's a laugh for the commentators and a flip of the fingers for the interpreters when Edwin Booth is a Hamlet. There are no new readings to startle you; no tricksy business to distract you. Edwin Booth is the expression of Shakespeare. He does not step alone into the inky cloak and cross-garters of the melancholy Dane. He steps into his fighting soul, and the complex Hamlet, who has tortured a thousand students, is as clear as morning light to this genius who gives body to a book-wraith that has been waiting for him almost three hundred years. And therefore it is that Hamlet was born with Edwin Booth. And it is meet and fitting this time that Hamlet grow old, and we cry, "Ah, the pity of it!" But we shall look with exquisite tenderness upon every time-seam in his face, upon every glint of gray in his locks, upon every fire that still flashes in his eye.

*Mary Therese Austin.*

*From "Our Betsy B.";*
*From San Francisco Argonaut.*

## THE REVIEW OF AN ENTHUSIASTIC CRITIC

Turn to another column if you think I'm about to describe for you the voice of Galli-Curci. For who shall catch in words the phantasy of rainbows arched above falling waters, moon-lit? There's no such thing. Very well, then, there's no such thing as Galli-Curci's voice until Galli-Curci sings—and then there is the miracle of rainbows by moonlight.

Perhaps, if you remember Tetrazzini's luscious voice, you will glimpse something of the truth about Galli-Curci, if I say that this Italian-Spanish prodigy is Louisa refined. She is Tetrazzini spiritualized. If you recall the pearls—white pearls—that came from the throat of Melba, you may feel something close to truth concerning Galli-Curci if I tell you that this latest gift of God to melody is Melba made tender. The pearls are turned to tears, now—tears of happiness and sweet sadness.

When Galli-Curci sings, the world slips away. Visions come before you of loved ones who are gone, and you wonder, can there be such singing up there where Gabriel stands and where Israfael sweeps his lyre? You doubt it and are sad that you may not touch a vanished hand and press it in token of a spiritual joy mutually felt.

Of course I willingly admit that Galli-Curci is but a woman. That's just it. She is as feminine as a shepherdess on a china cup. Even more so. Perhaps she has a temper. I don't know anything about that. But when Galli-Curci sings she is transfigured. She is no longer a woman. She is womanhood. She is tender, arch, cajoling, scolding, loving, pure, fickle, or superb, just as her song provides.

While I may not describe her voice, it is possible to indicate some of the phenomena which accompany its spiritual manifestations.

She sings with the same amount of effort that is visible in a babe's breathing when the lullaby and the sandman have done their peaceful work. Like the banners on Poe's palace, her voice "floats and flows." It is as unlabored as a sigh. Whether the tone be at one extreme or the other of the gamut of her range, makes no difference. It is found unerringly as to pitch, without consciousness, and it is to flatter all larks to say it is as free as their meadow songs. Octaves, sixths, awkward, augmented intervals,

thrills, embroideries of all kinds are accomplished subconsciously. There is not even the theatricalism of a Tetrazzini who picks up her handkerchief while singing a top tone in order to prove how easily she does it. Galli-Curci seems quite unconscious of her own consummate mastery, and so is deliciously free from any attempt to prove it.

Her vocal agility is not disclosed with the vanity of an acrobat on a trapeze—with bows and flourishes and condescending smiles. She approaches her cadenzas, her scales and her skips with the modest manner of one determined to make them all beautiful. The result of it is—perfection; or as close to it as mortal is likely to reach. Unlike all other singers of this type of song, Galli-Curci attacks her duty like a musician and a poet. She makes of the most florid of passages something spiritual—the spirit is identified as Beauty.

And now for good news. Galli-Curci sings again at the Civic Auditorium next Sunday afternoon. Composers and soloists rise one at a time. Once in a generation there appears a prodigy whose art draws back the veil briefly and you catch a glimpse of something not made for words, but celestial and pure and holy. Even this will Galli-Curci do for you when she sings.

*"Our" Walter Anthony.*

*From "The San Francisco Chronicle"; May 13, 1918.*

# DID THE EARLY MAYANS WORSHIP NUMBERS?

The concept is so novel that, at first thought, it seems absurd. But at second thought, would it be so ridiculous for us even to venerate them?—the only true, infallible and absolute things we know of, or at least the only ones we can comprehend. Eliminating all superstitious influences—I know of no object of veneration to which the mind of man should as readily turn as to mathematics—the single force whose constant pressure by manifold ways elevates from savagery. The Maya nation had nothing in the shape of revelation to affect them and so gravitated, according to their own inclination, to a form of worship of their own. The one thing that impressed them was that they had arisen from savagery through their discovery of the power of numbers. And that the science of numbers was what had kept on elevating them, till it finally achieved an apparently superhuman triumph in the perfection of their marvelous calendars.

What wonder, then, that they ascribed to the numerals superhuman powers and deified them? Other peoples have sanctified objects for a thousandfold less reason.

Let the reason be what it may, that they did deify numbers and make them objects of worship is certain. By the features, breast-plates and ornaments of the idols, taken in connection with other numeral signs surrounding them, it is easy to distinguish the god 4, the god 13, the god 20, and so on. But the favorite or greatest god, the one to whom they built everywhere the most and the largest monuments, was the god 1.

This is unmistakable, from the fact of the identity of the face and the ornaments with that of 1 in the series of face nu-

merals. And it is probable, too, that 1, being the basis of all numeration, should come to be looked upon as the Primal Number—the First Great Cause.

Research may yet show that all systems of religion were originally built upon a similar plan of numeral worship. If polytheistic, there need be no limit to the number of gods; if monotheistic, it is only necessary to suppose that all but the principal deity have been eliminated and that the god 1 has become the One God.

*Joseph Thompson Goodman.*
*Editor of the Virginia Enterprise and of the San Franciscan.*
*From "Archaic Maya Inscriptions"; published in Fleet Street, London: Taylor & Francis, 1895.*

## AU REVOIR

"Ah me," the tender zephyrs sigh,
And back again they gently turn
To bid the flowers and leaves good-bye,
To kiss again the fading fern,
Once more to steal some perfume sweet
And lay it at the Summer's feet,
Dear Summer gliding past.

The cricket's song at close of day
Hath lost its cheery, blithesome tone,
And mournfully and far away
It sounds with wood-dove's plaintive moan;
And loving birds are hushed and still
That wooed the Summer from the hill,
The Summer dying fast.

The boisterous breezes of the Fall,
Frost-laden, sweep with rudest rush,
Familiarly to toy with all
The leaves, which scarlet blush
And die for shame to think that they
Perforce the zephyr's love betray
To winter's wanton boy.

Poor withered bits of color brown,
So bright and green on Summer's day,
By angry Boreas now torn down,
Are whirled in rustling clouds away;
And sobs the gentle early rain
To see the gladsome Summer wane,
The Summer full of joy.

'Tis sad to see the Summer go,
'Tis sad to lose of kith or friend,
And yet 'tis better ordered so,
'Tis best our earthly joys should end
Though Summer, aye, through LOVE depart,
They'll come again to cheer the heart—
Sans sadness, sans alloy.

*P. V. M.*

*From "Out of a Silver Flute";*
*inspired by Viva Cummins Doan.*

## COMFORT TO BE FOUND IN GOOD OLD BOOKS

No book has lived beyond the age of its author unless it was filled with that emotional quality which lifts the reader out of this prosaic world into that spiritual life whose dwellers are forever young—unless it were full of this spiritual force which endures through the centuries. The words of the Biblical writers, of Thomas a Kempis, Milton, Bunyan, Dante and others, are charged with a spiritual potency that move the reader of today as they have moved the countless generations in the past.

Could one wish for a more splendid immortality than this, to serve as the stimulus to ambitious youth long after one's body has moldered in the dust? Even the Sphinx is not so enduring as a great book, written in the heart's blood of a man or woman who has sounded the deeps of sorrow only to rise up full of courage and faith in human nature. * * *

Now that this perennial spirit of youth is gone out of my life, the beauty of it stands revealed more clearly. * * *

And so in this roundabout way, I come back to my library shelves to urge upon you who now are wrapped warm in domestic life and love to provide against the time when you may be cut off in a day from the companionship that makes life precious. * * * Cultivate the great worthies of literature even if this means neglect of the latest magazine or the newest sensational romance. Be content to confess ignorance of the ephemeral books that will be forgotten in a single half year, so you may spend your leisure hours in genial converse with the great writers of all time. * * * The vital thing is that you have your own favorites—books that are real and genuine, each one brimful of the inspiration of a great soul. Keep these books on a shelf convenient for use, and read them again and again until you have saturated your mind with their wisdom and their beauty.

So may you come into the true Kingdom of Culture whose gates never swing open to the pedant or the bigot. So may you be armed against the worst blows that fate can deal you in this world.

*George Hamlin Fitch.*

*From the Introduction to "Comfort to be Found in Good Old Books", which originally appeared in the Sunday book page of "San Francisco Chronicle".*

## THE BUILDERS

Who built the fabric of our State?
  Who reared the Temple of her Fame?
Who are the great, the truly great,
  Whose deeds the ages shall proclaim?

Behold the builders and the work they wrought!
  Baker, the voice divine in Freedom's cause,
And Field, the master architect of laws,
  And King, the star-crowned king of noble thought.

These laid the rock foundations, deep and strong,
  Whereon the toilers wrought, the structure rose
With walls and colonnades of stately prose,
  And minarets and towers of glorious song.

Behold the builders, working each his will,
  In verse or story limned with rarest art;
Twain, Stoddard, Markham, Atherton and Harte,
  The rugged Miller and the cultured Sill.

And lo! among the rest, their work adorning,
  Walked one of gentle and unstudied grace,
Who wrought all day with ever upturned face,
  And song more clear than meadow larks at morning.

Sing on, oh sweet Musician, sing again!
  The builders pause and cluster close around you;
And while with love wreaths they have bound and
    crowned you,
  They listen breathless for another strain.

These build the fabric of our State
  And rear the temple of her fame;
These are the great, the truly great,
  Whose deeds the ages shall proclaim.

*John E. Richards.*

# ALONG SHORE

She wore a dark Gainsborough hat,
And smiled—and so did I.
The weather—it was this and that—
The moon was in the sky—

The tide was out, along the sands
We met, en promenade,
And talked of this and other lands,
And meetings long delayed.

"You seem," said she, "in somber mood,
If Hope hath taken flight
'Tis said her vows may be renewed
Before the court of Night."

"May then a virtue be distrained
From darkness, mist and sea?
If so," I said, "'twere little gained
To life's philosophy;

For there are things we fain would know
By soul-asserted right,
And whence those causes come and go
That lock them from our sight."

"I marked," she said, "in all my ways
Through other lands and climes
The various meeds that Homage pays
To errors of the times,

And though we wander or abide
We cannot bind, in sooth,
Those incongruous forms that glide
'Twixt error and the truth.

There are the longings of the soul
For happiness on earth,
And that surmise which shrouds the goal,
Or milestone—known as Death.

Life, with its little petty spite,
Its achings and unrest;
The thoughts by day, the dreams by night,
Oppressing the oppressed;

Remorse, omission and its sin;
The salt of bitter tears;
The dread almoner lurking in
The shade of coming years.

The agonies a heart may feel,
Bowed o'er a cherished dust,
The emptiness of that appeal,
Devoid of meaning—'trust.'

October's sable wreath of thought
The heart would fain defer;
Of one who was and now is not—
Thy yearning love for her—

You go too far, I see, and grieve
But for the lack to know
Those entities that might relieve
A philosophic woe.

And have what little hope you may,
You keep the same aloof—
As one whose all is vacancy,
Your soul is question-proof.

A wrongful strife—to break the seal
Between thy God and thee;
And that there is—He will reveal
Its hidden mystery."

"In truth, you are a wondrous maid
To have such flow of speech;
How hast thou read my mind," I said,
"Give answer, I beseech."

"More have I read than I have told,
And that I keep—In sooth,
'Tis said 'twere better to withhold
A moiety of truth."

"Aye—so 'tis said," I made reply,
"Yet Wisdom at her best
Is little else than theory
And shadow dispossessed—

And so this life. In cold disdain,
From woes not understood,
I tear myself from self, to gain
The compensating good.

What is the soul? concurrent state,
Organic memory—
A process—which is life-create
Of that we feel, and see;

And not a unit, substantive,
Since, when we pass away,
Its parts dissolve; these cannot have
Re-issuance or sway.

E'er death this soul I fain would free
From the illusive wheel,
And fix its true identity
With that it doth reveal,

Which is a reality, divine,
A Universal Soul—
Of which 'tis part—and thus combine
The atoms in the whole.

To know and gain entire release
From that which was and is—
To be distrait—yet share the peace
Of finite unities.

The meed is beatific rest,
Detachment, harmony,
Desire extinguished—Self possessed
Of self-hood—and yet free.

" 'Some secrets may the poets tell,
For the world loves new ways,
To tell to deep ones is not well—
It knows not what he says.' "

The maid spoke on, "So thou wouldst reach
Thy dreary mountain height
In spite of clouds and mists that teach
'Faith lieth not in Sight.'

Afloat within the atmosphere
Are storms and clouds and rain;
These are not lost—they disappear,
To reappear again;

The sensate photosphere of mind
Hath rushing clouds and storms
That part in haste and are combined
In ever changing forms.

We often think us to dissolve
Their subtleties—'Tis vain—
The mind lacks width to them resolve
To elements again!

So silence is the golden mean
That should encompass thought
That dares the tides that writhe between
The known and the forgot.

Lo! there is genius, lacking will,
And sensibility,
Without the intellect to fill
Its void with energy;

So there remains a conscious hate,
A latent violence
Against the world, against our state,
And life, and its portents.

'Tis true, the high and loving soul
Is dangered of great griefs,
And Wisdom, though she gain the whole,
Mourns burden of beliefs.

Hope is the all, the only—hope,
Abstract, yet life-possessed;
Tho' far the anguished soul may grope,
Here only, can it rest!

Philosophy seems all-combined
The future to defy—
Lo, Death—We cast it to the wind,
Clasp simple Hope—and die."

The gateway closed our random chat,
She, smiling, said "Good-bye"—
The weather—it was this and that—
The moon was in the sky.

*Frank Rose Starr.*

*From "San Diego Sun"; November 15, 1882.*

## THE LADY OF MY DELIGHT

Alice Meynell has her soul to keep, and right circumspectly does she keep it. Her white thoughts she holds in constant sight, and however gayly they run and leap, they do not gambol wantonly like the unshepherded thoughts of the base poets who unfrock themselves in the sight of Heaven by blaspheming their divine ordination. Alice Meynell is the poet of sanctifying grace. She brings no "mortal sin into the shrine of song." Into that tender breast the "chastest stars may peep", and angels, too. She is a vestal matron in the temple of poetry, the unstained singer of an impure day; and we must cleanse our souls before we are worthy to kneel with her at the altar where she offers her spotless lilies of song.

*Edward F. O'Day.*

*From "The Lantern"; San Francisco, June, 1915.*

## THE MANTLE OF PERFECT INNOCENCE

He made no response as she concluded the story of her adventure, of having visited a convict at San Quentin to take him a birthday gift from his crippled little girl, who was slowly dying. The promise he was about to exact from her never again to subject herself to such peril was hushed upon his lips. A

swift conviction seized him that even in these corrupt days, the mantle of perfect innocence is more invulnerable than an armor of steel.

*Flora Haines Loughead.*

*From "The Man Who Was Guilty"; published in "San Franciscan", 1885.*

## A TRIBUTE TO ILLUSTRIOUS NATIVE SONS AND NATIVE DAUGHTERS BY AN ADOPTED SON

A story of achievement is told in the beautiful art-glass portraits to be seen in the circular windows of the Native Sons' Hall in San Francisco. For each one of these is occupied by the face of fair woman or brave man who is known abroad as well as at home for some special gift that marks each one out from amongst his or her fellows or sisters. The men and the women who were born in California under rugged Pioneer conditions had a fortunate adventure. To be born here is enough, but when added to this beneficial and delightful experience is given the added achievement of fame in Art, Music, Drama and Literature or Science, then one is doubly honored. The distinction of being here placed is worthily won. However, the tribute to the native son and native daughter who are not yet enrolled in this hall of fame should not be overlooked. Perhaps

"They were born with Time
In advance of their time."

Many of these are known and urged for place amongst the illustrious ones, but to gain the guerdon they must be made known to the outside world as well as in their native state.

Who, then, are these who have won the plaudits of the multitude and are thus set on high? In studying the names of those who have been selected, you are at once impressed with the fact that brilliant achievement is not limited to sex, religion, race, poverty, wealth, formal education or scholastic environment. Each individual gazing down upon us has found an open door to opportunity. And hardly two of them have traveled the same path to the open door.

Here is to be seen the classic face of Mary Anderson, known world-wide for her part in drama; next follows that of the song-bird, Sybil Sanderson, noted for her creating of heroines in opera and of the realm of music; the features of Gertrude Atherton, delicately set forth in the stained-glass, tell of one whose life has been full of activity in her favorite pursuit

of letters, and who has added to the literature of the world; high light and beautiful pose reveal to us the uplifted glance of Maude Fay, who is also an exponent of opera and music; Douglas Tilden is here as the exponent of Sculpture; Ernest Peixotto represents Art, as does also Jules Pages; Jack London, that original genius, who gazes upon the world with eyesight keen for things no one else sees, is the one chosen to stand for Literature; David Warfield, the portrayer of sympathetic creations in theatric representations, is the actor par excellence, chosen to typify the Drama; David Belasco, the wizard of scenic representation, shines from his high place as the producer of Drama; Richard Walton Tully, with his gifts in making visual his works of the imagination, is accorded his place as the creator of Drama; Dennis O'Sullivan, whose voice, like that of some bird, "is heard the more because its song is o'er", is the one chosen to represent Music; John T. Montgomery, whose life-work has been devoted to deeper study than mere books, is claimed for Science; Stephen Mallory White, late United States Senator, whose words flowed like spoken music, is there to speak for Oratory; James Duval Phelan, also United States Senator, the public-spirited citizen and kindly friend to many charitable enterprises, who has spoken for Verdi, for Robert Emmet, Robert Burns, for Sir Roger Casement, and for our own United States with true and earnest eloquence, is another Native Son known world-wide as an example of Oratory.

This grouping together of our illustrious natives of the State of California is an effort in the right direction. Their creative art knows no boundary lines. There is no geographical limit to be placed upon the art, drama, music, literature or science that they have added to the world. Just as the Pioneers blazed the trail for the steel-shod cavalry of commerce to cross the Sierras, and builded an empire by the Western seas, so these native sons and daughters devoted to the love of the finer arts have also blazed the new way for a new generation of poets, artisans, musicians and other gifted ones to follow. These Pioneers of thought are the builders of an intellectual empire. The wealth of Poetry in the Sierras, of prose in the valleys, of art in the kingdom of the sea, and the Drama in the cities will be exploited by the new sons and daughters. These faces of fair women and brave men in these beautiful portraits above us represent the graduates of the University of Solitude. In the loneliness of individual effort have these children of the Pioneers made manifest the genius of California.

Over all of these, like a benediction, hovers the spirit of the past, the influence of Joaquin Miller, of Bret Harte, of

Mark Twain, of Charles Warren Stoddard and others who first made vibrant the solitude of the mountains, the sea and the deserts of the far West with song and with story. Hail to the California heroes in the University of Adventure and Achievement! For as Joaquin Miller says:

"The hero of time is the hero of thought,
The hero who lives is the hero of peace,
And braver his battles than ever were fought,
From Shiloh back to the battles of Greece."

*Harr Wagner.*

*Written for "Literary California"; 1916.*

## STORY OF SAWYER'S BAR

You ask me to write you the story of Sawyer's Bar. I can only do it in my own way, but I shall never forget my trip there to the latest day of my life. To get to that interesting place in Siskiyou county, up in Northern California, I had to take a long journey. We arrived at Aetna Mills in an auto-stage, and next morning left for Sawyer's Bar. Traveling up to the summit of the Salmon mountains, it was bitter cold, though it was in the month of October. Instead of going from one hill around to another, as is usual, the road made a straight plunge down from the summit into an unknown abyss. Here and there were stations along this precipitous route where teams and conveyances waited in order to pass each other when coming up and down, for Sawyer's Bar is nothing more or less than a cup, down deep in the mountain, where a river flows that is rich with gold.

Here live the descendants of certain Pioneers who mined here during their lives, and on dying bequeathed this "Cup of Gold" to them to have and to hold; and here they live and rear their children, set apart from the great world outside, in a strange little world of their own. There is a church built over the river which has had almost all the land blasted away from it by the miners in their unwearying search for the gold found here once so plentifully.

No story of this strange hollow in the mountains occupied by the descendants of old Pioneers would be complete that omitted mention of the good old Belgian priest who was the pastor of this flock for many years. From the traditions handed down of this remarkable man, he must have been another Junipero Serra. He had a cow and chickens and sold "garden truck" in order to maintain himself and the church in those years long ago, and thus served and helped his people, who all had a precarious time trying to subsist.

The cemetery at the back of the church shows his skill in making monuments to mark the place of the dead, with carved specimens of his handiwork and originally painted white, though now they are weather-worn, no one having taken his place to continue this service to the dead. In the church hangs a very famous painting as an altar-piece, "Christ on the Cross", and containing also the two thieves. An effort was made to remove this work of art, which undoubtedly is very old, to place in the cathedral at Sacramento. But the people of the hamlet refused to let it go from their midst, as they have known it from childhood, and look upon it as a sacred relic. They watch over it carefully and, in the winter-time, take it from the church to a place of safety in one of the homes, for fear of freshets which might wash

the shattered edifice from its foundation, or of the snow-slides which might cause a cave-in and thus destroy it.

In this little human spot of earth, so far from the centers of civilization, is a mimic world all its own, with three fraternal organizations to hold them in social relationship—the Odd Fellows, the Native Daughters of the Golden West, and the Native Sons of the Golden West. The hall is the property of the first-named order, but so kind and generous are they that they grant the others use of this as a meeting-place for half rent, in return for assistance in the up-keep. When visitors come to this strange region for any purpose belonging to any one of these orders, the other two are invited to share in the social festivities. Thus the unity of the group there to be found is complete.

Seldom does any one ever come out from Sawyer's Bar to the great world outside. When the old settlers died, the children took their places. It was rich in gold there, and they have learned how to get it out of the water and the earth as if by an instinct, and it is their only industry. Their needs are few, and it costs little for them to satisfy their wants. Fashion does not trouble them. They have few changes from season to season, save those demanded by the inclemencies of the weather. The water is pure, the air invigorating, everything is quiet and peaceful. The only thing that makes them apprehensive is the dread of the time when the last piece of gold shall be found and the final word be spoken, "No more".

When that day comes they will have to leave the only home they have ever known—that deep cup in the earth where the river flows through, where they know the coming of the seasons as if by instinct, and how to get the precious golden harvest from the flood at the moment when it is washed from the banks, even though they must undermine their church in pursuit of that elusive wealth.

That has been their life for several generations, and the years passing by have left them there unaware of the great world beyond, save by an occasional visit from an outlander. But they shrink from going forth and are glad to remain there, happy and contented, as long as the gold comes down to them in the torrents.

I returned to my home once more, but often I think of them up there at Sawyer's Bar. I always feel so much more satisfied with my lot since I was there, and think of them and how little it takes to make its people happy, but what would I not give for a draught of that pure water, a breath of that invigorating air, and just to behold once more the grandeur of its rocks and mountains and pines!

*Mrs. Mamie Peyton.*

*From "Life in California";*
*told at Haywards Parlor, N. D. G. W.*

## THE FORTY-NINER

The typical '49er is the hardiest animal under the canopy. When that predicted New Zealander shall sit amid the ruins of even this young republic, contemplating and meditating upon her downfall, his startled vision will rest upon the approaching form of a decrepit old man, hobbling through the debris, and muttering to himself, "I believe it was along about the spring o' '50—let-me-see, it might a been late in the fall o' '49—anyway, it was just afore the big fire in Jimtown—" and that speculative Antipodean will arise and flee from that scene of

ruin and (for him) impending disaster. And yet there was a vein of pathetic humor running through the composition of the California Pioneer, exemplified in that one other absorbing ambition of his, besides his insatiable desire to become suddenly and enormously rich. That other ambition was an inordinate, a paramount, an ever-recurring resolution to return to "the states"—he was always "going home". But he must first "make his pile". He "calculated", "reckoned" and "guessed" that he would "cut a dash" when he got back to old Skowhegan, Sag Harbor, or perhaps some village in "Carolina state". He intended to "make a splurge, you bet", and money was not to be considered an object, either. And so he scorned diggings, which only paid "an ounce a day", and sought those which would pay "an ounce to the pan". Some of them are looking for those "ounce diggings" to this day, but the placers have "petered", and he "prospects for quartz", satisfied if he can find a "pocket lead" which will give him a "grub stake" sufficient to tide him over the next rainy season.

"Going home!" Sometimes he could play a few dismantled tunes on the violin—weary, shadowy substances of a music which has been dead and forgotten, lo, these many years. But there was one tune into which he could throw the soul of a maestro, through which quivered like the gleam of the Northern lights, the sweetest hope of his being. Sitting there in the waning twilight, beside the door of his cabin, with the wind sighing a soft lullaby through the tasseled pine, and the distant roar of the turbulent river welling up from the dark canon, his "fiddle" close pressed to his bearded chin, he draws the bow across the strings, and the walls of the canon echo back the sad, sweet strains of a melody that will never grow old or be forgotten—the music of "Home—home—sweet—sweet—home!!"

"Going home!" And on the pinions of that melody his soul is wafted back to the place of his birth, and he closes his eyes to behold the vision of an aged mother, whose heart is sore with long waiting, a father who loves him well, a sister who yearns to behold him again—aye, and the sweetheart or wife to whom he is the one being of all the wide, wide world. Yes, he must go home. One more "clean-up", another rattle with the dice of fortune, and then for home, sweet home. Beneath the shadow of the pine on the hillside, where the wild dove coos to his mate, and the shrill piping of the crested mountain quail wakes the echoes at dawn and twilight, is a moss-covered mound, unmarked and unknown—the '49er has "gone home".

*E. H. Clough.*

*Oakland, December, 1883.*

## THE DESERTED CABINS OF PLUMAS

Where the sparkling Feather River
  Leaps and dances on its way,
Linger countless crumbling cabins,
  Landmarks of a bygone day.

How eloquent these shelters
  Crude as mountain grizzly's lair,
Of man's immortal hopefulness,
  Of what his heart will dare!

What gilded dreams of splendor,
Those camp-fires must have known!
What shadow-shapes of happiness
Those mounting flames have thrown!

What love-lights have glistened
In the lonely miner's eyes
As he dreamed of lifting burdens
From hearts 'neath harsher skies!

And as the Feather River
Leapt and danced upon its way,
The miner's heart kept pace with it
Though he was doomed to stay.

For it sang a song of gold to him,
So golden were its gleams;
His heart to him of gold did sing
And golden were his dreams.

Man is happy in a hovel
If hope but with him stay;
He is wretched in a palace
If you take his dreams away.

*Etha R. Garlick.*

*From "Verses" by Etha R. Garlick;*
*Orozco, Publisher, San Francisco, 1912.*

## FOLLOW! FOLLOW!

### (SONG OF THE GNOMES OF GOLD AND SILVER)

Follow the gold, though hard and cold,
Though buried deep in the earth's dark mould,
Though buried deep 'neath rocks and stones,
Though red with blood and sighs and groans,
Follow, Follow!

Follow the gold, though hard and cold,
Though buried deep with a curse to hold;
A curse on the hand that unseals the find,
A curse on his heart and a curse of his mind,
Follow, Follow!

Follow through water and follow through earth,
Forgetting all loved ones, forgetting all mirth,
Hungering for silver and thirsting for gold,
Until thou are weary and feeble and old,
Follow, Follow!

Oh, blind be the eyes that shall gaze on the store
Save for silver and gold be blind evermore;
Entranced by the darkness, forgetting the sky,
Ever wandering in tunnels until thou shalt die,
Follow, Follow!

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine";*
*Los Angeles, California.*

## THE PIONEER'S BREED IS STILL HERE

There have been those who claim that the times have changed. They speak of our early California writers as "Literary Stars that have waned and vanished"; yet the world is still reading their books; and at the public library they tell me that the greatest demand there at the present time is being made for the works of Mark Twain, over those of any other author. There have been those who affect to dismiss the claims of the Pioneer father and mother as of little account, because they are slowly dropping into their graves, and that is the end of them. But I say, No! this is not true, for while their breed survives they, too, remain above earth and continue to play their immortal part. It is becoming unhealthy for a stranger to ascend the rostrum and tell us that the stories of Bret Harte prove that the women of the early days were frivolous and lacking in the womanly virtues. It was in Hayward a few years ago that such a lecturer, fresh from Australia, who ventured to express this opinion, was faced by a big six-footer, at the close of his remarks, and compelled to apologize for such an insult to the womanhood of California. And an hour later the lecturer was seen rushing to the depot to take the first train out of the country, lest he meet a few more sons of Pioneer mothers who were on the war-path, ready to hold him to a strict account for his foolish utterances.

The women Bret Harte wrote about, left no breed behind them to stand for them. The Pioneer women were so busy rearing families and attending to the duties of the household that no one wrote any stories about them. Their lives were too rigorous and humdrum to be put into fiction. They were too absorbed in making homes and caring for the needs of the young, baking bread, washing clothes, sending children to school and Sunday school, and bringing civilization into the land, to serve as picturesque heroines of lurid romance. But it was they who gave us our traditions which we who have followed them must preserve. George Hamlin Fitch has given us the tale of how his mother, in the absence of his father, stood guard with a navy-revolver and a faithful mastiff, keeping a gang of Sydney murderers from entering their store to pillage, and kill if need be, to gain the coveted gold, and held them at bay till they turned and sought another place instead, and went on with their lawless work till there was no other

place left un-entered, save that one where his mother had stood guard. She then bade her little boy and girl to go to bed, they shivering with fright and terror. And the last sight left to linger with him evermore is told by Mr. Fitch, of how his mother sat there, still on guard, with the faithful dog at her feet, and upon her knee was the Bible, which she was reading, "in the flickering candle's light", as they two calmed themselves and fell asleep.

Those mothers were not on exhibition to be pictured to the vulgar gaze of the public. They were heroic mothers instead. They met life with all its heartbreaks and sorrow, and adapted themselves to changing fortunes, either when the mining-camp died down and they had to go forth to seek a new home in a new camp, or when the Mother-Lode opened up its rich veins and gold poured forth to lift them into the ranks of wealth. They graced every situation in life, and their sons and daughters are still with us. That same quality of endurance marks the breed they left behind them. They bear all and, while enduring, bring the same sweet peace into the land.

Tradition is still going on; it does not die nor fade from sight. Living the same normal lives as they did, in the early times, we have amongst us the same breed in this generation.

There is a fire-fighter in my neighborhood whose bravery makes him save lives where the mere soldier takes lives. He, the son of a Pioneer, married the daughter of a Pioneer, and together they face the ordeals of life which today are more complicated than those faced by their parents in the mining-days. No children in the district are better behaved or kinder or better reared than are those that this fireman of a brave heart has, growing up in his little home. The parents of the brood are obeyed implicitly, and each one does his or her share toward helping the others, and toward maintaining the home.

The eldest child was over twenty years of age when the twelfth babe arrived. The coming of the little one was made a holy celebration and the neighbors were admitted as to a sacred temple. Upon the face of the mother was a heavenly radiance that gave her a Madonna-like youthfulness as she held the little innocent to her breast and "hovered" it with the instinctive soothing of motherhood. In her eyes was a wonderful depth of meaning hardly to be expressed, save that there was a film of crystal tears there that added to her beauty, and a glorified halo about her head seemed exhaling from those tears like a lunar rainbow.

"How beautiful you are!" I murmured, my own heart quivering at the sight of her there with the new-born upon her breast.

She gave me a look I shall never forget, and said, in a low tone: "I am thinking of the three that are gone."

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California"; 1916.*

## THE INDIAN SUMMER

God's jewel days! His flawless jewel days
That flash in diamond and in ruby rays
And golden topaz tints, and each and all
Bright polished on the sharp frost-wheel of Fall.

*P. V. M.*

*From "Out of a Silver Flute"; New York, 1896.*

## COUNT THAT ALONE A PERFECT DAY

Count that alone a perfect day,
When with the folding leaves at night,
An inward voice may softly say:
"You've done your best since morning light.
Your best, which always must be poor,
With human heart, 'neath human sway;
But when you've done it swift and sure,
Count that alone a perfect day.

The sunlight trembles on the sea,
The soft breeze dies away in sleep,
The birds of passage wild and free,
Fly fearless home across the deep.
They turn not east they turn not west,
But with true instinct keep their way;
When you, too, know your path is best,
Count that alone a perfect day.

When you have soothed a wounded heart,
And turned aside from grim despair
Some hopeless wretch; and kept apart
A soul and sin, with help and prayer,
When you at night, on bended knees,
With conscience clear can truly say:
Oh, God! What am I more than these?
Count that alone a perfect day.

When the last sunset tints your sky,
And golden gleams are on the hills,
While on your couch of pain you lie,
Strange music all the silence fills,
A new life-current, strong and clear,
Is yours; around glad hymns of praise,
And then you know the voices near,
Are angels of your perfect days.

*Agnes M. Manning.*

*From "Chaplet of Verse by California Catholic Writers"; San Francisco, 1889.*

## OCTOBER PICTURES

Leagues of plain where gold and umber blend and merge in
wondrous tinting;
Mountains east and west arising, giant warders proud and high;
Rivers where the white-armed plane-trees fling abroad their
autumn banners;
Woodlands opening in dim vistas, scenes of beauty to the eye;
Cottage homes in shade embowered, from whose lowly chim-
neys rising
Soar the curling smoke-wreaths softly out upon the frozen air,
As o'er Santa Anna's summit glows the morning sun in
splendor,
Making all the southern valley smile in beauty rich and rare.

But the iron-horse speeds northward, and we watch the shift-
ing vision—
Hill and river, wood and mountain, and each quiet country
home—
Till we pass the forest arches, and to westward see El Toro,
Lifting up his wreathed forehead proudly to the azure dome;
At his feet the crumbling ruins of an old adobe lying,
'Neath whose roof so oft were sheltered priest and statesman,
bard and sage,
Where the warriors from the battle, and the rich and poor
were welcomed
By the smiling lips of beauty, and the reverent voice of age.

* * * * * * * *

*Marcella A. Fitzgerald.*

*From "Chaplet of Verse by California Catholic Writers";*
*San Francisco, 1889.*

## THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER

Like fallen logs the sleeping bandits lay,
All drunk with wine beneath the flickering ray
Of candle-light. Their captive sat wide-eyed
And sleepless in the fitful light and tried
To loose those hateful cords with tug and strain
To gain his freedom. But 'twas all in vain.
His hand he clenched as he watched the candle's glare
—'Twas half in rage and half despair!
That he, a fair-haired youth from the Northern land
Should fall into this wild banditti band
To die, just like a rat within a hole,
Filled with mighty wrath his swelling soul.

Just then, a flood of early morning light
(Bringing a vision to his dazzled sight)
Fell across the old adobe floor.
Silent then slid back the great wide door,
And entered there, just like a falling leaf,
The barefoot daughter of the bandit chief,
A gleaming knife clasped tightly in her hand.

He could scarcely understand!
What did it mean? Was she to do the deed
Her father had delayed and quickly speed
The knife within his breast to satisfy
Some direful wish to see him die?

Hér head was proudly poised and full of fire
Her gleaming eyes—a daughter of her sire
Indeed, and he cursed the beauty and the grace
Of this savage daughter of a savage race.

Closer yet she crept until her breath
Was on his cheek. He nerved himself for death
While her eyes gazed into his. Within that space
It seemed he lived an age. And then her face
Revealed a smile that haunted him for life—
A smile of triumph as she slipped the knife
Beneath his bonds to set him free.
That strange sweet smile was Fate's decree
That he should live, and now the warm life blood
Went leaping through his veins in sudden flood
As he felt her quick pulsation by his side
And knew she was his God-sent friend and guide.

Just then, the bandit nearest them bestirred
Himself—a savage creature—armed and spurred—
Half yawning in his sleep as if he'd wake
And cry, "Behold, the captive's free!" "Forsake
Me, Mariquita, while there's time to flee"
The captive whispered. 'Twas in vain for she
Was the daughter of a bandit chief and feared
Not any man, and only persevered
The more to cut those hateful bonds, and he
With sudden spring and leap, at last is free!

The bandit turns him o'er. They breathe again
To see him fast asleep, and then the twain
Step softly to the door. The air is cold,
And dim the morning light, but there behold,

His horse stands ready bridled for the flight.
His heart now swells within him at the sight
Which seems his very nature to transform.

He lifts the little hand so brown and warm
Unto his lips with deference, which seems
To say, "Thou art the angel of my dreams."
Then springing to his saddle, in the dawn
He waves his hand to her and then is gone,
And she descries him far away with eyes
Like stars, and then with sweet regret, she sighs.

And ever gazing from her favorite hill.
Stands Mariquita, waiting, waiting still.

*Ella Sterling Mighels.*

*From "Werner's Magazine"; New York, 1887.*
*This was made the theme of a painting in 1888 by Ernst Narjot, celebrated for his scenes of Mexico.*

## THE WESTERN PACIFIC

From the Mormon state to the Golden Gate
Shall reach the new steel band
When the W. P. from the inland sea
Rolls into the silent land.

Its course it will take by the old Salt lake
(But a dream is the trail of old),
And westward glide through the desert wide
To the far famed land of gold.

Where the Humboldt springs from the soil and brings
New life to the sagebrush land,
And the coyotes prowl all night and howl
At the sheepman's lonely band.

Where the hills are high and the alkali
On the barren plain lies white,
The whirr of the wheel on the railway steel
Shall ring through day and night.

And falls, so grand, where the rivers blend,
And canyons deep are seen,
And frowning cliffs seen through the rifts
Where the pineclad hills are green.

By a river wide to the flowing tide
Of the nation's western gate,
Bearing the wealth of hills and mills
And the fruits of the golden state.

When the road is laid with its easy grade
And the engines built for speed,
In the fight for the best of the traffic west
The W. P. shall lead.

*Unknown.*

*From "Daily Paper", by Assistant Engineer, too modest to give his name.*

## ABOUT KINDNESS

Any one can be kind—as he wishes to be; and there always are the gravest, the most urgent reasons why one should be kind, why one should in carelessness or insolence or indifference, strike no blow in the dark that will drive hopelessness into any despairing soul.

There's a simple, homely truth in that absurd, banal (so far as poetry goes) little verse that the sentimental and unliterary used to write, sometimes with highly elaborated, ornamental flourishes, in the old-fashioned autograph album; that favorite verse about:

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

*Helen Dare.*

*From "San Francisco Chronicle"; January 23, 1917.*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In October come the jeweled grapes of many colors, shining out from the green leaves. I remember once to have carried a birthday gift to my mother, made of a great wreath composed of red, white and blue grapes, from Olivina, near Livermore. And it was sent to Modoc county to my sister, that she might enjoy the beauty of it. Flaming tokay, muscat, Black Prince—all are beautiful to behold! Also come the delicious pears in this month, fully ripened, and what fruit is more satisfying for quenching thirst than these?

*A. E.*

A STUDY OF THE LITTLE PIONEER GIRL

See Page 330—"Pioneer Mother's Sayings"

Photo by H. E. Poehlman

A STUDY OF THE LITTLE PIONEER BOY

See Page 332—"The Pioneer Boy of Esmeralda"

Photo by H. E. Poehlman

# THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

Sacramento, November 5, 1863.

*"Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and show ourselves glad in Him with psalms."*

In accordance with the Proclamation of the President of the United States, and that the people of our common country may, upon the same occasion, and with the same unanimity of purpose, offer up their grateful thanksgiving to Him who bestows "every good and perfect gift," I, LELAND STANFORD, governor of the State of California, do hereby appoint THURSDAY, THE 26TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, instant, as a day of public tranksgiving to Almighty God "for the great benefits we have received at His hands" during the year through which we have just passed.

Let us remember on that day that in calamity, as in prosperity, there is a God above us who holds in the hollow of His hand not only the lives of individuals, but the destinies of nations. Let us remember that it is to Him we must look for guidance in our public affairs, as well as pray for strength to compass the threatened dangers that surround our beloved country.

While we deplore our condition as a nation, we have manifold reasons for offering up our united thanksgiving as a community.

Our State, during the past year, has been blessed with prosperity and health. Our farms have yielded of their abundance, and our mines have continued to give up their hidden treasures. We have been free from floods, pestilence and famine, and, as a State, have known no widespread calamity. We have enjoyed an unlimited fruitfulness of soil and a genial climate, which we can offer to share with thousands of other lands who are anxiously seeking new and more peaceful homes.

We are blessed with a generous and sympathizing population, whose hearts have been opened to give munificently of their abundance, that the sufferings of sick and wounded patriots of other States may be relieved.

We have multiplied and renewed evidences of the loyalty of our people, and have, by legislative, elective and judicial action, deprived the enemies of our country from entering the pernicious wedge of rebellion and dissolution into the cherished institutions of our own favored commonwealth.

But while we assemble with thankful hearts among the cordial associations of our own happy homes, let us not forget the many desolate

households in our sister States, whose altars will be twined with cypress, and whose hearts will be overflowing with desolation, while our own are filled with thanksgiving for the plentitude of Divine protection.

As a nation, we have been passing through a bitter, trying and bloody ordeal; but recent events seem to foretell the coming of better and brighter days. And in this we have cause for peculiar thankfulness. And for this and all other mercies vouchsafed to us, let us give to Almighty God our unreserved thanksgiving.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand [L. S.] and caused the great seal of the State of California to be affixed, the day and year above written.

LELAND STANFORD,
Governor of California.

Attest: A. A. H. TUTTLE, Secretary of State.

*From "Sacramento Daily Union"; November 10, 1863.*

## IN MEMORY OF "THE GOVERNOR"

In the burial customs of the Red Man, when a great chief died, they killed and interred his ponies with him, that he might be properly accompanied on the way to the Happy Hunting Grounds of Above. But when the great chief of the railroad, known to all fondly as "The Governor", passed on his way, it may be told that many of the men went with him. For before he was cold in the ground, many of the old gray-haired clerks were dismissed from their positions where they had served faithfully, and were thus driven out into the cold storms of winter to perish. When Stanford died, they died, too. He was their sustainer, and when he was no more on earth, there was no kind Greatheart to care for their service any more. So they joined him, one by one. Let this be said of him: He went forth gloriously, not alone on his death-journey, but attended by a host of loyal servitors, the old friends of his early days in California, whom he had never forgotten.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine"; February, 1912.*

## DAYS OF THE BONANZA KINGS

Kearny and Montgomery streets presented a gay and wondrous spectacle to the onlooker during the brief reign of the Bonanza kings. Their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters were like butterflies and hummingbirds in all their silken splendor as they fluttered along in the bubbling effervescence of high spirits. Lace-trimmed parasols were in vogue in that era, and many soft ruffles edged the skirts. Gowns for street wear were always high of neck and long of sleeve, and exqui-

site lace shawls, some of them costing thousands of dollars, gave a Spanish piquancy to the forms they draped. The city was small in comparison to what it has now grown, and everybody walked. There were splendid turnouts for occasions, but the newly rich had not yet acquired that fashionable pose of helplessness which demands vehicular assistance for a few short blocks, and nobody was ashamed to be seen afoot. It was like being at a play to join the moving throng, for all the celebrities were to be seen likewise in the passing show of the afternoon promenade.

Generous to a fault, their charity was like the running stream. No one who applied to them went away empty-handed. The successful ones were known by sight as well as by name, and it is almost literally true that "everyone knew everyone." Out of the throng there remains to us today only Miss Flood, who has endowed a Chair of Commerce—the first of its kind—at the University of California. The children of the Bonanza kings are still doing their share, as did their parents before them, toward bringing about benefits to all, so that California is the richer for their being.

*Sarah Connell.*

*From "Life in California".*

## JUDAH

The great Sierras reared their ramparts high,
With canyons stretching deep and dark between—
A roadless, towering steep whose vast demesne
The art of man had never dared defy.

When Judah looked with steady, piercing eye
Upon the abysmal wonders of the scene,
Until he saw with vision grandly keen
The certain path for him to glorify.

And now along the way his genius traced
The locomotive plies, all fears outfaced,
The world of commerce in its arms to bear;
And as its song of triumph man still hears,
All blent with it a paean thrills the air
In praise of him our Prince of Engineers.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

## A MESSAGE FROM VIRGINIA ROSE

"There are two things that everybody has to have—whether rich or poor, whether high or low, whether in the city or the wilderness, whether young or old, whether they have bread or not, whether they have advantages or not—there are two precious things right here on earth that we have to have in order to keep alive—and these two are Air and Companionship—especially the latter."

*The Gatherer.*

*Taken from "Life in California";*
*spoken by one who lived in a palace, ate from dishes of gold,*
*was gowned like a princess, rode in her carriage in the early*
*Bonanza days, in her limousine in the later days, fed the hungry,*
*clothed the poor, buried the dead, comforted the afflicted,*
*and yet placed the human need for companionship as equal*
*to that for the air we breathe. She is with us no more,*
*but her words remain and her memory.*

## DAYS OF THE RAILROAD KINGS

It was a bare and rough shoulder of earth that California street presented when the railroad kings came down from Sacramento and located in the city-by-the-sea. But the railroad kings were builders—builders by nature and instinct as well as by trade. They came to stay and they were not to be daunted by difficulties, so, being pleased by the outlook, they selected this rugged outcrop for the location of their palaces that were to spring into being as though at the bidding of a genie. The Big Four were great friends and they built their homes close together.

As their advent heralded a modification in the financial interests, so the appearance of their ladies marked a change in the street scenes. Their clothing was no less elegant and expensive than that of their predecessors, but the silk and lace were superseded by magnificent woollen cloth. Silk there was in abundance, but for street-wear it was concealed. Its presence was revealed only in the soft swish of linings. Bright colors were no longer seen on the street. The girls in the shops, always quick to note the trend of affairs, were at first somewhat bewildered. Their ideas of elegance had been silk, no matter how sleazy, but now the serviceable merino and cashmere came into its own, and almost over-night the navy blues and seal-browns supplanted the flimsy finery ready to fall to rags like Cinderella's ball-gown at midnight. The sub-

stantial took the place of the ephemeral, and certainly, if perhaps insensibly, it began to be understood that steady application must take the place of trusting to luck.

As generous and warm-hearted as the first millionaires, the railroad people were charitable, but in more organized and permanent form. Instead of mere lavish giving, hospitals and homes were established and endowed. Magnificent public entertainments were given under their auspices, not only to raise funds but to advertise their objects. The "Authors' Carnival", produced at the old Mechanics' Pavilion, the largest assembly place in the whole West, was for the benefit of the Six Charities. It was a wonderful spectacle, the grand procession led by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, with all the pomp and majesty of a royal court, and in the train that followed them were to be seen not only the wealth but the beauty, wit and every form of the talent and accomplishment of the city and its environs. For two weeks the immense building was crowded to the doors, and were it not in mercy for the exhausted participants, the exhibition might have been continued indefinitely.

Though the parents have passed away, the descendants of the railroad magnates are still with us and taking their part in the continuance of good works. The homes of the builders were swallowed up in the holocaust of 1906, but the sites they once occupied have been dedicated to public usage. On one of them there stands the Art Institute. Another is a public park and play-ground; a third has been donated as the location for a magnificent cathedral, while the fourth is the property of the Leland Stanford Junior University.

*Sarah Connell.*

*From "Life in California".*

## TO MARY

Lo! I have known thee, Mary, many years,
  Since first we two in childhood's happy dream
  By Sacramento's tawny, turgid stream
Clasped hands in Friendship's chain, unknowing fears
Of Life or Death, to last o'er all the days
  Between, till now, when thou art gone
  From earth to seek a goal that's further on—
A sphere of fairer flowers and fairer ways.

Yet fain would I put forth my hand and dare
  To say, "She still is here with all her grace
  Of heart and tenderness of sympathy,
With all her kindliness and beauty rare;

Of those she loved she halloweth the place,
Sending lilies fair and roses more and more,
Redeeming souls from sorrow as of yore,
Giving gifts of soul and gifts of worth."

For when there came that hour, the last of earth,
In the final moment of the Great Release,
Such heavenly radiance shone upon thy face,
And such a smile of heavenly joy and peace,
As if an angel thou hadst come to be,
As if the angels thou hadst come to know.
In reverence we knelt and murmured low,
"A soul immortal passeth into Paradise this day,
And Paradise is near, not far away."

*The Gatherer.*

## CALL OF THE GOLDEN PORT

Ye that be trodden underfoot and scattered
As smoke-wreaths in the rain,
All the white dreams that ye have spent and shattered,
I will make whole again.

Ye that be thralls of outworn generations,
And seekers in the night,
Come, out of my proud place among the nations,
Behold, I give you light.

Where the sun's self out of the gates of morning,
New gilded from the sea,
Shines on my city with a great forwarning
Of glorious things to be.

And to the hills beyond the crested city,
Where the dawn-splendors break—
Crowned Freedom with her sacred eyes like pity
Keeps vigil for my sake.

On the wide wonder of the enchanted valley
Wherein my treasures be,
Green things, great rivers rolling musically
Down to a singing sea.

And in the heavy scented harvest hours
Bound with their fruitage gold.
All the wide hills shall overspill with flowers
Upon the dreaming wold.

Yes, all your toil shall be to you as pleasure,
And all your blood as wine,
The songs you sing shall have a dancing measure—
Such flowered air is mine!

And of your shadowy peril shall be sharers
And of your undigged gold.
The ghostly galleons of the old sea-farers,
That found the gate of gold.

They sailing through the sunset out of shadow
Shall watch with you and wait,
And with you lift their songs of Eldorado,
Beyond the Golden Gate.

*Ethel Talbot.*

*From "San Francisco Examiner"; 1911.*

## THE PULSE OF TIME

Oh! the To and Fro of the pendulum
Of Being and Life, and the roar
Of the vast machine that is all unseen,
Unheard and unknown! Oh! the Come
And the Go that forever and more
Is surging! And what does it mean?
For an aeon or day
Its perpetual sway
Is a mystery deep in its sum!

Oh! the Night and the Day of our hope and sight
Of things that are near us and far!
And the little we know of what is below
Or above! Oh, mysterious plight
Of living!—could we hope did we know
All the distance that lies
'Tween ourselves and the skies
Of At Last?—or is kindness in night?

Oh! the beat and the throb of the Pulse of Time
And the bounding of Life in the veins,
That makes us a part, in touch with the heart
Of Everything!—tingling in rhyme
With planets and suns! And the dart
Of ecstacies, yea, and of pains
Is a part that the whole
Daily knows, for the Soul
Is for all,—and the whole is a chime!

Oh! the seasons they come and the seasons they go
Like breaths of an animal vast!
And Life is a span, for the wonderful plan
Knows nothing of Time as we know
And nothing is hurrying fast;
The life of an insect or man
Is the moment that counts,
And the trifle amounts
To the best of the pendulum slow.

Oh! the ebb and the flow of the Sea of Thought
On the shores of the Universe!
The flood of the tide brings riches; the glide
To ebb leaves us barren. And fraught
Are the waves with the things they immerse
Till the dross from the real they divide,
When a planet is rolled
New, to shore, and is bowled
Into Space where before there was Naught!

Oh, living and dying and living again!
I am part of the To and the Fro,
And of Night and of Day, of the throbbing and play
Of the Heart; of the Now and the Then;
And a part of the Thought-Sea! Oh!
And God is the Whole, and the way
Of Creation and Life
And mysterious strife
Is His!—and His breath is in Men!

*P. V. M.*

*From "Out of a Silver Flute"; inspired by Ella Sterling Mighels.*

## SONS OF CALIFORNIA

Why do men so love their native soil? It is perhaps a phase of the human love for the mother. For we are compact of the soil. Out of the crumbling granite eroded from the ribs of California's Sierras by California's mountain streams—out of the earth—washed into California's great valleys by her mighty rivers—out of this the SONS OF CALIFORNIA are made, brain, muscle and bone.

Why, then, should they not love their mother, even as the mountaineers of Montenegro, of Switzerland, of Savoy, love their mountain birthplace? Why should not exiled Californians yearn to return?

And we, sons of California, always do return; we are always brought back by the potent charm of our native land—back to the soil which gave us birth—and at the last, back to Earth the great mother, from whom we sprang, and on whose bosom we repose our tired bodies when our work is done.

*Jerome A. Hart.*

*From "Argonaut Letters".*

## "WHERE ARE THOSE SLEEPERS NOW?"

We grew in beauty side by side,
We filled one house with glee,
Our graves are scattered far and wide,
By mountain, stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow.
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those sleepers now?

*A Memory Gem.*

*Cherished fragment of an old ballad brought to California in '49, and dwelt upon in 1918, by a Pioneer Woman in her 85th year, she being the only one left of a family of ten—a Mrs. Crawford of Hayward.*

## DON JUAN HAS EVER THE GRAND OLD AIR

Don Juan has ever the grand old air,
As he greets me with courtly grace;
Like a crown of glory the snow-white hair
That haloes his swarthy face;
And he says with a courtesy rare and fine
As he ushers me in at the door:
"Panchita mia will bring us the wine,
And the casa is yours, señor."

His forescore years have a tranquil cast,
For time has tempered his heart and hand;
Though the seething tide of his heart ran fast
When he ruled like a lord in the land.
In the wild rodeo and mad stampede
He rode, I am told,
In the days of old
With his brown vanqueros at headlong speed.

From the Toro peaks to the Carmel Pass
His cattle fed on rich wild grass;
And far to the west
Where the sand-dunes rest
On the rim of the heaving sea
From the Point of Pines to the river's mouth,
From the Gabilan Hills to the bay on the south
He held the land in fee.

It was never the same
When the Gringoes came
With their lust of gold and their greed of grain;
And his humble cot
With its garden plot
Is all that is left of his wide domain.

But he says with a courtesy rare and fine
As he ushers me in at the door:
"Panchita mia will bring us the wine,
And the casa is yours, señor."

*Lucius Harwood Foote.*

*From "Wooing of the Rose".*

## TRUTH IN TRINITY

Truth is its own exceeding great, unspeakable reward. There are three, and only three, that bear witness here on earth of things heavenly and divine. There are three, and only three, human pursuits that, passing beyond the veil of time and sense, take hold of things spiritual and eternal. These are science, fine art and religion. These three strive ever together, each in its several way, to perfect that image in the human spirit. Science strives ever to perfect that image in the human **reason** as truth: art strives to perfect the same image in the human imagination as ideal beauty; religion strives ever to perfect the same image in the human **will** and the human **heart**—in human life and human **conduct**—as duty and love. These three seem often to us widely separate, and even, alas! in deadly conflict, but only because we view them on so low a plane. As we trace them upward they converge more and more, until they meet and become **one.** They are indeed, but the earthly, finite symbol of a trinity which is infinite and eternal.

*Joseph Le Conte.*

## PICTURES OF MY DEAD FOREFATHERS

Are you glad the calm is broken?
Did the stillness never pall?
Pictures of my dead forefathers,
Hanging there against the wall!

Know you not, I often wonder,
Gentle dames and stately sires,
Do you feel or do you suffer
In our longings and desires?
While your blood in our veins courses,
While your race continues still,
Do you share in life's emotions,
Feel its passion and its thrill?
Are you hurt, I feel a stranger,
In these rooms and in this hall?
Pictures of my dead forefathers,
Hanging there against the wall!

Or in heaven does one see further,
Do you know those distant skies,
Where through cloudless realms of azure,
The majestic eagle flies?
Do you know those mystic mountains,
That at dusk fade into blue?
And those flowers that ope at night-fall,
'Neath the starlight and the dew?

Did you breathe its warmth, its madness,
Feel its freedom and its thrall?
Pictures of my dead forefathers,
Hanging there against the wall!

Did you know the canyon's coolness,
With its scented tangled vines?
Ah! heard you the palm's soft rustle
And the sighing of the pines?
Ah! heard you the rushing waters
And the music of their fall?
Pictures of my dead forefathers,
Hanging there against the wall!

Did you know the hour of parting,
When my soul first learned to doubt,
And the sky grew dark in anguish
And the silver stars went out?
Now I move in the same places

You were wont to tread of yore,
And my glances meet the landscape
That your eyes smiled on before.
Yet I feel so strange, a pilgrim
Hearing your mute voices call.
Pictures of my dead forefathers,
Hanging there against the wall!

*Janet von Schroeder.*

## IT IS NOVEMBER

The chill wind blows across the hills,
Dead leaves are whirling down,
The earth now wears a rustling robe
Of crimson and of brown.

Broad maples wave their naked arms
Like phantoms to and fro,
The sky looks gray—I almost see
December's coming snow.

*Herbert Bashford.*

*From "At the Shrine of Song".*

## CHORUS OF AMAZONS

We have known thee, O Life! thou art sweet
To the lips as the heart of a flower;
But the breath of thy perfume is fleet,
And the joy is the bloom of an hour.

We have known thee, O Life! thou art fair,
But thy beauty the sirens had;
And stained are the robes thou dost wear;
We have known thee, O Life! thou art sad.

We have known thee, O Life! thou art strong;
Thou art strong and thy burdens are great;
We have feared thee and worshiped thee long,
For thy form is the shadow of Fate.

Thou hast given us faith as a gem;
It was lost in the flush of the morn;
And virtue, a garment whose hem
Was unspotted, the storm-winds have torn.

Thou hast given us love as a flower;
It has withered and died on the breast;
Thou hast given us riches and power;
They have vanished as foam from the crest.

Thou hast given us hope as a staff;
It is trampled and broken by fears;
And the red wine of pleasure to quaff;
It is darkling, and bitter with tears.

Thou hast given us fame as a crown,
But hast tarnished its glory with rust;
Thou hast sprinkled the robes of renown
With the soil of thy ashes and dust.

We have known thee, O Life! thou art fleet,
And the span of thy race is a breath;
We have followed the path of thy feet,
And the goal that thou seekest is death.

*Virna Woods.*

*From "Chorus of Amazons".*

## DICKENS IN CAMP

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
  Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
  Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
  As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
  From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
  And who wrought that spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
  Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
  Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines 'incense all the pensive glory
  That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
  And laurel wreaths intwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptious folly—
  This spray of Western pine.

*Bret Harte.*

*From "Overland Monthly"; July, 1870.*

## A WIFE OF THREE YEARS

He goes his daily way and gives no sign
Or word of love I deemed once fondly mine.

He meets my warm caress or questioning eye
Without the tender thrill of days gone by.

Once at my lightest touch or glance or word
The mighty being of his love was stirred.

And now the clasping of my yearning hand
He meets unanswering—he does not understand.

He gives no word of praise through toiling years
To say he reads my truth through smiles or tears.

I cannot take for granted as my own
The love that speaks not in caress or tone.

For this—my life's sweet hopes fade sad away—
For this—my heart is breaking day by day.

*Carrie Stevens Walter.*

*From "Golden Era Magazine"; 1885.*

## A NEW BEING

I know myself no more, my child,
Since thou art come to me,
Pity so tender and so wild
Hath wrapped my thoughts of thee.

These thoughts, a fiery gentle rain
Are from the Mother shed;
Here many a broken heart hath lain
And many a weeping head.

*E. A.*

*From "San Francisco News-Letter"; April, 1916.*

## LOVELINESS

*(Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face.)*

Once I knew a little girl
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed or sought repose,
She was plain.

But the thought that through her brain
Came and went
As a recompense for pain
Angels sent;
So many a beauteous thing
In her young soul's blossoming
Gave content.

Santa Clara County

Every thought was full of grace
  Pure and true;
And in time, the homely face
  Lovelier grew,
With a heavenly radiance bright
  Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
  Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
  You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth,
And the beauty not of earth,
  Will endure.

*Maria Lacy.*

*Copied from an old newspaper file many years ago. Re-published by "Grizzly Bear Magazine"; Los Angeles, 1910.*

## BEHIND EACH THING A SHADOW LIES

Behind each thing a shadow lies,
  Beauty hath e'er its cost,
Under the moonlight-flooded skies
  How many stars are lost!

*Clark Ashton Smith.*

*From "The Star-Treader"; San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1912.*

## AGE TARRIES NOT

Age tarries not for beauty
No favors doth he seek:
  But drawing near
  Each hurrying year
He snatches roses from thy fair, fair cheek.

*Lillian H. S. Bailey.*

*From "Golden Era"; 1885.*

## "OH MY BOY-ROSE, OH MY GIRL-ROSE"

Why is a star at night so glorious?
Why does it rapture bring?
*Because 'tis shining*
*To the Glory of the Mighty One*
*Who dwelleth everywhere*
*And knoweth everything.*

Why is a red, red rose so beautiful
As it swayeth in the Spring?
*Because 'tis breathing*
*To the Glory of the Mighty One*
*Who dwelleth everywhere*
*And knoweth everything.*

Why is a sky-lark's song so entrancing
As it carols on the wing?
*Because 'tis singing*
*To the Glory of the Mighty One*
*Who dwelleth everywhere*
*And knoweth everything.*
Oh my boy-rose! Oh my girl-rose!
Oh my boy-star! Oh my girl-star!
There's nothing half as sweet as you are
In all the silver stars and golden suns
That whirl in the universal swing,
*While you're living*
*To the Glory of the Mighty One*
*Who dwelleth everywhere*
*And knoweth everything.*

*Ella Sterling Mighels.*

*Written for the "Ark-adian Brothers and Sisters of California"; 1911.*

## AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE

It was a harmonious, though sad, solemn and impressive scene. Such a closing tableau is seldom witnessed. Here were represented various denominations—the Jew, the Catholic, and the Unitarian—supplicating God for one Jewish soul. Oh, faith, brotherly love and sympathy, after such a concordant exhibition, a millinnium on earth seems possible! Angels must have smiled over this chorus of religious sentiments, which partook of Divine unison. Such fruits of different religions will

be the euthanasia of atheism. Truly "out of death comes life!"

In the near distance we see the glimmering on the horizon of future happiness to be enjoyed when it will not be my God or your God, but our God—God! and then there will be the Universal Religion.

The idea of a uniform belief in God and the immortality of the soul, Right Thinking, Right Doing for Humanity in conjunction with the precepts of Moses, Jesus and other great teachers, so that all may dwell together in accord, and so no difference of faiths in the essentials will exist to intervene and destroy human happiness, is a beautiful one. And if this seed of conception of a universal harmony be well planted, it will go on as surely as the propagation of sounds; and in future generations it will sweep all before it, as it now belongs to the trend of the times.

*Mrs. I. Lowenberg.*

*From "The Irresistible Current"; 1908.*

## A MESSAGE FROM VIVA

The hour was nearing for the passing of the song-bird from these earthly shores. Perceiving which I ventured to ask her this: "Dear child, is there anything you have learned from out your own experience that you could leave to the world as a message to help others to live in more peace and in more comfort?" Brightly she smiled and said, promptly: "Yes, Mamma, there is, and it is in just two words." "Two words?" I echoed in surprise. "Yes, it is this—"Be normal".

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California"; June 1, 1905.*

## MOVE PATIENTLY ON, OH EARTH

Move patiently on, Oh Earth,
Till Mercy's wandering dove
Shall fly to the realm of its birth
And rest in the bosom of love!
Move patiently on, till the crucified Christ
Shall gather his radiant crown
From the lowly flowers and bleeding hearts
Which the world has trampled down.

*Lyman Goodman.*

*From the "Story of the Files of California"; San Francisco, 1893.*

## A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT IN THE EAST END

There is one beautiful sight in the East End, and only one, and it is the children dancing in the street when the organ-grinder goes his round. It is fascinating to watch them, the new-born, the next generation, swaying and stepping, with pretty little mimicries and graceful inventions all their own, with muscles that move swiftly and easily, and bodies that leap airily, weaving rhythms never taught in dancing school.

I have talked with these children, here, there and everywhere, and they struck me as being bright as other children, and in many ways even brighter. They have most active little imaginations. Their capacity for projecting themselves into the realm of romance and fantasy is remarkable. A joyous life is romping in their blood. They delight in music, and motion, and color, and very often they betray a startling beauty of face and form under their filth and rags.

But there is a Pied Piper of London Town who steals them all away. They disappear. One never sees them again, or anything that suggests them. You may look for them in vain amongst the generation of grown-ups. Here you will find stunted forms, ugly faces, and blunt and stolid minds. Grace, beauty, imagination, all the resiliency of mind and muscle, are gone. * * *

The children of the Ghetto possess all the qualities which make for noble manhood and womanhood; but the Ghetto itself, like an infuriated tigress turning on its young, turns upon and destroys all these qualities, blots out the light and laughter, and moulds those it does not kill into sodden and forlorn creatures, uncouth, degraded and wretched below the beasts of the field.

*Jack London.*

*From "The People of the Abyss"; New York: McMillan, 1903.*

## A ROSE

As slight a thing as a rose may be
A stepping stone
Whereby some soul may step from earth
To love's high throne.

*Clarence Urmy.*

*From "Golden Era".*

## HIS MOTHER MADE HIM A LITTLE COAT

'Tis long since Samuel's mother wrought
A little coat for him to wear,
In token of her loving thought,
Her tender, unforgetful care.

Strong emblem of maternal love,
Sweet story from a distant age!
We mothers prize it far above
More striking tales on history's page.

For we, too, fashion little coats
For loved ones of our own today,
While Fancy many a banner floats
Above our needle's gleam and play.

The prophet's mother's hopes and fears—
Her love—are changeless links that bind
Our hearts to hers through all the years,
And ebb and flow of humankind.

*Fannie H. Avery.*

[*At the funeral service of Mrs. Avery, who passed away while still young and beautiful, this poem, written about her little son, was read as part of the ceremony. She was very gifted and accomplished and a daughter of one of the early Pioneers.—The Gatherer.*]

## A LITTLE PIONEER BOY AMIDST THE SIERRAS OF ESMERALDA, NEVADA

He was born in the mines amidst the Sierras of Esmeralda, Nevada. A champagne basket put on wheels and drawn by a big Newfoundland dog was his baby-carriage. Early his brothers and sisters took him to visit the quartzmills where the tremendous crashings of the stamps crushing the gold out of the rocks, put him to sleep. On each side of the road where he lived the mountains were so high up that there was only a narrow bit of blue sky above to be seen. When winter came it was a world of white everywhere, and the road was nearly all the time in shadow.

When he was four years old, the Pioneer father and mother took the family to live in Reno, and the little fellow stood at the window looking out at the passers-by. Suddenly a great thunderous noise and vibration filled the earth, and there was a huge locomotive rushing in on its tracks, bringing passengers from the far away East. Astonished at the wonderful sight, he cried: "Mamma, come quick—see! Tremenjus! tremenjus! and no horses pulling it!"

A year later the family moved to Sacramento, and the little boy found a new world to explore. As if by instinct he was drawn to the

railroad shops where he soon became a favorite with the men, who greeted him affectionately when he arrived. So much did he have to tell at home of these journeys of his, that in response to his urgings, an aunt and a sister accompanied him one day to visit the "laundry," as he called it—for he was such a little fellow that to him "foundry" and "laundry" were the same word. At the sight of him with his guests, the men declared a recess, and gave their attention to a display of their workings in that wonderful place where they were casting the parts of a locomotive and putting them together. And when the men could not make things clear to the women-folks, the little boy could.

When his father took him on a railroad-trip to Marysville, and when left in the hotel-parlor, he soon became an object of interest to the guests there. He made reference to something about Jean Valjean, and no one present "had ever heard of the gentleman." So he was urged to tell them who he was. Nothing loath, the little boy started in to give the assembled guests an account of Victor Hugo's masterpiece. His father returned, but the guests protested against letting the child go until he had finished the story he was telling them. So his father went off to attend to some other business, and the serious little chap went on revealing the trials and struggles of Jean Valjean to his rapt audience. When the father finally carried him away with him to the train, the little boy seemed in doubt. "Papa, I could not e'zactly remember the last part, but I told it the way it ought to end—with him being happy at the last."

One Sunday in Sacramento, he stood out in the street watching the people coming and going from church for a long time. He seemed to be meditating. At last he came in wearily, sought his mother, and sat down beside her, and put his head in her lap as if utterly exhausted. She soothed him as was her wont and asked, "What is it, Birdie?" "Oh," he said with such a sigh, "I should think God would get tired making so many people!"

When he was seven and a half years old, he passed into the sleep that knows no waking, as if exhausted with the problems of life that had occupied his brief existence.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California".*

## VIRGIL WILLIAMS

Deep in the forest when a strong tree falls,
We only see the space and not the sky
Above it, nor the mighty roots which lie
Down in the darkness. But a little time,
And they shall send a newer growth sublime
To bless the place it held and all the land.
Master in Art! O strong soul, true and grand!
Thy earnest work in many a soul survives,
And thou shalt live again in other lives.

*Alice Denison Wiley.*

*From "The Golden Era"; January, 1887.*

## PIONEER MOTHER'S SAYINGS TO HER CHILDREN

*"Be thankful for small favors."*

*"You must be good—of course you must be good—that goes without saying—but you must also be something else—you must try to be elegant."*

*"A maiden's reserve is worth more for her protection than bolts and bars."*

*"Assume a virtue if you have it not, and in time it will become your own."*

*"A camellia is like a maiden—you cannot breathe upon it without leaving a mar."*

*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."*

*"But, Mamma," asks the little Pioneer girl, "how can you see God?"*

*"If God be in your heart you can see Him." And the child, looking into the face of her mother and beholding there the light in the soft hazel eyes, says to herself, "Mamma is seeing God, now."*

## PIONEER FATHER'S SAYINGS

*Remark made in taking leave of the ladies: "Judge of my impatience to return by the haste with which I leave you."*

*To a disagreeable partner in business: "If you don't want me, you don't have to have me, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE ME IN A HURRY!"*

*Of a spellbinder who had failed to swindle him in a trade: "He couldn't hoe-ny swagel me!"*

*Expressing his meager approval of anything: "Oh, it will pass with a shove, if you shove hard enough."*

*To the children: "Now I expect you little fellows to be Trojans, no matter what happens. You must keep up a stiff upper lip, put your best foot foremost, know enough to come in when it rains, have plenty of sand, AND MIND YOU WALK A CHALK-LINE OR I'LL KNOW THE REASON WHY!"*

## THE CHILDREN'S SONG OF CALIFORNIA

A song to thee of loyalty,
A song to the golden West,
A land that lies 'neath sunlit skies,
Beside Pacific's breast;
Thy NATIVE SON and ADOPTED ONE
From snowy climes agree
That heaven hath crowned
The land renowned—land by the Western sea,

O California fair, California rare,
All nature sings to thee.
The balmy breeze, the fragrant trees
The blue of sky and sea.

Mission bells' sweet chimes
As in the olden times
And the mocking birds in the vale,
Let the chorus rise
To the sunny skies
"Eureka, California."

*Unknown.*

## LIFE FROM A PRACTICAL STANDPOINT

Life is a series of repetitions. * * * If one day's labor led to the higher development of the next day, we might gain some breathing time. * * * But it is impossible. * * * There is no suspension of the law of supply and demand, not for even one day's rest—it stands grimly and relentlessly before one like some awful deity that will not be placated. * * * It is with feelings akin to awe that one attempts to depict the internal life of the family. * * * Woman's whole lifework is to deal with raw material. * * * Thus the question, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" assumes fearful proportions, showing a hand-to-hand grappling with the necessities of life that will admit of no loitering by the way. * * * Duty lays her heavy hand upon us and requires that we shall consider not only those but the thousand-and-one trivial needs of changing fashion from day to day, in addition to our primal wants and necessities, until intellectual feasts and enjoyments are pushed to one side in favor of the things that die with the day.

* * * * * * * *

If Lucifer, himself, in his glorious abode had been hedged in by the numerous cares and perplexities pertaining to this corporeal frame of ours—if the pangs of hunger had assailed him in his arch plottings—if the necessity of beefsteak, bread and wine had been a part of his nature—if he had been dependent upon the exertions of the tailor and the shoemaker for a faultless attire instead of fleeing through the realms of infinity draped in the unchanging robes of immortality—if his energies had been wound up in the limited circle of time allotted to us out of twelve waking hours instead of a continuous rush of unabated energy through illimitable eternity—if a gripe or a pain or a tithe of our bodily afflictions could have occasionally seized upon him in his ethereal flights to the uttermost boundaries of the celestial worlds—doubtless a wholesome humility would have been impressed throughout his spiritual organization, effectually snubbing the pride and daring which plunged him downwards, irretrievably, to the depth and darkness of the Plutonian shore.

From generations untold in the far past down to the present time, and so long as posterity flourishes in successive decades, will the adamantine chain of materiality hold us fast; in vain do we attempt to escape from its anaconda-like folds. The genius of man may miti-

gate so far as in his power lies, the hopeless drudgery of our forefathers by the application of steam and the perfection of machinery. But the field only widens, our wants increase, our necessities multiply. This is the body of hindrance to which our immortality is chained; the Promethean vulture which is ever preying upon our spiritual faculties, the clinging shirt of Nessus, destroying our highest purposes. This is the stern fiant of an exorable law, which grasping our souls in this material frame, holds in abeyance and subjection this spark of divinity which is crying out intuitively for an immortality beyond the grave,—for an eternty of time in which to accomplish the impossibilities of earth, the hopes and desires of the longing heart of man.

"To Spring comes the budding, to Summer, the blush;
To Autumn the happy fruition,
To Winter, repose, meditation and hush,
But to Man every season is condition.
He buds, blooms and ripens into action and rest,
As thinker and actor and sleeper,
Then withers and wavers, chin dropping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a Reaper."

*Rachel Hepburn Haskell (Mrs. D. H. Haskell).*

*(Note.—This is from the pen of a Pioneer Mother.—The Gatherer.)*
*From "Golden Era Magazine"; April, 1884.*

## SAINTS AND MARTYRS

Saints an' martyrs?
S'pose there be.
Hain't seen many?
'Tween you an' me,
P'r'haps there ain't many
Fer to see.

But I've hearn a boy
With grumblin' look
A-shoutin' "Ma!
I want my book!"
And I've seen a martyr
Sarch every nook.

An' a leetle gal
I've known to cry,
With an ache in her head—
That was all in my eye—
An' a saint soothed her
With a lullaby.

An' I seen a man
Without much har
Look for a thing
That wasn't thar—
Whar he hadn't put it—
An' swar and swar.

Then I've seen the martyr
Find the book—
Nary a cross word,
Nary a look—
An' the boy at school
The spellin' prize took.

An' the leetle gal
Woke up from sleep
To help the saint
To dust an' sweep—
An' at night 'fessed up
With contrition deep.

Fer the feller, too,
  Without much har,
She found the thing
  (That lay just thar,
Whar he had put it)
  An' a kiss to spar.

Now I that boy
  Would 'a' spanked with his book;
The leetle gal
  I'd 'a' shook an' shook,
An' the feller without
  E'er a har forsook.

Saints an' martyrs
  P'r'haps ain't rife,
The woods ain't full—
But, bet yer life,
I know one—
  An' that's my wife!

*Charles Henry Webb.*

*From "With Lead and Line";*
*Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1901.*

## THE GOLD-ROCKER CRADLE

When I arrived in California there were very few accommodations for new-born infants. A baby had to take what it could get and be thankful. Everybody gathered around and made up for the lack of comforts in giving the newcomer the most ridiculous attentions. Especially was this the case with the miners, who would go miles to get a chance to hold a baby in their armsfor a few moments. This habit of theirs was especially shown in my case, for I was known far and near as the baby whose father had died seven months before it was born. By common consent the men felt they must take the place of their dead comrade and be like adopted fathers to the infant thus left to the mercies of the world.

My wailing and crying was to them a matter to be studied and understood. So one of the men, whose name was Asa Wiles, became the spokesman.

"Why, in course the pore little thing is cryin' its life away. It ain't used to this yer rough life of ourn an' it's longin' fer the comforts of civilization. The smart little thing! Don't you know what it's cryin' fer?" And he slapped his knee and chuckled. "Ain't we all had cradles to be rocked asleep in? An' ain't it purty tough on the pore little thing to hev to put up with our rough ways? Jest you leave it to me, and I'll fix her up the nicest cradle that any baby in the world ever had."

The next day, as my lovely young mother in her widow's weeds was sitting with me in her lap, trying in vain to hush me to sleep, there flocked in a deputation of miners with a cradle, but such a cradle as no baby ever had before nor since. It was a gold rocker; one that had seen hard service washing gold in the American river, now all nicely cleaned and dried, and presented to me for my own. The men took turns thumping the pillow in, and when it was fixed they laid me in the unique receptacle as if it were a ceremony, and then took turns rocking me to and fro. No magic of enchanter was ever more potent. I went to sleep peacefully, and from that moment became a good-natured child, so it was told by them proudly ever after.

* * * * * * * *

The years have passed. I hope some day to write the epic of those lives from the child's point of view. But now I can only say that one by one they have yielded to the hand of Time. Only those who brought their families with them, or those who married here, ever settled down and made homes. Home-making is the one art in which woman has no rival, and, without her, man is indeed homeless. And so the rest of them, like a throng of "Wandering Jews," have tramped on and on, from one mining camp to another, endlessly, till they have fallen by the wayside and have been buried without a stone.

Generous, kindly hearts, that could always turn from the tragedies of their own lives to make happy an insignificant child! What can I offer to their memories for all their unfailing kindness and much enduring patience? They have passed away, leaving no trace behind. The miner who brought me my gold-rocker cradle in Sacramento county amid the placers; the man at the quartz mill in the sierra Nevadas who harnessed my Newfoundland to a wagon made of a champagne basket put on wheels; those who made me dove-cotes for my pigeons and wonderful cages for my squirrels, and carved out unique cross-guns for me and showered me with dainty gifts, giving me the diamond editions of the poets, all for my very own while still a child—where are they today?? All scattered and gone! Most of them are wrapped in the great deep mystery, some few in the uttermost limits of the wilderness, but their memories will always remain fresh and green in the hearts of the children who lived down in the gulch, as long as they shall be on earth.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine"; 1909.*
*Also published in "The Wasp"; 1885.*

## OUR DUTY TO THE YOUNG

The paramount duty of mankind is so to deport itself as to enable the young to keep their minds clean. When this is done it reflects upon the character, intelligence and health of the rising generation. There is nothing so detrimental to the young as the suggestions of fear, hatred and pernicious social activities. By social activities, I mean all things that tend to influence the life in the home and in society. On the other hand, there is nothing so beneficial to the young as thoughts of love, kindness, charity and religion.

There is nothing so impressionable as the young mind, and consequently it becomes readily influenced by suggestive thoughts. If these thoughts tend towards that which is evil, its effect upon the youth is of a fearful, nervous, selfish character, which ultimates either in ill health, unhappiness or evil mindedness. On the other hand, if the suggestion influence is good and noble in character it ultimates in lovable, intelligent and happy manhood and womanhood, free from nervous and unhealthful disorders and criminal tendencies.

Our duty is to develop the religious training of the children, for when that is properly cared for and nourished, it is reasonably certain that virtue and good will predominate.

Our duty to the young therefore lies in our using our best efforts with precept, training and example so as to keep their minds clean, that future generations will be assured a wholesome atmosphere, in which love of God and man will be the predominating influence and evil and crime, negligible qualities and quantities. Then virile, red-blooded, wholesome men and women, free from anaemia, both literal and figurative, will rule. "Justice and liberty to all" will be the world's motto, and the pathway leading to the brotherhood of man will have been cleared.

*M. S. Levy.*

*Written for "Literary California".*

## COMFORT IN GOOD OLD BOOKS

In the reading that I shall recommend, culture of the mind and the heart comes first of all. This is more valuable than rubies, a great possession that glorifies life and opens our eyes to beauties in the human soul as well as in nature, to all of which we were once blind and dumb. And culture can be built on the bare rudiments of education, at which pedagogues and pedants will sneer. Some of the most truly cultured men and women I have ever known have been self-educated; but their minds were opened to all good books by their passion for beauty in every form and their desire to improve their minds.

Among the scores of letters that have come to me in my bereavement * * * was one from a woman in a country town in California. * * * She told me of her husband, the well-known captain of an army transport who went to sea from the rugged Maine coast when a lad of twelve with only a scanty education, and who, in all the years that followed on the seas, laboriously educated himself and read the best books. In his cabin, she said, were well-worn copies of Shakespeare, Gibbon, Thackeray, Dickens, Burns and others. These great worthies he had made a part of himself by constant reading. Of course, the man who thinks that the full flower of education is the ability to "parse" a sentence, or to express a commonplace thought in grandiloquent language that will force his reader to consult a dictionary for the meaning of unusual words—such a man and pedant would look upon this old sea-captain as uneducated.

But for real culture of mind and soul give me the man who has had many solitary hours for thought, with nothing but the stars to look down on him; who has felt the immensity

of sea and sky; with no land and no sail to break the fearful circle set upon the face of the great deep. In the quest for culture, in the desire to improve your mind by close association with the great writers of all literature, do not be discouraged because you may have had little school training. The schools and the universities have produced only a few of the immortal writers. The men who speak to you with the greatest force from the books into which they have put their living souls have been mainly men of simple life. The splendid stimulus that they give to every reader of their books sprang from the education of hard experience and the culture of the soul.

The writers of these books yearned to aid the weak and heavy-laden and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted and sorely stricken. Can one imagine any fame so great or so enduring as the fame of him who wrote hundreds of years ago words that bring tears to one's eyes today—tears that give place to that passionate ardor for self-improvement, which is the beginning of all real culture?

*George Hamlin Fitch.*

*Condensed by the Gatherer.*

## A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS R. CHAPIN

### The Robert Raiks of the Mining Camps

Not to be left out of our past-and-gone heroes and champions of the early days' record shall be the man who stood for the children, the boys and girls of the mining camps. He it was who gathered them into the Sunday-school, whatever their religion—Jewish, Catholic and Protestant—each with a class having its own catechism, and then striking his tuning-fork he would give the note and all would join in singing the good old-fashioned hymns together, united in a brotherhood, with God as the Father of them all. He was a humble follower of the Galilean, but wrought for the good of all, irrespective of creeds and dogmas. Owing to his neatness and order, he was sometimes referred to slyly by the other miners as "Miss Chapin," or because of his abstaining from drinking and carousing, as "Old Sunday School." But woe unto the man who undertook to be ribald or coarse at the expense of religion, in his presence. When a righteous wrath fell upon him he was the champion fighter of the town, and no one could stand up against him. He endeared himself to the boys and girls alike, and they never forgot his noble example, for while he taught the law of goodness, he lived it first, himself.

*From "Life in California";*
*Aurora Esmeralda Co., Nevada, 1863;*
*Greenville, Plumas Co., California, 1880.*

*The Gatherer.*

## REGARDING FRIENDSHIP

I am rather foolish about my friends and relatives and any misunderstandings between us. I never act the "Madam Pride," but always get down on my knees and beg to know what is the matter. It is so much better to know. A friend's a friend for life and after with me. I forgive and forgive! I cannot hold a grudge against any one. I seem always able to put myself in the other chap's place and look from his viewpoint. And when two friends of mine fall out with each other, it seems as if I cannot endure it. I am always for both of them. If by any sacrifice on my part I could remove the obstacle between them I would make it willingly. What are we here but for that? And in such a case where two I know have a misunderstanding, I always feel like saying, "Let's pray God to make them friends again."

*Sarah M. Williamson.*

*From "Unpublished Novel".*

## THE CHOICE

On the bough of the rose is the prickling briar—
The delicate lily must live in the mire;
The hues of the butterfly go at a breath;
At the end of the road is the house of death.

Nay, nay: on the briar is the lovely rose;
In the mire of the river the lily blows;
The moth it is fair as a flower of the sod;
At the end of the road is a door to God!

*Edwin Markham.*

*From "The Nautilus."*

## DEATH OF DAY

The quiet, patient breast of Mother Earth
Seems to call my tired soul to rest.
Dimness obscures the world from vale to crest.
I close my eyes and wait a new day's birth.

I stand abashed before thy meed of praise.
What have I done to soothe thy troubled days?
What can I do to fill thy aching needs?
Ah me! that I might give not words but deeds.

*Emelie Tracy Y. Parkhurst.*

*From the "Story of the Files."*

## COMPENSATION

Tides swept a rough brown oyster shell
Upon the strand,
And in its dark and secret depths there fell
A grain of sand.

The humble thing long strove itself to free—
The grain expel.
Failed it is true, but a wonder wrought
In that small shell.

The moments fly: the swift years come and go.
Sands o'er it whirl,
Death breaks its shell at last—and lo!
A perfect pearl.

*Alice Denison Wiley.*

*From "Golden Era".*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In November, many fruits linger with us—all joined together—the later varieties—but this is the time for apples, coral-cheeked or richly emeraldized or russet. The biggest apple I ever saw, which was also the most fragrant, was one given me at the Chicago Exposition, in the California building, by the man in charge of the Shasta exhibit. It was as large as a baby's head, and took my two hands to hold it. The Los Angeles man had announced that not only in oranges, peaches, apricots, cherries, grapes and everything else did his county surpass the whole of California, but also in the production of APPLES. Very innocently I had remarked, "I thought it took snow to make good apples, like in Maine?" And the Shasta man was so delighted, he insisted on presenting me with the gem of the collection. I carried it to a reception that night, with everybody along the route in the cars taking delightful whiffs of the wonderful thing, and presented it to our hostess, May Wright Sewell, who carried it around with her the entire evening as if it were a bouquet, and sharing it with everyone; for Shasta—she can grow apples!

*A. E.*

## WORDS FROM A PEN-WOMAN

The high standing of the journalistic profession makes it imperative that those who are accepted are men and woman of noble aspirations. Keeping faith with those with whom they deal is as sacred a duty as "making good" in the editorial room. No one wants to advance in the field of journalism at the sacrifice of regrets or to appear clever by bringing tears, or unhappiness into the lives of others. * * *

Every newspaper man, every newspaper woman has enough confidential information to fill the pages of a paper. But being of the right sort, and I repeat, the standard is high, a good newspaper man (and some of the best of them are newspaper women) would rather appear less brilliant, less clever, than to disclose those things which would make him think less of himself, as well as to lower the ideals which are the propelling power of all that is best, within. * * * Contact with the world and its great human interests makes newspaper folks broad, kind, sympathetic. It gives breadth of vision. It enlarges the heart. It tends toward universal knowledge. * * * Newspaper women, generally, love their profession. Among the foremost women-writers of the world are those whose careers began in a newspaper office. Under the severe training of newspaper work writers have developed a keen perception, an outlook on life, which later found expression in some great book or in some distinctive magazine contribution.

*Josephine Martin.*

*Excerpts from a lecture given before the Women of the University of California by the Club Editor of the "San Francisco Examiner".*

## THE BREATH OF INNOCENCE

Upon the children of the schools
Does all the world depend,
Saved by their breath of innocence,
From coming to an end.

*From "Pearls from the Talmad".* *Isidor Meyer.*

## SEEK NOT ALL WISDOM IN A WELL

Seek not all wisdom in a well,
The stars have also things to tell.

*Lorenzo Sosso.*

*From "Wisdom for the Wise."*

## TWO WAYS

There are two ways for a man to be wakened to the consciousness of God. One man may be so indifferent and so wrapt in the pleasures of the world that he is like one enjoying dreams of fancy and self-indulgence in ease and sloth, when suddenly there is a terrible crash of thunder and a fearful flash of lightning which shocks him out of his dreams, and he sits up with heart beating fast, and becomes awake. The other man is sleeping peacefully undisturbed by any dreams—just lost in a deep slumber when slowly morning comes, the grey light, the roseate glow in the East, the rising of the sun in all his majesty, and it shines into the room and all around him till he is bathed in the glory of it—and at last his eyes open and he is awake.

*Robert McKenzie.*

*Remembered from a sermon given by the Rev. Robert McKenzie, in 1878, at the Howard Street Presbyterian Church, S. F. "Life in California." The Gatherer.*

## FRIENDSHIP

God gives Life many gifts. Rare is the hour
That has not for its own some gracious dower—
But Friendship, of all gifts transcendent far,
Shines over all the clear and steady star.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

*Written for the "Ark-adian Brothers and Sisters of California"; 1916.*

## CONFIDENCE

The frailest bird upon the wind-tossed bough
Still stands and sings;
Why should we fear though all life's branches break,
Our souls have wings.

*Alice Denison Wiley.*

*From "Golden Era"; 1887.*

Gone is the old town, Yankee Jim,
Long lost is Timbuctoo,
They fell into the river's rim
Where wide-winged eagles flew.

*Lillian H. S. Bailey.*

## TO CALIFORNIA

(1848)

Rude, wild, unkempt, this strange new land
That bordered on the Western strand,—
  From old ties far departed,—
But they who sought beneath thy earth,
And delved to better know thy worth,—
  They found thee golden-hearted.

(The Seventies)

Wide trampling o'er thy herbaged plains
The herds clashed horns, the droves tossed manes,
  Flocks fed o'er realms uncharted;
Yet ever Spring renewed the green,
And with her satin poppy sheen
  Bedecked thee golden-hearted.

(Today)

Land of the strong and brave and free,
An empire by the western sea,
  Glad-homed and many-marted.
Where 'neath the vine and fig one roves,
Or through the dark-green orange groves,
  All gleaming golden-hearted.

(The Future)

Heir to the sunshine, heir to health,
Heir to unestimated wealth,—
  All that the Past imparted,—
Shalt thou, bestowing with free hand
Thy blessings wide through every land,
  Be called the Golden-hearted.

*Charles Elmer Jenney.*

*From "California Nights' Entertainment."*
*Edinburgh: Valentine E. Anderson.*

## A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID

"Ave Maria! ex qua nascitur Christus"—Hail Mary of whom Christ was born!

How that ancient formula of adoration reverberates around the circumference of the globe at every recurring daybreak of the Blessed Nativity! From the Alps to the Andes; from the fervid precincts of the equator to where the pious explorer utters his oft-repeated prayer in some tossing and straining ship in the fierce latitudes of the pole; from the majestic basilica of St. Peter's to the rudest tabernacle in the depths of the savage forest, or on the verge of the lonely desert, surrounded by the rectangular sign of salvation—

"Salvation! oh Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
'Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!

And the humble lodger in the stable, poor Mary of Nazareth, the spouse of the Holy Ghost, what a resplendent crown of glory, what an unspeakable fullness of renown is hers! In comparison with the lovely Jewess, all other illustrious women of history and tradition sink into obscurity; Cornelia, the proud mother of the Gracchi; Semiramis, the splendid queen of the Assyrians; Cleopatra, the voluptuous siren of the Nile; Olympia, who bore a conquerer of the world; Letitia, who gave Napoleon to imperishable fame; Catharine, the mighty empress of the Muscovites; Isabella of Castile, whose benevolence revealed the dreaded mysteries of the Sea of Darkness, and unveiled a hidden continent; the glorious Elizabeth of England—what were all these in comparison with the once lowly daughter of the house of David, whose maternal agony among the dumb but sympathetic beasts of the stalls, delivered to Earth and Heaven the Babe in the Manger, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of Kings, the Son of God, the Redeemer of a sin-stricken and perishing world?

Ave Maria! is the loving acclaim of uncounted millions on every continent, under every zone, upon every habitable island of the globe. Her statues and pictures are the objects of love and adoration in all nations and by all tongues; and the most inspired genius of a thousand years has exhausted its art and invention in giving imaginary form and beauty to the adorable mother of Christ.

At midnight, at cock-crowing, and in the morning of the Blessed Nativity, "Ave Maria" is thundered by the mighty multitude in the great cathedral on the banks of the Tiber; and "Ave Maria" is gently responded by the dusky maiden on the far-off shores of Lake Superior and Pen d'Oreille.

*Calvin B. McDonald.*

*From "Story of the Files"; San Francisco, 1893.*

## THE WHITE SILENCE

The afternoon wore on, and with the awe born of the White Silence the voiceless travelers bent to their work. Nature has many tricks wherewith she convinces man of his finity—the ceaseless flow of the tides, the fury of the storm, the shock of the earthquake, the long roll of heaven's artil-

lery—but the most tremendous, the most stupefying of all, is the passive phase of the White Silence. All movement ceases, the sky clears, the heavens are as brass; the slightest whisper seems sacrilege, and man becomes timid, affrighted at the sound of his own voice. Sole speck of life journeying across the ghostly wastes of a dead world, he trembles at his audacity, realizes that his is a maggot's life, nothing more. Strange thoughts arise unsummoned, and the mystery of all things strives for utterance. And the fear of death, of God, of the universe, comes over him—the hope of the Resurrection and the Life, the yearning for immortality, the vain striving of the imprisoned essence—it is then, if ever, man walks alone with God.

*Jack London.*

*From "The White Silence," in a story in the collection called "The Son of the Wolf"; 1900.*

## THE CHRISTMAS DOLL

"Could it be real with its stately mien
And flowing robes and wealth of golden hair?
Its vermeil cheeks and polonaise of green,
Its waxen arms so beautifully fair"?
And what to her seemed e'en far more rare—
From its white neck a string of beads depending
And a golden girdle with its laces blending.

"Give me!" she cried impatient to caress
And hold the image to her swelling heart,
Her face the type of pictured happiness,
Free from dissimulation, such as art
Suggests to older actors in a part.
In Fortune's gifts there dwelt no greater joy
Than she beheld in this bespangled toy.

O sacred passion! If the little child,
Intuitive, so much of love can show
And keep it in her bosom undefiled,
In after years its tender charm to throw
With arching splendor, like the heavenly bow,
Her destiny will be to bless mankind.

*William Bausman.*

*From "Story of the Files"; San Francisco, 1893.*

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The spirit of Christmas is one of the best gifts that Christianity has bestowed upon us. It speaks in a language that is foreign to none and native to all—the language of fellowship and sisterhood. It should be cultivated to the end that instead of manifesting itself but once a year, it would become a beautiful flower of perennial bloom. It would be a fine old world, indeed, if we made the Christian spirit the sentiment of every-day life.

*Hugh Hume.*

*From the "Spectator"; Portland, Ore., 1916.*

## THE MIDNIGHT MASS

Of the mission church San Carlos,
  Builded by Carmelo's bay,
There remains an ivied ruin
  That is crumbling fast away.
In its tower the owl finds shelter,
  In its sanctuary grow
Rankest weeds above the earth-mounds,
  And the dead find rest below.

*  *  *  *  *

Still, by peasants at Carmelo,
  Tales are told and songs are sung
Of Junipero, the Padre,
  In the sweet Castlian tongue—
Telling how each year he rises
  From his grave the mass to say,
In the midnight, 'mid the ruins,
  On the eve of Carlos' day.

*  *  *  *  *

With their gaudy painted banners,
  And their flambeaux burning bright,
In a long procession come they
  Through the darkness and the night;
Singing hymns and swinging censers,
  Dead folks' ghosts—they onward pass
To the ivy-covered ruins,
  To be present at the mass.

And the grandsire and the grandame,
  And their children march along,
And they know not one another
  In that weird, unearthly throng.
And the youth and gentle maiden,
  They who loved in days of yore,
Walk together now as strangers,
  For the dead love nevermore.

*  *  *  *  *

"Ite, missa est," is spoken
  At the dawning of the day,
And the pageant strangely passes
  From the ruins sere and gray;
And Junipero, the Padre,
  Lying down, resumes his sleep,
And the tar-weeds, rank and noisome,
  O'er his grave luxuriant creep.

And the lights upon the altar
  And the torches cease to burn,
And the vestments and the banners
  Into dust and ashes turn;
And the ghostly congregation
  Cross themselves, and one by one
Into thin air swiftly vanish,
  And the midnight mass is done.

*Richard Edward White.*

## IT WAS WINTER IN SAN FRANCISCO

It was winter in San Francisco—not the picturesque winter of the north or south, but a mild and intermediate season, as if the great zones had touched hands, and earth were glad of a friendly feeling.

One can learn to love the fog very much. There are evenings when it sweeps across the land—calming, cooling, welcome; the same solace to our jaded, distorted senses as is sleep. The day may have been hard in its lessons or over-warm in temperature, but this fog, when we have learned to love it, has the quiet touch of a friend.

*Frances Charles.*

*From "The Siege of Youth";*
*Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1903.*

## THE CALL OF THE NORTH

From Bering's shores, where weirdly gleams
Aurora's mystic shimmering light;
Where Luna's cold reflected beams
Illume the long drear winter night,
Comes wafted on the southward breeze
A cry, as to a wayward child,
"Come back—Oh, wanderer of the seas,
Return where all is free and wild."

The great white silence calls "Come home,
I give you peace—why linger then?"
I bow my head—too far I've roamed,
Nor laden vessels northward tread;
For ice locked is my Arctic land,
And many moons their course must run,
Ere summer waves her beck'ning hand
And shines again, the Midnight Sun.

*Mary E. Hart.*

## FORTY MINCE PIES

I remember a season of mince-pie beside which all others pale in comparison. It was when we lived in a deep canyon of the high Sierras in Esmeralda county, Nevada, miles away from any other house; and in the long, cold winters we had to find our recreation within our own family circle. In preparing for our Christmas that year of December, 1864, my mother devoted several days to baking, while my brothers and myself danced around in delight at seeing the promised time was so near at hand.

The usual custom is to make up a great jar of mincemeat, and use it from time to time, throughout the days succeeding the holidays. But on this occasion the winter was so bitterly cold and severe that our mother resolved to make up the entire jar at once. We had one room that the sun never touched, and it was like death to enter the place, so it served as a sort of refrigerator where the multitude of pies could be stored. I remember seeing the vision of pies there placed in orderly rows on long shelves contrived for the purpose—so many of them that just out of curiosity I counted them and found forty—forty mince pies!

During the long solemn nights of stillness and icy chill, or of tempest howling about the house with threats of snowy

death, or of listening to the uncanny laughter of the coyotes hunting for prey, we gathered close to the merry, crackling blaze of the stove, and told stories and riddles, and sang songs to my mother's guitar accompaniment. And then one of us would be sent into the "Greenland room", which was always in the dark, to capture a pie for the crowning of the feast. In we would fly, seize the treasure, dart out again like a hero that had dared the goblins. Placing the frozen confection between two pie-pans we would turn it over and over before the flame, and slowly upon the atmosphere would steal those delicious flavors, subtle and spicy, which belong to the mince-pie, and the mince-pie alone.

When divided and shared, each expectant youngster would smilingly absorb the fragrant and toothsome triangle. We were hardy children—Nature adapting us to the cold, and the mince-pie seemed especially adapted to the peculiar circumstances that surrounded us. We slept soundly and peacefully after our feast, and awoke refreshed and ready to battle anew with the rigors of Nature again in the morning.

The long, bitter winter in the ice-bound canyon would have long since faded from my mind, but it has become crystallized into a sort of dim legend on account of the impression made by the forty mince-pies.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "The Golden Era"; December, 1885.*

## THE FRESHMAN'S CHRISTMAS

The swirling snow upon the campus square
  Floats down and grays the night—that otherwise
  Were densely black—and, drifting, lies
Above a level depth to lap against the bare
And stony walls, like waves above their sea,
Yet soft and filmy as a drapery.

The trees are swaying limbs that creak with cold,
  As if—unclad of leaves, and chilling fast—
  They swing their arms athwart the freezing blast
To make them warm; and muffled, solemn, old,
The college bell beats out the midnight hour
And shivers back to silence in its tower,

Announcing Christmas, newly born—that seems
  More like to burial of joy and all
  Its kindred, as from wall to wall
The gloom proceeds; for lo, of cheerful beams
The windows are bereft, save only one,
That dimly glows alone, as if to shun

The rest. High up beneath the crumbling roof—
That seems to crouch above to guard the spark
Of light and warmth—it beams, the warp of dark
Close weaving with the pale and feeble woof
Of light; and all about its lower edge
The snow has smoothed the corners of the ledge

With gray. There, gazing forth, a freshman stands
Alone, his smileless, bloodless lips compressed
As one who struggles not to be distressed
Of fate; and holds within his numbing hands
A tattered volume; and he sees below
The smooth, untrodden blanket of the snow.

Not one of all the gay and laughing crowd
Of fellow-students but has gone away
To all the frolic of the holiday
Of Christmas; and the drifting, winding shroud
Finds only one, forlornly left behind,
About whose cold and deadened joys to wind

Its sheets. Behind him in its barrenness
His room is dreary, with his chair anear
The grate—itself a gray and chilling bier
For embers dead or dying; and the press
Of darkness round the lamp has subtly laid
The dormitory in a veil of shade

And gloom. Out-peering now, he sees the moon,
That glances once upon the campus gray
And white, and then retreats in clouds away
To gayer scenes; he hears the tinkling tune
Of sleighbells—going—gone; and notes the pane,
Whereon the ivy's bony finger lain,

Is beckoning and tapping mockingly
To lure him forth. And so he turns to sink
Upon his chair again, and there to think
Of disappointed hopes; of what will be
His Christmas day, who, orphaned now again—
Of even friends—is left within his den

This dreary night. Oh, what the profit now
Of being first in classes, that is last
In all the boon of joy?—yea, all his past
Were meager pay, would kindly fate endow
His future with a tie to human kind
Or any hope that Christmas day should find

His heart upheaving gladly. On the coals
He throws a bit of wood, that, smoldering,
Weaves fantasies of smoke, that float and fling
A myriad host of weird designs—the souls
And wraiths of Christmas-times gone by; and low
A wailing of the wind, that seems to go

And come, is in the grate. And now about
His shoulders falls, from off the battered chair,
An ancient fabric, and it lingers there
Caressingly, as if from cold and doubt
To shield his heart; for lo! his mother's shawl
It is—a faithful comfort—aye, the all

Of mother that is left to him! and on
His face a smile, that lights the peace of sleep,
Is come, as if of happiness deep
He drinks at last. And dreaming spins a dawn,
As glinting bright as webs the fairies string
From buds to blossoms, when the lovesome Spring

Is breathing zephyrs in the dell. He feels
The crisping air, and hears the jangling bells,
And sees the wisp of smoke beyond, that tells
Of laden ovens hot, where Aunty deals
In Christmas cheer; and then the gliding sleigh
Draws near the farm to join the holiday

And gayety. Yo ho! the gladsome smile
The very house is smiling! and aglow
The eyes of cousins, maidens—all, as though
The warmth within were gleaming through; the while
The massive door is open—swinging wide—
Too small by far to free the flooding tide

Of welcome. Ah, the Christmas atmosphere
Of evergreens and frost, and kindling fire
Within the gate! and lights that these inspire
In dancing eyes; and, ah, again to hear
From loving hearts the hospitality
Of soul to soul expressed, and thus to be

A brother taken home! The sleeper's dream
Goes sweetly on through afternoon and night
Of cheer and comfort, feast and wondrous light
Of lamps and scene. He hears a flowing stream
Of music and of laughter and of song,
That swells and dies and swells again along

A merry gamut; and he sees the red
Of glowing flames, and, yea, of flaming cheeks,
And ruddy berries; and he gayly seeks
The pinnacle of joy, before 'tis swiftly sped,
To form a brotherhood that never more
Will leave him lonesomely without the door

In cold and snow. He lingers at the game
Of fantasy, wherein a knocking sound
Comes far aloft, persistently around
His ears—and then the joyous light and flame
Of all the dream is gone, and gayest morn
Is stealing in the dormitory, lorn

And chill. He staggers lamely; far below
That sound of knocking still, and so adown
The creaking stairs he limps, with sleepy frown
To meet the postman, standing in the snow
And holding forth a package. Up the stairs
He sighing climbs again, and weakly tears

Away the wrapper. With a tingling throb
His heart goes leaping then, as on the book—
A matchless Homer—falls the eager look
Its worth compels, and something like a sob
To see the mighty Jove, superior
To earth, engaged in vast, heroic war

With fates! and heroes, where they bravely crowd
To stand with stoic mien, to nobly bear
With stern adversity! And now the flare
Of strength of heart is come to make him proud—
A man!—But ah, his head is fain to bend
To read the "Merry Christmas from a friend",

The old professor's hand has penned. The square
Lies undisturbed; the day is bright and clear
And sharp; the sound of bells, afar and near,
Comes softly. In the dormitory, there,
Are feast and music, joy and roundelay,
And greatness, born on Christmas Day!

*Philip Verrill Mighels.*

*From "Bachelor of Arts"; 1896, New York.*

## COMFORT TO BE FOUND IN GOOD OLD BOOKS

In selecting the great books of the world, place must be given first of all, above and beyond all, to the Bible. In the homely old King James' version, the spirit of the Hebrew prophets seems reflected as in a mirror. For the Bible, if one were cast away on a lonely island, he would exchange all other books; from the Bible alone could such a castaway get comfort and help. It is the only book in the world that is new every morning; the only one that brings balm to wounded hearts.

Looked upon merely as literature, the Bible is the greatest book in the world; but he is dull and blind indeed who can study it and not see that it is more than a collection of supremely eloquent passages written by many hands. * * *

The great passages of the Bible have entered into the common speech of the plain people of all lands; they have become part and parcel of our daily life. So should we go to the fountain-head of this unfailing source of inspiration and comfort, and drink daily of its healing waters, which cleanse the heart and make it as the heart of a little child.

*George Hamlin Fitch.*

# THE CHILDREN'S STATUE TO THE PIONEER MOTHER

We raise our praise to her in deathless bronze
To stand a thousand years in token of
That holy motherhood which keeps us safe,
Not only here, but also in that dim
Hereafter far beyond the stars. 'Twas not
Enough she braved the elemental things
Upon the journey WESTWARD to the sea—
Pacific's mighty shore—step by step to keep
With him, the Father Pioneer, and hand-in-hand
With him. That was not all' While he
Endured privation, breaking the wilderness
And making her a path to follow, what was
She doing meanwhile? Bearing all, to bring
Her own sweet peace into the land to set
All things straight and fair, according to
Her VISION, with that maternal force which is
The spiritual providence of the race,
As well as being the material one also.
'Twas thus in after days we came
To know her in all her varied powers.
What was she doing in all that early time
But living, breathing, being type most true
To the pearl of Universal Motherhood.
* * * Thus we place
Her in simple shawl and gown, with babe
Upon her lap, and little girl and boy
On either side, symbolizing well the four
That make the family-group. And thus amid
A road all strewn with oxen's bones,
She sat her down and taught her young to say,

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR
THEY SHALL SEE GOD AND HIS WILL OBEY."

As Stephen White hath said, "The only church
We knew was around our MOTHER'S KNEES."
* * * * * *

'Twas thus the Breed of the Greater West hath come
To pass, undaunted, resolute and brave,
Unconquered yet by bribes and spoils of kings,
With fires burning in those eyes that will
Refuse to die, e'en though closed by Death itself.

Thus mould and shape the deathless bronze to show
To all the world her Vision in this Breed
Of hers—ordained to live the deathless life.

"From this a thousand fires shall take their birth,
From this ten thousand flames shall light the earth."

*The Gatherer.*

# CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

"Are we not changed, even since last Christmas? Are not other people changed? Partly that, and partly that we have developed perception and see new things in others. * * * There is nobody who could not be made interesting put into a story. And everybody has a story. Some have a whole series of stories. * * * And yet what is the truth? As you see him or as I see him? Which is the true man? Or is it as he sees himself? The greatest gift of God is the insight into others. * * * If we were all ticketed in the world's shop window, how many now figured at a dollar would sell for a cent, and how many marked at next to nothing might be worth their weight in gold? * * * If we only knew what was the truth. * * * It is Christmas time. Is it only a legend? Or is it the God-sent truth? Whichever it be, it matters not. If it were merely because the celebration of the Christmas birth, once every year, calls millions of men and women to a halt, and bids them lay down all weapons, shake hands with each other, be they enemies or friends, forget all unkindness and love each other, if only for a moment, it is a religion beyond all question or dispute. It must be God-given.* * * I, for one, gentlemen, do not believe that little moment of rest, that brief softening of the heart, passes away without some lasting effect. We seem to face the truth, the fact that there is a sentiment that is universal in human nature, however it may be apparently obliterated for a time by passion, misconception, misunderstanding, or what you will; smothered by a hundred cares or worries; a sentiment of fellow feeling, of brotherly love.

* * * You see, we rarely try to understand one another. We are so sure of our own judgments that we decide everything offhand. We take things at their face value, and, when we find we have made a grave mistake, it is too late to go back and begin over again. We are so busy! We take no time to think; and, too often, if our friend does something we don't like, we think it is deception; if somebody appears to do us an injury, of course it is intentional. * * * Christmas comes; and somehow it seems to me it brings to all people a clearer view of men and women, of life, the true life, the true interests of themselves and others, and the world is better for it. * * * So hate, and fear, and vengeance, penalty and punishment stop at the Christmas tide, and men come so near loving each other that it gives us about the only hope we have for the happiness of humanity. * * * Let us drink to charity! It is the season when the world stops to recall the charity of Him whose human form, nailed to the cross, the meanest

and the greatest now bow before in reverence. And, through nineteen centuries, the gospel of love He taught has spread over the civilized earth, the power behind all civilization."

*"Our" Peter Robertson.*

*From "The Seedy Gentleman";*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1903.*

## ABOUT JERUSALEM

Jerusalem is not the largest city in the world, but it is one of the longest. Its area is not great, but it sticks back into the night of time like the tail of a comet.

*Jerome A. Hart.*

*From "A Levantine Log-Book";*
*Longmans, Green & Co., .*
*New York, London and Bombay, 1905.*

## HOW SHALL YOU DESTROY THE BIBLE?

There is one more act to perform.

Let us try to show it to you.

You have entered into a dark conspiracy with but one end in view. But you say, "Why! after all this, there is one copy of the Bible still existing!" Existing where? "Ah, I have discovered it here among the congregation of the dead; the cemeteries of the buried Christians; while they exist there are Bibles."

Then you enter into a conspiracy against the peace; against the joys; against the affections; against splendid intellectual possibilities; against the immortal growth and strivings of mankind. A conspiracy against all these. It does not make man immortal—there never was a more fallacious utterance than that! It never professed to make man immortal; merely professed to tell the fact; it merely informed him of such a thing.

The Bible does with immortality what Adams of Cambridge and Leverrier of the Paris Observatory accomplished with regard to the planet Neptune. It had long been thought to exist from its influence on the planet Uranus, which it disturbed in its motions. But not until within the last thirty-five years was it positively known, until Adams planted his telescope and accomplished the task of bringing upon his reflector the planet, Neptune, the troubler of Uranus. There it was shining brightly. It had always been there whether they had seen it or not.

That is what the Bible does. It merely brings to your mind the vision. It calls you with a clarion tone to look out and see rising through the mist in pomp and splendor, the vast, magnificant orb of immortality and bids you walk in its sunlight and die in its splendor.

You say, "Let us blot out the Bible in the graveyard". The night shall be dark; the moon shall be dark; it shall be in the dark of the moon. The conspirators shall be dressed in the darkest robes, wearing, if you will, masks; they shall take with them each a dark lantern; one shall have a mallet; another a steel chisel; they shall all steal out at midnight, while the whole world is wrapped in dream,s and pay a visit to the postern-gate of some rustic graveyard, public cemetery or private cenotaph; having entered and found a grave, one shall stoop over and read—read, "My soul, together with my dead body, shall arise; awake ye that sleep."

Then there is found written over a Hebrew's grave, "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

"Ah, let me see it! Let me blot it out with the mallet and chisel," is the cry; and thus he works; chip, chip, chip. He sweeps the fragments away, and then, like a ghoul, moves on further and approaches another, discovering graven thereon: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Again he chips, chips, chips, and again wanders on, like a vampire until the Bible of the graveyard is gone—and then our world is the awful home of an orphaned race and every human being is a Godless being.

Oh, let us move anywhere—anywhere out of a world bereft of God and the Bible. Oh, sirs, you cannot, cannot do it.

*Thomas Guard.*

*From an oration given at the Grand Opera House to a packed house by Rev. Dr. Thomas Guard in reply to Col. Robert Ingersoll, and which was taken down in shorthand by Adley H. Cummins and published in the "Sacramento Record Union", Saturday, July 14, 1877.*

## A CHRISTMAS WISH FOR YOU

May Joy be yours, and Peace abide,
With thee and thine this Christmas-tide;
And by the hearth-stone, through the dawning year,
Shall sit content, abounding love and cheer.

*W. Kimball Briggs.*

# FAITH

**An Experience in the Life of Annie E. K. Bidwell.**

"I felt my life ebbing away. A terror had possessed me (which only God could conquer), thinking of the lonely future before me which would have to be passed now, without the care and protection of my dearly beloved husband—now lying in the other room, in his last sleep. A friend sat beside me, but she passed from my thought so utterly that I forgot her existence, for I was at sea, in a terrific rainless thunderstorm.

Before me somewhat to my right, and somewhat distant, intense blackness reigned,—through which, from sky to sea, poured three streams of blood-red lightning, yet shed no light on the scene before me. Violent thunder-in-wind such as I had not heard, even in the high Sierras, continued incessantly their deafening noise, and to myself, I exclaimed, "What a horrible storm, yet it must be the Hand of Love which is sending that awful lightning, thunder and wind." I wondered that but the cool moist fringe of the wind touched my cheek like a zephyr, while the tempest raged so near.

Suddenly in the foreground, I saw a great surf of water of dazzling whiteness pass me in rapid swells toward the East where it rose to a height of a hundred feet, then broke into white-caps which the wind tossed like bits of plume into the air, and bore them away in its furious flight. On the silvery swell of the wave before me rested a sea gull of a whiteness which never had my eyes beheld before, its eyes cast upward to the crest of the wave with an expression of triumph over the elements and of ecstatic joy! And as I admired and wondered, I noticed that the on-rushing water had no power to move the trusting bird, and to me came the thought, "Of course the water carries you not away, for you obey God's law! He made you to ride the sea."

Suddenly the realization came to me—that this was my storm, and God but letting its fringe touch me, as the fringe of the wind had touched my cheek, and that it was mine to obey and trust Him as did the sea-bird, resting in His love without a care, effort or fear.

Words cannot express the exaltation, the peace, the adoration, gratitude and love which filled my soul in looking upon this scene, and realizing that it was God's manifestation to me of His inexpressible sympathy and love and His desire that I should rest in His love. Then through a veil of silver I saw the door of my room open and my friend pass out, and the vision dissolve! and I knew I was alone in my room, not at

sea. And so overpowering was the joy that filled my soul with the knowledge thus obtained from this symbolic dream, that a wondrous strength came to me, out of my faltering and my weakness. And I said, "On the ocean of Thy love I float, as does the sea-bird with wings at rest! I understand the sweet peace which comes from sense of power of Him who made and rules the sea and me—His helpless sea-bird, weary from flight and battling with the storm—with no care, no thought save to repose on that great sea of Love, unfathomable, though the waves toss high on that great sea of Love, wind's wild rage and lightning's clash and thunder roar, for softly to my soul is borne the PEACE OF GOD."

And so I lost all thought of self, "passed under the rod," bore my burden of sorrow in parting with my best beloved, and returned to my work which God had given me to do for my poor Indians and others who have needed me so many years, ever sustained by my Faith in the Goodness and the Greatness of God.

*Annie E. K. Bidwell.*

*From a letter in the possession of "The Gatherer."*
*Dated May 17th, 1906.*

## A GRAIN OF WHEAT

"Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone."—John xxii:24.

By surrendering its contracted, confined, individual life the grain begins to multiply and widen its circle of life. Instead of one small unit, great fields are waving with grain and beautiful valleys are golden with ripening harvests.

The soil, rich with the deposits of vast eons of geologic ages, is taken up and and the sun pours its wealth into the tiny plumules peeping out of the warmed earth and the rains and dews distill into food stored in the tiny homes of the multiplied grains. This becomes nutriment for a civilization.

Translate this nutrition into action and we see great engineers building trans-continental railroads, constructing the mighty enginry that drives the wheels of commerce, tunneling the hills from whence come the golden nuggets that bear a nation's stamp when passed through its minting mills, or armies of men digging a Panama Canal that ties two oceans and becomes a sea-road for the pilots of the world.

Translate it into harmony and we hear the symphony of a master Beethoven or the oratorio of Haydn; into literature and

we are borne skyward by the "grand translunar music" of Milton and softened by the simple melody of Stevenson; into speculation and we follow the meditations of Plato and the high arguments of Kant; into moral conviction and we have the stamina of Isaiah and the courage of Paul.

The stored sunshine in this multiplied grain of wheat may become the smile on a baby's cheek, the lullaby of a mother's love, the prayer of a father's soul for the boy of his hopes, the sentiment that unites a home in the sweet bond that makes the angels hunger for the paradise of earth.

Our grain sacrificed for the larger whole is heard in the periods of a Gladstone pleading for international justice and is written in the statutes that insure a nation its liberty; it rises into the worship of a city that pays homage to Him who gave the hills and valleys and lakes and oceans and suns and stars for the joy of the children of time and the sons of eternity.

*John A. B. Fry.*

## AFTER THE EXPOSITION

The TIME will come when Ruin's rage will lay
Its heartless hand upon these piles that soar,
And they in all their rich-abounding lore
Will like the dream they are, then pass away.
These avenues that swarm with life so gay
Will swell with rapture's paeans never more;
And all these palaces' eye-rapturing store
Will move along Oblivion's cypress way.
But Memory's bounteous wealth will then remain,
And here the far-reverberative strain
Of happy life will bless the willing ear;
Again these palaces will woo the air,
These breathing statues all our praises hear,
These blooms and fountains never know despair.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

*From "In the Court of the Ages;"*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1915.*

## THE THREAD OF LIFE

It is impossible to keep an eye on the thread of life at all. The transmission of life from one grain of wheat to another is as incomprehensible as the product of a new, powerful, glorious, and incorruptible body from a dead one, buried in weakness, dishonor and corruption. The living grain of wheat has in

itself, no more self-raising power than the dead body of man. Power comes to it in the ground. * * * Life from death in the grain of wheat is an expansive movement from one to many. * * * Nature cares more for the strong than the weak; she cares more for the fruitful than the barren, she cares more for the conscious than the unconscious. And in caring for the unconscious wheat, she cares for the conscious man. Conscious man is at the top of things, and all below are his supporters. Everything directly or indirectly is to help him. Ceasing to help they cease to be. Man continues, because consciousness, like force and matter, is an independent and imperishable substance.

*Rev. W. H. Platt.*

*From "After Death—What?"*
*San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., 1878.*

## GOOD-BYE, BRET HARTE

Yon yellow sun melts in the sea;
A sombre ship sweeps silently
Past Alcatraz tow'rd Orient skies—
A mist is rising to the eye—
Good-bye, Bret Harte, good-night, good-night!

Yon sea-bank booms for funeral guns!—
What secrets of His secret suns,
Companion of the peak and pine,
What secrets of the spheres are thine?
Good-bye, Bret Harte, good-night, good-night!

You loved the lowly, laughed at pride,
We mocked, we mocked, and pierced your side;
And yet for all harsh scoffings heard
You answered not one unkind word,
But went your way, as now; good-night!

How stately tall your ships, how vast
With night nailed to your leaning mast
With mighty stars of hammered gold
And moon-wrought cordage manifold,
Good-bye, Bret Harte, good-night, good-night.

*Joaquin Miller, 1902.*

## A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED

What moved me most, dear friend, that happy day
At San Fernando in the early fall,
Was not the glory that its charms recall,
The saintly King of Spain, the arching gray
Of cloisters fronting on the Royal Way,
The roof of tiles, dove-haunted, nor the tall
Old palms that guard the olive orchard's wall,
Nor yet the church, impressive in decay;
But just a grave where weeds neglected grew
That bore two mustard stalks tied Christ-cross wise.
A grain of faith like that makes living sweet
It moves our mountains, makes us feel anew
The benediction of those smiling skies
The brooding presence of the Paraclete.

*Charles S. Greene.*

## THE PIONEERS OF THE WEST

Would God that we, their children, were as they—
Great-souled, brave-hearted, and of dauntless will!
Ready to dare, responsive to the still,
Compelling voice that called them night and day
From this far West, where sleeping Greatness lay
Biding her time. Would God we knew the thrill
That exquisitely tormented them until
They stood up strong and resolute to obey!

God, make us like them, worthy of them; shake
Our souls with great desires; our dull eyes set
On some high star whose quenchless light will wake
Us from our dreams, and guide us from this fen
Of selfish ease won by our fathers' sweat.
Oh, lift us up—the West has need of Men!

*From "The Vanishing Race."* *Ella Higginson.*

## PRODIGALS

*We tarry in a foreign land,*
*With pleasure's husks elate,.*
*When robe and ring and Father's hand*
*At home our coming wait.* *Charles A. Murdock.*

## A PICTURESQUE COSTUME OF EARLY DAYS

Anybody who thinks that the Pioneers wore nothing but red shirts and high boots and tight trousers thrust into the boots, in early times should hear the interesting reminiscences

of Mrs. Tilden-Brown, mother of Douglas Tilden, the sculptor. She says that her father, Adna Hecox, who came here in '46, often wore a swallow-tailed coat on occasions when he held a Sunday service. She can also remember how the Chinese traders had brought the most beautiful and gorgeous brocades and crepes covered with embroidery to suit the Spanish tastes of that time. It was so common amongst them all to use these things, that she remembers her father wore a purple brocade sort of long coat, upon some of the most important occasions, and nobody thought anything of it, even though it was lined with an equally gorgeous green silk flowered pattern, which showed when the tails of his coat flew back. As he had been made an Alcalde, he was justified in assuming these brilliant hues, which were in common use among the Spanish-Californians.

*From "Grizzly Bear Magazine," 19$0.* *The Gatherer.*

## A TRIBUTE TO MRS. ELIZABETH MACK

Like an Arabian Night's beauty, with her sloe-black eyes, her raven-black wings of waving hair framing her face, her milk-white complexion, added to which was her grace of heart, it was no wonder that she was the belle of the ball, and of the mining-camps wherever she went. Not only was she acknowledged to be the best waltzer, but also was she the most public-spirited woman in the town. She took an interest in every one. Now this was in the days of the Vigilantes when they hanged four murderers at one time, and drove twenty-five "toughs" out of town. It was during this period of lawlessness that a man burst into her kitchen, followed by another who was about to kill him. The first one escaped from the window and she stood confronting the pursuer, who stopped to apologize for the intrusion. She was equal to the moment and urged him to go home to his wife, and to let the man live; that it would be far better for him in the years to come. He lifted his hat to her and returned to his home with unstained hands. And high honors were his in the annals of the country in his old age.

Little girls were invited to her house and taught to sew and embroider. Was there sickness or sorrow in any household, it was she who bravely ventured to give sympathy and aid as a sister might. Even when scandal spread its poisoned breath, nothing daunted, she was the first to come forward and give a kindly word to the afflicted, and make of no account the incident. When the snows were so deep the teams could not get through and provisions grew scarce, and flour was nine dollars a sack, it was she who proposed that there should be a free Christmas tree in the town-hall, and that every child, even the babes-in-arms, should receive a gift from the committee she gathered together. All the gulches were searched and unknown children were unearthed and with their parents made welcome on that memorable occasion. Hampers of provisions were sent privately to certain homes and fear driven away from the anxious hearts of wives and mothers. Se was always like a guardian-angel protecting the weak and bringing constructive benefit to all she knew.

*From "Life in California".* *The Gatherer.*

# VOICES OF THE YEAR

List the voices of the year!
Softly, hear!
Wandering near,
Come their whispers to my ear,
As they fleet,
Crowding thoughts their joys repeat.

April sings in cloudy air,
So bright and fair,
All unaware
That pearls are shimmering down her hair;
While the sound
Seems like rain drops strewn around.

Through the passion song of May
Sweet hopes stray,
Such as play
O'er young hearts enwrought to pray,
Gladdening still
Lovers on the flowered hill.

Hark! The wild dove's plaintive tune.
It is June.
Far too soon
Reapers love the rest of noon.
The flowers die
All weary of the wide, hot sky.

Hear the rustling through the wheat!
Words complete—
Praises sweet—
Made the harvest wealth to greet,
While the days
Golden in the summer haze.

Now the tones of summer pale,
Fade and fail.
Hist! the quail
Whistling o'er the mountain trail;
Softly, hush,
Hunters in the underbrush.

Voices in a monotone
Seem to moan.
Dry and lone
Are the pathways we have known,
Falling leaves,
Flutter on the wingéd breeze.

Windy voices faint and fine
Weave in rhyme,
As ye chime;
Hopes and fears of seeding time;
When each grain
Listening, waits the sound of rain.

*Lilian H. S. Bailey.*

*From "Golden Era;" April, 1885.*

## THE SEA OF LIFE

Into the open sea
My boat glides fearlessly,
Strong with rudder and sail,
To Thee, to Thee.

Waves carry my boat
Calmly, serenely afloat,
Sparkle sunlight and spray
For me, for me.

Breakers ahead I see,
Clouds roll over to me;
A voice in the wind I hear,
From Thee, from Thee.

Let not Thy courage fail,
Guide Thy rudder and sail
Over the sea of life
With me, with me.

Waves of sorrow and joy,
Laughter and tears, ahoy,
Away in the distance I see
Thee, only Thee.

Landed my boat, anchor cast,
Peaceful my soul at last
Safe in the harbor of rest
With Thee, with Thee.

*Anna B. Newbegin.*

## ANOTHER DAY AND NIGHT

Another day, thank God,
The sun is smiling o'er the Eastern slope,
The busy stir of men has just begun,
And cometh once again, the new-born hope—
Another day!

Another night, thank God,
The moon is peeping o'er the distant hill,
The drowsy hum of voices now dies down,
The busy looms are still—
Another night!

*Ella Sterling Mighels.*

## BEYOND

What may we take into vast Forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor.
No frame-wreathed crown we wove,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
Not gold, no gains;
Of all our toiling in the life immortal,
No hoarded wealth remains,
No gild, no stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here:
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,
Naked we glide:
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare:
The beckoning of a father's hand we follow,
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

*Edward Rowland Sill.*

*Extract from "Man the Spirit," written in 1865 for the University of California Alumni Association—recently published.*

## ALL IS BEST

The world o'erflows its cup of woe,
Each heart has felt the knife of pain,
But I would have my soul to know
That all is best, that God doth reign.

*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

*From "Lavender and Other Verse;" San Francisco: Paul Elder, Publisher.*

## IF YOU WOULD ADDRESS

Address me not where but till light
I halt my camel for the night;
Where on the desert, stand-storm swept,
Unsheltered from the blast I slept.

Beyond, a golden city waits,
And nearer swing the distant gates,
Inside of which are rest and calm
And crystal springs and groves of palm.

As o'er the worn and dusty road,
My patient camel on I goad,
We sometimes see oases green,
But wastes of desert lie between.

The well at which I kneel to drink
My parched lips mock with bitter brink;
The tree beneath whose shade I'd lie
Is leafless, and its boughs are dry.

Sometimes fair cities seem to rise
With minarets that pierce the skies;
I urge my camel on with blows—
They sink in sand from which they rose.

But these white walls that now I see
Mirage and mockery cannot be;
Upon the air a music swells
That drowns the sound of camel bells.

Hunger and Thirst, what are ye now?
I see the palm-tree's laden bough;
I hear cool fountains plash inside
The gates that open swing and wide—

Quite wide enough for me—and, too,
I think, to let my camel through,
Though still outside the gates I plod,
Address me, "Pilgrim—care of God."

*Charles Henry Webb.*

*From "With Lead and Line;"*
*Cambridge: Houghton & Mifflin, 1901.*

## INA COOLBRITH

A clear white flame illumes her song,
The love of Truth, the hate of Wrong:
'Tis like a star wherein we see
The fire of Immortality.

## SUNSET

Like some huge bird that sinks to rest,
The sun goes down—a weary thing—
And o'er the water's placid breast
It lays a scarlet outstretched wing.

*Herbert Bashford.*

*From "The Shrine of Song."*

## THE ELOQUENCE OF CALVIN B. McDONALD

"What, if here and there a woman, discouraged, neglected and despairing, goes forth under maledictions thick and unsparing as Arctic hail? If one of the Pleiades, abandoning the bright society of her sisters, fall, rayless forever, down the infinite depths of space, should we then the less admire the steadfastness of the six remaining Vergiliae, that unspotted in lustre and in meek obedience to the Creator, tread their eternal orbits sorrowing and unsinning?

*As early as in 1858, Calvin B. McDonald stood as a champion for the women of California in "The Hesperian." From the "Story of the Files of California, 1893.*

## A JEWEL SONG

Three gems upon a golden chain
I ever keep
Clasped round my neck, in joy, in pain,
Awake, asleep.

The red of flame, the green of spring,
The white of tears
Glow, gleam, and sparkle on my string
Of golden years.

The ruby of the Present, bright,
Of value vast,
The Future's emerald, and the white
Pearl of the Past.

*Clarence Urmy.*

*From "A California Troubadour;" A. M. Robertson, San Francisco: 1912.*

# THE VESTALS OF CALIFORNIA

Without any vow, without any order, it has come to pass in our land that many beautiful and remarkable women of our early history have chosen to devote their lives to the young exclusively, and have passed by love and marriage. Year in and year out for half a century or more, they have passed blameless lives in the ceaseless round of school duties, assisting the mothers in rearing their broods to manhood and to womanhood for several generations of pupils, unchanging and unchanged.

While the large and splendid army of these devoted women has become absorbed and known but to those beneath their ministrations, yet there are a few whose names have shone out with a brilliant light. One of these was Kate Kennedy of the North Cosmopolitan school in San Francisco in the early years, who brought with her from Ireland a most remarkable personality. She was very advanced in her ideas, and it was through her insistence that languages were first taught in the public schools. She had a brilliant intellect and could debate with men in their own societies and argue questions with judicial quality. She gave a great impetus to learning by her inspiration and encouragement. There are gray-haired teachers with us today who give her the credit for their own love of learning gained in the school-room where Miss Kennedy reigned supreme.

Another of these is Miss Jean Parker, after whom a schoolhouse has been named. Long ago, in the very early days, the parents of Miss Parker embarked from Scotland for America. They then crossed the plains, and it was the father who remarked to the mother that it was going to be the girls of that family to whom they would have to look for support in their old age, for it was the daughters who rose early in the daylight to oil the wheels of the wagons, and prepare for the day's journey and keep everything in order on the way. And so it was during the long years after arriving in the land of gold! Such energy, such power, such grasp on things material and spiritual as was shown by those fine girls of the Parker family! Jean Parker's name will never be forgotten for the part she played in forming character and establishing records of high-born girls and boys in the educational center where she prevailed against ignorance and against slothfulness. Her life-work stands for her, marked as a shining star.

Emma Marwedel came from Germany, a pupil of the widow of Froebel, to organize the first kindergarten in San Francisco. She was the teacher of Kate Douglas Smith, afterwards Wiggin, who was selected to teach the first free kindergarten known in the early days, the one established on Silver street. It was Miss Marwedel to whom all the credit was due for the original teaching here in our state of that wonderful system which has entered in to smooth the way for learning, for the children of both the rich and the poor. She was the source from whom it all came. Others benefited and gained the glory, but it was her life-work from her youth to her old age.

Exquisitely fair, with violet eyes and waving chestnut hair, and as beautiful as the pictures we used to see of an imaginary Evangeline, was Laura Templeton of Sacramento, who came from Vermont. There was a beauty on her brow I never saw upon another face than hers. She was vestal-like in this spiritualized essence of hers. It carried with it a strange power of authority. If some of the reckless boys attempted to evade obeying the rules she laid down, it was only that much worse for the boys. She quelled them, one by one, by her absolute justice. There was a largeness about her that included all. She

had no favorites. Besides these elements in her make-up, she was the bravest woman I ever knew, and I have known many courageous Pioneer women who lived out in the wilds, miles away from the smoke of another one's chimney.

But hers was a different kind of bravery. It was in the day when the decalogue was taught in the public schools. Coming from the Sierras to the city, it was my first day at the old Franklin grammar school on L street, and in her class, where everything seemed strange and extremely rigorous. It was my first experience at having Sunday-school exercises in day-school, and I did not like it; indeed, I had always dreaded the reciting of the ten commandments in a mixed class even at Sunday-school. There were always some frivolous boys who made a mock of the words as we recited them. In my childish heart there came a great melancholy that we had to recite this every day, and I looked at the beautiful face of the teacher and wondered how she could ask us to do it. The words were written on the blackboard and the class began to read them off in unison. Presently we came to a new way of expressing one of the commands—"Thou shalt keep thy heart pure and free from evil." A great gratitude filled my heart. From that day I worshiped Miss Templeton.

Many years later I had need for a copy of the ten commandments, and I decided to obtain such a one as had been used by my teacher for my own purpose. It was in New York City and I sought the great centers of religious publishing-houses in search of this copy to place before children. It was then I learned that no one but Miss Templeton had taught this form of the decalogue, and that she, herself, was undoubtedly the originator of it. It seemed that no one was brave enough to follow her example, for I interviewed many of the pastors of the churches in the great metropolis, seeking to persuade them to do this for the sake of the children. But they all were afraid to do so.

Then I realized the grandeur and the beauty of this vestal of the Sacramento schools. If some father of the church a thousand years before had dared to do this splendid thing for the world, how clean and pure the world would be today! If that command were couched in the affirmative even, it would bring a healing to the hearts of men and women and children. Let it stand for her, then, to be taught to the children, thus: "Thou shalt keep thy heart pure and be faithful to the bond of marriage."

The debt we Pioneer children owe to these Vestals of California should be expressed in pure-white marble to last a thousand years.

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California."*

## NOEL

In every heart throughout the land
The Christ-child is given birth.
Ring out glad tidings o'er the earth,
Noel, Noel.

At last from darkness we awake,
The sun doth shine in every clime,
The bells peal out with chime,
Noel, Noel.

We feel the stirring of the soul,
The still, small voice at last is heard,
And flutters like a tiny bird.
Noel, Noel.

We've found the Christ-child in our breast
Ring out, glad bells, the morning breaks,
And all the world at last awakes.
Noel, Noel.

*Eugenie H. Schroeder.*

*Translated from the French;*
*San Jose: 1913.*

## AMERICANISM

In the long, upward struggle of the human race for individual liberty, every form and variety of government has been tried. * * * Finally culminating in the happy success of American patriots in establishing in a newly discovered land a government based not upon the rights of rulers, but upon the rights of man, and for which no possible abiding-place could have been found in all the world as it had theretofore been known. * * * Upon this new and broad domain in the wide, free spaces of a land of unknown limits, old theories were overthrown and a new principle enunciated, that upon foundations where liberty and law find equal support, a government could be maintained, not by the power of standing armies, or the might of floating navies, but by the willing support of an enlightened, free and patriotic people.* * * * Warned by the wrecks of the past, they liberated religion from bondage to the temporal power, separated church from state, and blotted from the statute books the crimes of non-conformity. They quenched the fires that persecution had kindled, prevented the enactment of any law to compel adherence to a specified form of worship, disestablished churches and removed religious disabilities; abolished all forced contributions to the maintenance of ecclesiastical authority; gave equal protection to every form of religious belief and restrained forever the power of the government from being enlisted against the adherents of any sect or creed, protecting with equal impartiality the mosque of the Mussulman and the altar of the fire-worshiper, the church of the Protestant, the Jewish synagogue and the Roman cathedral. The result has been the absolute triumph of disenthralled humanity.

*M. T. Dooling.*

*Judge Dooling is a N. S. G. W.*
*From "Address on Americanism" given to the members of the Bohemian Club on "America Night, September 24th, 1918.*

## THE GIANT HOUR

Probably never before in the history of the world has any man ever stood in the place of opportunity in which President Wilson stands today. He stands there because of the present world-crisis, which has put the nations in the crucible. The acid test is being used. The institutions of civilization are being tested. They are in solution. President Wilson, because of his qualities of mind and heart, and because of his position as president of the great nation whose resources are the determining factor in the great struggle, has the opportunity that no other living man today has, and therefore no man who ever lived on earth had, to say what direction these new institutions which shall arise out of the world-crisis shall take.

To shape the new principles of world democracy, human freedom, international law and brotherhood, national and racial development, co-operation in thought and commerce, and lasting peace—this is the great opportunity that has come to Woodrow Wilson, historian, statesman, American President.

May God give him strength to do the task in such a way that History shall forever make record that here stood a Giant Man in a Giant Hour.

*Godfrey Barney.*

*From "Life in California."*
*An extract from a sermon given July 7th, 1918, San Francisco, California.*

## THE RED CROSS CALL

If I could save their lives—
The twenty thousand who will die today,
With the same toll the next day and the next,
And every day of this great Year of Doom,
Swept to the void by battle's iron broom,
While Senates wrangle and captains map their drives,
And in green fields or cities far away,
We sleep and rise and eat and laugh and play
As if this were the same sweet earth
In which we had our birth—
I should not be perplext
If it were mine the word to say
To win the lords of earth to lay aside
Diplomacy and precedent and pride
And weigh the awful waste of you and me,
Who pay the debt and slip into the pit

And have no profit of the peace to be,
Nor even a vision of the hope of it;
If, by my word or action, I might hope
To stop the world from sliding down the slope
Into the bottomless abyss
That seethes with blood—
If by my Yes or No I could accomplish this,
God knows I would.
Yet this much I can do—
I can abide the thought of sudden death,
Even of thousands—'tis but loss of breath
And sleep that lasts the whole night through—
But that one mortal man should lie
Thirsting and throbbing while the hours go by,
Each a century of agony—
No help, no hand, no answer to his plea,
Hell heaping horrors on his helpless head,
While horrors swarm about his torture-bed—
That this should be increased ten thousandfold,
Day after frightful day, and I withhold,
Through my neglect, the help that might be given.
Should rob my nights of sleep and turn me cold
With shameful chill
Even though I slept in Heaven;
I cannot stop the slaughter, but what I can,
To ease the agony of a fellowman
And mitigate the misery
Of those who tread the threshing-floor for me,
God knows I will.

*Prof. W. H. Carruth,*
*of Leland Stanford, Jr., University.*

*Author of the famous poem, "Each in His Own Tongue."*
*From S. F. "Examiner" of May 20, 1918.*
*Copyright, San Francisco: A. B. Pierson, 1906.*

## VIVE L' AMERICA

Noble Republic! happiest of lands
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands;
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies
Where shouts of Liberty daily arise.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Union forever, freedom to all.

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Curs'd be his homestead, withered his hand,
Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot—
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Granting a home and freedom to all.

CHORUS

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Vive l' America, home of the free.

To all her heroes, Justice and Fame,
To all her foes, a traitor's foul name,
Our "stripes and stars" still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of liberty, Flag of the brave.
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.

CHORUS

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Vive l' America, Home of the free.

*Words and Music by the Composer, Millard.*
*Published by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 18 West 37th Street, New York.*

*Note.—This war-song was sung with thrilling effect in the old Mechanics' Pavilion at the Rallies of the Grand Army of the Republic, by Margaret Blake-Alverson, a Pioneer soprano, and ought to be revived and taught today to the children of the public schools, especially as the chorus chimes in with the "Fighting in France" now going on, like a prophecy.—The Gatherer.*

## ABOUT THE HIGH SIERRAS

There is a breeziness, a spaciousness, an undefiled ecstacy of purity about the High Sierras. Nature, yet untainted by man, has expressed himself largely in mighty pine-clad, snow-topped blue mountains, and rolling stretches of foot-hills; in rivers whose clarity is as perfect as the first snow-formed drops that heralded them; and a sky of chaste and limpid blue, pale as with awe of the celestial wonders it has gazed upon. But there is an effect of simplicity with it all, an omission of sensational landscape contrasts.

*Miriam Michelson.*

*Extract from the novel, "Anthony Overman".*

## THE MESSENGER

There soared an eagle in the West,
With mighty sunlight on his breast
And music in his wings.
Far-off, within the ravished East,
He saw the vultures at their feast,
Spread by the war of kings.

The very world was black and red
With furrows of the mangled dead,
On whom the red dust lay.
From all the lands a wailing came;
A million homesteads passed in flame;
The vultures tore their prey.

He gazed, and hesitant awhile,
Beheld the carrion horde defile
The wounded and the slain.
The feast grew fouler with the years;
The very heavens were gray with tears
Above that realm of pain * * *

Now, doubt and hesitation past,
The destined war-road rings at last
With onset of his young.
Lo! the swift eaglets follow him
To where all Europe's skies are dim
With cannon breath upflung.

Freeborn, oh soar in boundless light
Above the world's despotic night
Till the new dawn advance!
Cry to the foul and feasting horde
Our thunders follow and our sword,
In Love's deliverance!
* * * *
Eternal spirit of our Land,
By whom the guarded seas are spanned,
Grant to the coming years
The liberty our fathers sought—
The liberty by man unbought
Except by blood and tears!

*George Sterling.*

*Written for the "Chronicle" July 4th, 1918, San Francisco.*

## SUNSET

The evening's genius, with his sword of flame,
Guards well the portal of the dying day.
His lance of light he strikes against the hills,
Upon the highest breaks his glancing ray.
He marshals grandly on a crimson sea
His clouship navy's golden argosy,
Whose flaming banner, in the sunset glow,
Bids brave defiance to the dark'ning foe,
Who, swift advancing, o'er him softly flings
The purple shadow of the twilight's wings,
Till war's red flush, before the night wind's breath,
Fades out into the sullen gray of death,
And star-eyed night, prevailing all too soon,
Hangs out the silver sickle of the moon.

*Anna Morrison Reed.*

## THE FAIRY CITY

Nothing is more delightful at the approaching sunset-hour than to walk straight up the hills to the corner of Pacific and Lyon streets and behold the glory of the scene spread out before us. Behind us the Twin Peaks, before us Tamalpais, to the east Diablo (when the air is clear), and to the west the pageant of the sun in his going down to the caves of night, drawing about him his robes of crimson and gold, paling away into ashes of roses and gray, against the blue of the heavens. Also there is the Bay of San Francisco, bluely tinted, and the dark islands, and passing ferry-boats, sails, skiffs, little boats giving life to the picture as we glance from point to point. A forest of dark green shrouds the Presidio where the soldiers have their homes, and voices coming up from there give a mystery to the hour. The sea-gulls are homing to their night-rest, and also add life to the strange world we find here on the top of the world of San Francisco.

"Oh, see the little fairy city!" ecstatically calls one of the children of the pilgrimage; and we gaze in delight and awe on the opposite shore, where lie Berkeley, Oakland and Alameda. It has come to life under the dying rays of the sun—invisible otherwise to mortal eye. Separate and apart from buildings, it seems to be built in the air, like the "Castles in Spain", but the twinkling panes seem to tell of a genius akin to ethereal beings occupying that delightful and mysterious realm.

"Yes, it is a fairy city and the fairies live there," explains a little girl. "You see, they are very happy there; but once there was a mean creature who got in there and caused so much trouble for everybody, that the queen and the king decided not to let anybody know they lived there any more. So they became invisible—it's only us they are willing to show themselves to; but if we went there we could not find them, because some of us are mean creatures, too, sometimes—when we pull the gold hearts out of the lilies and leave them standing there all ruined for the poor neighbors to see when we run away. But we are good children, and the fairies let us see their invisible city when we come up here to say 'Good-night' to the seagulls and the ships and boats, and to the soldiers. Isn't it the most beautiful thing in the world? I love that fairy city, and I wish I could live there, some time, don't you?"

But as she speaks, it vanishes into the dark pall of night and we turn our faces homeward, and the little ones run down the hills and back again to the slower-paced tread of their guardian to keep with her, and their merry laughter gives music to the hour. How delightful it would be if all the children were taken up there to seek the fairy city of **innocent joys never to be forgotten as long as life lasts!**

*The Gatherer.*

*From "Life in California," 1918.*

## THE GREAT PANORAMA

In December no one lacks for fruit of one kind or another. This is the time to get out the dried peaches, pears, plums and even seek to find the crystallized cactus confection, which is good for the heart. Baskets of lovely sort may be had by the wealthy, filled with beautiful things as well as well-flavored ones. Those later varieties teem in our land. Almond, walnuts and raisins and apples are for the winter season; and to change with each season is the law of Nature. And already the grass is springing and the orange trees bursting into bloom once more to assure us of the coming of the New Year.

*A. E.*

## WHAT IS THE WORLD'S DERISION?

What is the world's derision
To him who hath the vision?

*Lorenzo Sosso.*

*From "Wisdom for the Wise."*

## MY PLACE OF DREAMS

Perhaps beyond the horizon, where lies the "over there,"
Where dreamy fancies always turn to life without a care,
The land is fair, the land is bright—perhaps! But give to me
The happiness of here and now, beside the Western sea.

Far, far away the Isles of Greece, far Egypt's mystic sands!
The call is in the very air from distant unknown lands;
And yet—and yet my Place of Dreams is here beneath my feet,
And nowhere shines the sun more fair than down in Market street.

Somewhere there may be tropic lands, as fair as Eden's glades,
Where dwells romance, and love is sung, and life is love, and maids
Are beautiful as poets paint, but here, where beauty teems,
And God has smiled upon His work, shall be my Place of dreams.

Give me the Springtime sunshine, the Winter's cloudy frown,
The fog, the breeze from off the bay, my San Francisco town!
No mirage fair shall tempt me, no rainbow I'll pursue—
My City by the Golden Gate, my dreams shall be of you!

*Al C. Joy.*

## THE COLORADO

The wind rose to a gale. The waves were blowing over the levee. At midnight the alarm was sounded. The bells of the two churches kept ringing. Pale women and children followed the men down the embankment. There was work for everyone that night. Men were hustling like mad to raise the levee an inch above the rising fury of the river. Men stood a few feet apart measuring each white foamed wave to be ready when it should strike the bank. Shovels stood at attention to throw earth on each new break. * * * Down the stream rushed masses of debris, logs, sections of fence, railroad ties. Every one on the bank followed their course. Long poles jumped to shove off into the stream the drift which must not be allowed to lodge, to impede that stream for an instant. And all night long into the gray of the morning, over the roar of the rushing water, and the whistling of the demons of the wind, boomed the dynamite.

*Ednah Aiken.*

*From "The River";*
*Bobbs-Merrill, Publishers, 1914.*

## GOOD NIGHT, DEAR HEART

Good-night, dear heart! Though great the distance
That severs thee from me;
Some kind breeze hieing hence, perchance,
Will waft the fond words unto thee.

Good-night, dear heart! What men call mortal
Of her who loves thee lingers here;
But far through space to seek thy portal,
My thoughts fly with this wish sincere.

*Fannie H. Avery.*

*From "Golden Era;" November, 1884.*

## CHRISTMAS GREETING

The winter bloom about us lies,
The green of a December spring,
And under happy, cloudless skies,
A thousand birds are caroling,
To you amid the eastern snows
I send a Californian rose.

To you whose hearth and heart are warm,
Tho' nature's guise be chill and gray,
To lend your holly wreath a charm,
I send my winter rose today,
For whether snows or rose leaves fall,
It's Christmas! Christmas! with us all!

*Martha Trent Tyler.*

*From "Sunset;" December, 1912.*

## THE PROMISE OF LIFE

The setting sun, a purple sea;
A shaft of golden light
That strikes the hilltops, and, to me,
Hints dawn-burst after night.

Fear not, my Soul, the gray of death
The still, uncharted main;
The light shall find thee, and the breath
Of God be thine again.

*Howard V. Sutherland.*

*From "The Promise of Life";*
*Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co., 1914.*

## A HEAVEN ON EARTH

We cannot know what bliss, supreme, above,
We soon, in life eternal, shall attain;
But this we know—that human hearts may love,
And, in this life, a heaven on earth may gain.

*Leonard S. Clark.*

*One of the Old Oakland Writers.*
*July 8, 1918.*

## "IT IS OVER"

Orion was still flashing brilliantly in the heavens when came the early morning cry, electrifying the city of San Francisco: "It is over! The Great War is over!" Lights flashed from house to house, men arose and went forth to bring in the extras, and hearts rejoiced at the confirmation of the glad news.

Down town, men and women marched in parades in the early morning light, the crowds growing larger and larger, until the officials announced that it would be declared a holiday that day in honor of the wonderful triumph of the Allies and the United States of America in Europe over Autocracy and in favor of Democracy. All day the steam-whistles blew and clangor of bells and jangling metal kept up the outburst of joy. Thousands of impromptu processions began and ended to begin all over again by the excited populace from morning till night.

At the luncheon-hour at the Palace Hotel gathered prominent judges and lawyers and notables. Then a scene began when Judge Thomas Y. Graham mounted a chair and called for three cheers for President Wilson. They were given with a will and more cheers followed for Pershing, Foch, Clemenceau, Diaz, Haig and Lloyd George.

Tributes were paid by many illustrious ones present, then calls for Shortridge arose, and he responded as follows::

"There was an hour when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. This is another such an hour; for this is an hour of victory and deliverance—victory of light over darkness; deliverance from despotism and oppression. * * * Hail to all the heroes, dead and living, who have fought and died to rescue and save Liberty and place her on the throne of Eternal Peace! Hail to martyred Belgium! Hail to suffering Serbia! Hail to glorious Italy! Hail to unconquered Britain! Hail to immortal France! And with hearts bursting with pride and gratitude and love, hail—thrice hail—to our own blessed country; to our own United States; to our stainless and triumphant Star-Spangled Banner!"

*From "San Francisco Chronicle";*
*November 12th, 1918.*

## THE CITY WOKE

The city woke from Bay to Sea
When midnight fires lit up the sky
To tell the folks that Victory
And Peace had come; the light on high
Glowed as the brightest, gayest flower
That ever bloomed in night's dark hour.

The city woke from Sea to Bay
When trumpets sounded in the street;
When clear and strong and brave and gay
The message echoed long and sweet—
And midnight was no longer dumb—
The hour was loud with "Peace has come!"

The city woke. From every side
Arose the sleeper, now awake,
To join the joyous, lilting tide
That swells as hostile armies break.
Democracy, triumphant, spoke:
"There's peace on earth!" The city woke.

*Arthur Price.*

*From "San Francisco Examiner";*
*November 12th, 1918.*

## ON THE TOP OF MOUNT DIABLO

High as we are the air is warm, cordial; the wind no unpleasant; and after the first bursts of enthusiasm have becom subdued, the members of the party seem to be silent, thoughtfu and absorbed. Everyone strays off by himself to get a vantage point where he may be alone with his Universal Source whil saturating his soul with the wondrous thoughts that come t him now from out the ether—filling him with such a sense o the smallness of Man and the greatness of the Almighty tha all the nervousness and pettiness and talkativeness and impa tience and inharmony generally oozes out of the Man, an he gets back to Principle for a sufficiently long period so tha he comes back to earth and humanity and to the Diablo Clu at the mountain's base—and thence back to his desk and hi daily life a silenter Soul—a person who sees life better an brighter for everyone with whom he comes in contact.

*Chauncey M'Govern.*

## FINIS

It seemed that from the west
The live red flame of sunset,
Eating the dead blue sky
And cold, insensate peaks,
Was loosened slowly, and fell.
Above it, a few red stars
Burned down like low candle-flames
Into the gaunt black sockets
Of the chill, insensible mountains.
But in the ascendant skies
(Cloudless, like some vast corpse
Unfeatured, cerementless)
Succeeded nor star nor planet.
It may have been that black,
Pulseless, dead stars arose
And crossed as of old the heavens.
But came no living orb,
Nor comet seeming the ghost,
Homeless, of an outcast world,
Seeking its former place
That is no more nor shall be
In all the Cosmos again.
Null, blank, and meaningless
As a burnt scroll that blackens
With the passing of the fire,
Lay the dead, infinite sky.
Lo! in the halls of Time,
I thought, the torches are out—
The revelry of the gods,
Or lamentation of demons
For which their flames were lit,
Over and quiet at last
With the closing peace of night,
Whose dumb, dead, passionless skies
Enfold the living world
As the sea a sinking pebble.

*Clark Ashton Smith.*

*From "The Star-treader and Other Poems;"*
*San Francisco: A. M. Robertson, 1912.*

# CALIFORNIA'S DAY OF PEACE

Near the close of the year 1918 Peace came. It was celebrated in San Francisco and to the remotest parts of California in the unique spirit of the West. Submerged, however, beneath the gayety, the noise and the elation of a triumphant victory was the soul of Lowell—

> When a deed is done for freedom, through
> the broad earth's aching breast
> Runs a thrill of Joy prophetic, trembling
> on from east to west,
> And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels
> the soul within him climb
> To the awful verge of manhood,
> as the energy sublime
> Of a century bursts full-blossomed
> on the thorny stem of Time.

The high-born winter rains will wash the map of Europe clean of blood. The people will return to the simple ways of peace. The common wealth of man will have no boundary lines. Internationalism is seen—"in the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

This Republic with the sword of Justice in one hand and the symbol of mercy in the other will consecrate itself anew to the reconstruction of social order—not only "over there" but here.

California will welcome back its men from the trenches, not as heroes of a war of conquest, but as men who faced the supreme sacrifice so that the diplomacy of armament should end.

Those who died will be given a monument that shall be typical not of war, but of peace. The injustice of might will not prevail. The name of czar, of emperor and of king will cease as a representative of power, except in the historical past.

The common wealth will not be measured in square miles, but in the sense of social justice, the boundary of which encircles the globe and includes all people. Let us have peace when humanity shall have eliminated injustice, fear, bigotry, prejudice, the malicious lie, the superstitious creed, and weak selfishness. Then the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," will prevail, and a new commandment will be given, "Thou shalt not possess that for which thou hast not given an equivalent."

Plato's Republic, Fourier's Social Paradise, Sir Thomas More's Utopia were mighty revolutions, without tanks, or guns, or gas, or aeroplanes, against unjust laws of Autocracy. The false Moon between the smooth surface of the water tells of the true Moon somewhere. So the dreams, not of warriors, but of the poets and idealists, will come true.

With tears for the dead and joy for the living, we hail the Liberty that had its birth on Mt. Sinai, its cradle in Bethlehem, its childhood in Rome, its youth in Switzerland, its education in France and England, its manhood in the United States, and its future life the universal world.

HARR WAGNER.

# A CLASSIFIED LIST OF CALIFORNIA WRITERS—POETS, PROSE-WRITERS, HISTORIANS, ORATORS, DIVINES, JOURNALISTS, PUBLISHERS, ETC.

**A Summary of Those Who Have Contributed to California Literature as a Whole, with Brief Mentions of Their Work as an Aid to Collectors of "Californiana."**

(November, 1918)

## AUTHORS OF ONE OR MORE PUBLISHED WORKS, MAINLY FICTION

**Adams, Walter**—"Transmigration."
**Aiken, Ednah Robinson**—"The River," etc.
**Aimard, Gustave**—"The Gold Seekers," 1888.
**Allen, Mrs. G. M.**
**Amsden, Dora**—"Heritage of Hoorshige."
**Anderson, Olive**—"Santa Louise," Sacramento, 1886.
**Andre (pseud.)**—"Overcome," San Francisco, 1877.
**Angellotti, Marion Polk**—"The Firefly of France," "Sir John Hawkshurst," etc.
**Anthony, Helen Virginia**—Juvenile.
**Ashe, Elizabeth**—"Intimate Letters from France" (Philopolis Press, San Francisco), 1918.
**Atherton, Gertrude**—"Ancestors," "The Conqueror," "Senator North," "Tower of Ivory," "Patience Sparhawk," "The Splendid Idle Forties," etc.
**Austin, Mary**—"Isidro," "The Land of Little Rain," "California," etc.

**Bamford, Mary Ellen.**
**Bancroft, Griffing**—"The Interloper," 1917.
**Barnes, W. H.**—"The Story of Laulux," 1889.
**Barnes, W. H. L.**—"Solid Silver" (a play), also Political Addresses.
**Baron, Virgilia Bogue**—Novel.
**Barrett, Frances Fuller Victor**—Novels and Historical Works.
**Barry, John D.**—(San Francisco "Bulletin" and "Call"), "Imitations"; also Novels.
**Bartlett, Washington**—"A Breeze from the Woods," 1880.
**Bartnett, Harriet**—"Angelo the Musician."
**Bechdoldt, Frederick Ritchie**—"The Hard Rock Man," etc.
**Beckman, Mrs. William**—"Backsheesh, etc. (Sacramento).
**Behr, Dr. H.**—"Hoot of the Owl" (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco).
**Bell, William Mora.**
**Benton, M. Y.**—"Who Would Have Thought It?"
**Bidwell, Jennie**—"There's Nothing In It."
**Bierce, Ambrose**—"Black Beetles in Amber"; short stories, essays, poems.
**Bigelow, Harry**—"Slow Methods of Becoming a Criminal," 1893.
**Blades, Paul Harcourt**—"Don Sagasto's Daughter," 1911.
**Blow, Ben**—Juvenile.
**Bohan, Elizabeth Baker.**
**Bonner, Geraldine**—"The Pioneer," "Tomorrow's Tangle," "Hard Pan," etc.; also Plays.
**Bonnet, Theodore** (Editor "Town Talk")—"The Regenerators," "A Friend of the People" (play), etc.
**Bornemann, Mary** (Oraquille)—"Madame Jane Junk and Joe," 1876.
**Bower, Bertha Sinclair**—"The Gringoes."
**Bowman, Mrs. James**—"The Island Home" (Juvenile).
**Boyd, John Edward**—"The Berkeley Heroine," etc.
**Boyne, R. E.**—"A Grass Widow."

**Brainerd, George** (see Jarboe).
**Brennan**—"Brin Mor," 1892.
**Brooks, Noah**—"The Boy Emigrants," etc.
**Brown, Clara Spaulding**—"Life at Shut-In Valley," 1895.
**Brown, Ruth Alberta**—"Tabitha at Ivy Hall," 1911.
**Bruner, Jane Woodworth**—"Free Prisoners," 1877.
**Burgess, Gelett**—"The Heart Line," "The Picaroons" (with Will Irvin). etc.
**Burton, Mrs. Maria Amparo (Ruiz)—C. Loyal**—"The Squatter and the Don," 1885.

**Cameron, Capt. John Stanley**—"Ten Months in a German Raider (Doran, N. Y., 1918).
**Canfield, Chauncey**—"The City of Six," 1910 (McClurg, Chicago).
**Carlton, Carrie**—"Inglenook" (Juvenile), 1868.
**Carr, Sarah Pratt**—"The Iron Way," etc.
**Casey, Patrick**—"The Wolf Cub," 1917 (with Terence Casey).
**Casey, Terence**—"The Wolf Cub," 1917 (with Patrick Casey).
**Cather, Katherine Dunlap**—"Boyhood Stories of Famous Men" (published in St. Nicholas Magazine, originally).
**Caxton**—See Rhodes .
**Chamberlain, Esther**—Novels (in collaboration with Lucia).
**Chamberlain, H. L.**—"Judah and Israel," 1888.
**Chamberlain, Lucia**—"Son of the Wind," etc.
**Chard, Cecil**—(See Heynemann.)
**Charles, Frances**—"The Country God Forgot," etc.
**Chase, J. Munsell**—"The Riddle of the Sphinx," 1915.
**Cheney, Warren**—"His Wife."
**Cheney, William Atwell**—"Almond-Eyed," 1873.
**Churchill, Mrs. Eugenia Kellogg Holmes**—"The Awakening of Poccalito," and Other Tales, 1903.
**Clark, J. B.**—"Society in Search of Truth," 1878.
**Clemens, Samuel (Mark Twain)**—"Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," etc., etc.
**Clippinger, J. A.**—"The Pedagogue of Widow's Gulch," 1876.
**Colburn, Frona Eunice Waite**—"Yermah the Colorado."
**Comstock, Sarah**—"The Soddy," "Mothercraft," etc.
**Conner, J. Torrey**—"A Red Parasol in Mexico" (see Poets).
**Cook, N. F.**—"Satan in Society" (anon.), 1881.
**Cooley, Alice Kingsbury**—Juveniles; Fairy Tales.
**Cooper, Louise B.**—"Behind a Mask."
**Cox, Palmer**—"Squibbs of California," 1894.
**Crabb, W. D.**—"Silver Shimer."
**Cucuel, Ed.** (with W. C. Morrow)—"Bohemian Paris of Today."
**Cumming, Duncan**—"A Change with the Seasons," 1897.
**Curran, John Joseph**—"Mr. Foley of Salmon."

**Daggett, Mary Stewart**—"The Higher Court," 1911.
**Danziger, Dr. Gustave Adolph**—"The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" (collab. Ambrose Bierce).
**Davis, John F.**—"California—Romantic and Resourceful."
**Davis, Andrew McFarland**—"The Journal of a Moncacht" (Man-Ape).
**Davis, Leila B.**—"Modern Argonaut."
**Davis, Margaret B.**—"Mother Bickerdyke," 1896.
**Dawson, Emma Frances**—"An Itinerant House" (see Poets).

**Dean, Sarah**—"Travers," etc.
**Deasey, Isabel Josephine**—"The Princess Eileen."
**Deering, Mabel Clare Craft**—"Hawaii Nei."
**Delanoy, Frances**—Novels; Books of History.
**Delter, T.**—"Nellie Brown" and Other Sketches, 1871.
**Derby, Colonel George Haskel** (John Phoenix)—"The Squibob Papers," etc., etc.
**Doran, James**—"Zanthon," 1891.
**Doyle, Dr. C. W.**—"The Shadow of Quon Lung," "Awakening of the Jungle."
**Dubois, Constance Goddard**—"Soul in Bronze."
**Dunniway, Abigail Scott**—"The New Northwest"; Books and Short Stories.

**Edwards, Henry**—"A Mingled Yarn"; Sketches, 1883.
**Evans, George Samuel**—"Wylackie Jake of Covelo," 1904.
**Ewer, Ferdinand**—"The Eventful Nights," etc.
**Ewing, Hugh Boyle**—"The Black List, 1893.

**Fadden, Chimmie**—(See Townsend.)
**Farnham, Eliza Woodson (Burhaus)**—"The Ideal Attained," 1865.
**Farrington, Mary L.**—"Facing the Sphinx," 1889.
**Faverell, Lieutenant**—"A. D. 2000."
**Fenn, R. W.**—"The Hidden Empire," 1911.
**Ferguson, Mrs. Esther (Baldwin)**—"The Lump of Gold," 1910.
**Fernald, Chester Bailey**—"The Cat and the Cherub," etc.
**Field, Charles K.**—"Stanford Stories" (with Will Irwin), (see Poets).
**Fisher, W. M.**—"The Californians," 1873, San Francisco.
**Fitch, Anna Mariska**—"Bound Down," etc.
**Fitch, George Hamlin**—"Comfort to be Found in Good Old Books," etc.
**Florence, William Jermyn**—"Florence Fables," 1868.
**Florinda, Aunt** (pseud.)—"Phoebe Travers."
**Foote, Mary Hallock**—"The Led Horse Claim," "The Valley Road," etc.
**Fowler, Mrs. William H. B. (Laura Wells)**—"Not Included in a Sheepskin."
**Franklin, Annie**—"Billy Fairchild, Widow," 1917.
**French, Davida (Ure)**—"Not Included in a Sheepskin."
**Frost, Mrs. Janette Blakeslee**—"Gem of the Mines," 1866.

**Gallatin, Grace**—(See Seton-Thompson.)
**Gally, James W.**—"Big Jack Small," "Quartz," etc.
**Gates, Eleanor**—(See Tully.)
**Gerberding, Elizabeth Sears (Bates)**—"The Golden Chimney" (also Poems).
**Glasscock, Mary Willis**—"Dare."
**Gray, C.**—"Tales of Old California" (C. C. Park-London).
**Green, Will S.**—"Sacrifice, or The Living Dead."
**Grinnell, Dr. Morton**—"An Eclipse of Memory," 1899.
**Groves, May Showler**—"Twilight Fairy Tales."
**Gould, Mrs. Howard (Katherine Clemmons)**—"The Crystal Rood."

**Habberton, John**—"Romance of California Life," 1883, San Francisco, 1879; "Some Folks," 1877.
**Harker, Charles H.**—"A Singular Sinner" (San Jose).

**Hart, F. H.**—"Sazerac Lying Club," 1873, San Francisco.
**Hart, Jerome A.**—"A Vigilante Girl," "Two Argonauts in Spain," etc. (see Editors).
**Hayes, J. W.**—"Sierra Tales."
**Heaven, Mrs. L. M. (Lucia Norman)**—"Laura Preston," etc., 1867-69.
**Heaven, Louise Palmer**—.
**Heynemann, Julie (Cecil Chard)**—London.
**Hill, Marion**—"The Pettison Twins," "Georgette," etc.
**Holder, Charles Frederick**—Nature Stories.
**Hopkins, Pauline Bradford Mackie**—"The Story of Kate."
**Hopkins, Prince**—"Instinctive Philosophy" and Publicist.
**Hopper, James M.**—"What Happened in the Night," etc.
**Hosmer, Judge Hezekiah**—"The Octoroon" (dramatized by Dion Boucicault).
**Hurlburt, Ed. H.**—"Lanigan," etc.
**Hutchings, J. M.**—"The Heart of the Sierras."

**Irvine, Leigh**—"An Affair in the South Seas" (T. Fisher Unwin, London); also text and other books.
**Irwin, Wallace**—"Venus in New York," etc. (see Poets).
**Irwin, Will**—"The Picaroons (with Burgess), etc.; "Stanford Stories" (with Charles K. Field).

**Jarboe, Mrs. Mary H. (Thomas George Brainerd)**—"Go Forth and Find," "Robert Atterbury."
**Jessup, George H.**—"Gerald French's Friends," 1889.
**James, Julia Clinton**—"Christmas Carol," "Story of the Shop," "Cleopatra"; Bosqui, San Francisco, 1878.
**Jones, Mary Joss**—"Hump Tree Stories" (Elder)
**Jordan, David Starr**—"California and the Californians," "The Philosophy of Despair," "Matka," etc.
**Josaphare, Lionel**—"A Man Who Wanted a Bungalow" (see Poets).

**Keeler, Ralph**—"Gloverson and His Silent Partner," 1869.
**Kelly, Allan**—"Bears I Have Met," 1903.
**Kenyon, Camilla E. L.**—"Spanish Doubloons" (Sunset), etc.
**Knapp, Adeline**—(See Textbooks.)
**Kouns, Nathan**—"Aryus, the Libyan."
**Kyne, Peter B.**—"Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of Giants," etc.

**Lane, Rose Wilder**—Novels and Biographies.
**Lea, Homer**—"Valor of Ignorance," "Home of the Saxon," etc.
**Le Page, Gertrude**—"Children of the Thorn Wreath."
**Lewis, Arthur**—"The Rag Tags."
**Lewis, Sinclair**—"Trail of the Hawk," (Harper), 1915.
**Lichtenstein, Joy**—"The Blue and the Gold" (A. M. Robertson).
**London, Jack**—"The God of His Fathers," "Children of the Frost," "Martin Eden," "People of the Abyss," "John Barleycorn," "The Call of the Wild," "The Sea Wolf," "The Valley of the Moon," etc., etc.
**London, Charmian (Mrs. Jack)**—"The Cruise of the Snark."
**Longworth, Mira Theresa** (see Yelverton)—"Zanita, a Tale of the Yosemite," 1872.
**Loughhead, Flora Haines (Apponyi-Guittierez)**—"The Man Who Was Guilty," etc.

**Lowenberg, Mrs. I.**—"The Irresistible Current," "A Nation's Crime," etc.
**Loyal, C.**—(See Burton.)
**Lucas, Mrs. William Palmer (Jane Richardson)**—"The Children of France and the Red Cross," 1918.
**Lummis, Charles F.**—Books on Mexico, Arizona, California.
**Lynch, Jeremiah**—"A Senator of the Fifties"; also books on Alaska, Egypt, etc.
**Marryatt, Frederick**—"Narratives of Travels, and Adventures of M. Violet.', 1843'

**Mason, B. F.**—"Through War to Peace," and "The Village Mystery."
**McDevitt, William**—"From Lone Mountain to Twin Peaks"; in memory of Richard Realf, Poet, Social Pioneer and Emancipator.
**Mathews, Amanda**—"The Hieroglyphics of Love," Los Angeles, 1906.
**Max, Major**—(See Townsend.)
**Meloney, William Brown**—(See Short Stories.)
**Merrill, Mollie Slater**—"Gullible's Travels," San Francisco.
**Meyer, George Homer**—"The Nine Swords of Morales," etc.
**McGovern, Chauncey**—"Moonbeams, Maybe," "Sergt. Larry" (by Bolo & Krag), and other books.
**Michaels, Janie Chase**—"Polly of the Midway" (Sunset), 1917 (Harr Wagner, publisher).
**Michelson, Miriam**—"In the Bishop's Carriage," etc.
**Mighels, Ella Sterling**—"Society and Babe Robinson," "Fairy Tale of the White Man," "The Full Glory of Diantha," "The Story of the Files," etc.
**Mighels, Philip Verrill**—"Bruvver Jim's Baby," "The Inevitable," etc.
**Millard, Bailey**—"The Lure of Gold,' etc.
**Mitchell, Edmund**—"In Desert Keeping," Los Angeles, 1905.
**Mitchell, Frances Marian**—"Joan of Rainbow Springs" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston).
**Mizner, Addison**—"Cynic's Calendar," etc.
**Montgomery, Zach.**—"The Poison Fountain," 1878 (see Editors).
**Morehouse, William Russell**—"Mystica Alogoat," 1903.
**Morgan, Sallie B.**—"Tahoe, or Life in California," 1881.
**Moore, B. P.**—"Endura," 1885, San Francisco.
**Morrow, W. C.**—"The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People," etc.
**Muir, John**—Books on California.
**McChesney, L. Studdiford**—"Under Shadow of the Mission," 1897.
**McGhimsey, Grover C.**—"Eulogy on Jack London" (Ukiah).
**McNeil, Everett**—"The Cave of Gold," 1911.

**Neson, Frank Lewis**—"The Vision of Elijah Berl," 1906.
**Neumann, Mrs. (May Wentworth)**—"Fairy Tales of Gold Lands."
**Neville, Constance** (pseud.)—"Behind the Arras."
**Nevins, Melissa J.**—"Cat Tales" (Santa Clara).
**Noll, Arthur Howard** (with Barndon Wilson)—"In Search of Aztec Treasure" (Neall, publisher, San Francisco).
**Norris, Charles**—"Salt" (Doran, New York).
**Norris, Frank**—"The Octopus," "The Pit," "McTeague," "Moran of the Lady Letty," "Blix"; also a poem, "Yvonelle" (Philadelphia, 1892).
**Norris, Kathleen Thomason**—"Saturday's Child," "Marty the Unconquered," "The Joselyns" (Doubleday, Page & Co., 1918).
**Nunan, Thomas**—"Out of Nature's Creed."

**Older, Mrs. Fremont (Cora Miranda Baggerly)**—"The Giants," "The Prince and the Socialist," "Esther Damon," etc.
**Croquill**—(See Bornemann.)
**Osbourne, Lloyd**—Novels.
**Osbourne, Katherine**—"Stevenson in California," etc.
**Overton, Gwendolen**—"Heritage of Unrest," etc.

**Park, Charles Caldwell**—"A Plaything of the Gods," 1912.
**Pawson, A. H.**—"The Junior Partners."
**Peck, George Washington**—"Aurofidona," 1849.
**Peixotto, Ernest**—Sketches and Travels, illusttrated by the author.
**Perry, Stella**—Juvenile.
**Pex** (pseud.)—"Nicholas Nickelton," 1876.
**Phoenix, John**—(See Derby.)
**Powers, Frank H.**—"I Swear."

**Reed, C.**—"John Halsey, the Anti-Monopolist," San Francisco, 1884.
**Reimers, Johannes**—"On the Heights of Simplicity."
**Rhodes, W. H. (Caxton)**—"Caxton's Book," 1875.
**Rich, Winifred**—"Tony's White Room."
**Richards, C. F.**—"John Guilderstring's Sin."
**Richards, Jerrett T.**—"Romance on El Camino Real" (San Diego).
**Richards, John E.**—"Legend of the Cypress Trees" (San Jose).
**Riggs, Kate Douglas Wiggin**—"Patsy," "The Bird's Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Canyon," etc.
**Roberts, E.**—"With the Invader," 1885.
**Roberts, Elizabeth Judson**—Indian Stories of the Southwest.
**Roberts, Myrtle Glenn**—"The Foot of the Rainbow."
**Robertson, Peter**—"The Seedy Gentleman" (A. M. Robertson).
**Royce, Josiah**—"Feud of Vakfield," 1887.
**Ryder, Prof. Arthur** (U. of C.)—"Woman's Eyes" (A. M. Robertson).

**Sade, H.**—"Legend of a Kiss."
**Savage, Col. Richard Henry**—"A Little Lady of Lagunitas," "My Official Wife," etc.
**Sawyer, Eugene T.**—"Life and Career of Tilurcio Vasquez"; also "Nick Carter" books, 1875.
**Scarlet, Patrick** (pseud.)—"Clown's Courage" (Los Angeles, 1915).
**Seton-Thompson, Grace (Gallatin)**—Collaborator with husband in Nature Books.
**Simpson, William**—"The Man from Mars," 1893.
**Sinclair, Mrs. Bertha**—(See Bower.)
**Smile, R. E. (or E. R. Smilie)**—"The Manatitla," 1877.
**Smith, Alice Prescott**—"The Legatee," etc.
**Smith, Gertrude**—"Arabella and Araminta" Stories.
**Sonnischen, Albert**—"Ten Months a Captive Among Filipinos," etc.
**Spalding, Phebe Estelle**—"The Tahquitah Maiden."
**Spearman, Charles**—"Whispering Smith."
**Sproule, E. B.**—"Mystery" (San Francisco, 1875).
**Stanton, Mary O.**—"How to Read Faces" (S. F., 1881).
**Steffens, Lincoln**—Publicist books.
**Stellman, Edith Fenney**—"Katie of Birdland."
**Stephens, L. Dow**—"Life Sketches of a Jay Hawker of '49."
**Stevens, Esther Stuart**—"Not Included in a Sheepskin."
**Stevens, Mrs. H. H.**—"Grandma's Stories for the Little Folks" 1869, New York).

**Strobridge, Idah Meacham**—"The Loom of the Desert," 1908.
**Strong, Isobel (Osbourne)**—"Days at Vailima," etc.
**Stuart, Charles D.**—"Casa Grande."
**Swett, Mrs. Frank**—"The Bachelor's Surrender."
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## POETS REPRESENTED IN THE "CALIFORNIA POPPY," POEM AND PROSE—COMPILATION BY EMORY A. SMITH

**Allen, Charles H.; Brainerd, Maggie D.; Bruce, R. L.** (Redlands); **Carpenter, Helen M.** (Overland, 1894); **Chase, Cora E.; Clarke, Arthur F.; Cowan, Alice Gray; Featherstone, Gertrude D.; Garnier, T. R.; Greene, Charles S.; Gregg, Charlotte; Hall, Sharlot M.; Culver, M. E.; Hanchett, Frank Pardee; Hare, Emma E.; Lombard, Mary A.; Metcalfe, Sadie B.; Moody, Mrs. A. D.** (San Jose).

## WRITERS OF HISTORIES, ANTHOLOGIES, LEGENDS, AUTOBIOGRAPHIES AND BIOGRAPHIES, ETC.

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**Noll, A. H.**—(See Barndon Wilson.)
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**Truman, Ben C.**—Reminiscences, etc.
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**Williams, A.**—"A Pioneer Pastorate" (San Francisco, 1879).
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## COMPILERS OF PROSE AND VERSE

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**Elder, Paul**—"West Winds."
**Gaines, Nettie Stewart**—"Pathway to Western Literature" (Stockton).
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**Lawrence, Mary Viola Tingley**—"Outcroppings."
**Macdonald, Augustin G.**—"Collection of Verse by California Poets."
**MacKenzie, Isabel O.**—Author of "A Classified List of Stories for Story-Telling."
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**Wentworth, May**—"Poetry of the Pacific."
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**Authors represented:** Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Madge Morris Wagner, Clarence Urmy, Edward Rowland Sill, Dan O'Connell, George Sterling, Frank Norris, Herbert Bashford, Gelett Burgess, Edward Robeson Taylor, Howard V. Sutherland, Gertrude Atherton, Will Irwin, Porter Garnett, John Muir, Lucius Harwood Foote, Helen Hunt Jackson, Lillian Sheehy, Charles Keeler, John Vance Cheney, and others.

**Writers (Stories) Appearing in "West Winds"—The Compilation by Herman Whittaker, for Paul Elder**

Frances Allen, Mrs. Carl Bank, Agnes Morley Cleveland, Hester A. Dickman, Elizabeth Abbey Everett, Harriet Holmes Haslett, Sarah Thurston Nott, Rebecca N. Porter, Elizabeth Griswold Rowe.

**Writers Appearing in "Short Stories by California Writers"—Published by Harr Wagner of the Golden Era, 1885—First Collection of the Kind**

William Atwell Cheney, Ella Sterling Cummins-Mighels, J. W. Gally W. S. Green, Mary Willis Glasscock, H. B. McDowell, Ben C. Truman, Harr Wagner.

**Writers Appearing in "Spinners' Book of Fiction"—Published by Paul Elder**

Gertrude Atherton, Mary Hutton, Geraldine Bonner, Mary Hollen Foote, Eleanor Gates, James Hopper, Jack London, Bailey Millard, Miriam Michelson, W. C. Morrow, Frank Innis, Henry Milner Rideout, Charles Warren Stoddard, Isabel Strong, Richard Walton Tully, Herman Whittaker.

## WRITERS ON NEWSPAPERS—SPECIAL AND REGULAR STAFF

**Allen, Ben S.**—Now with Hoover (1918).
**Amsden, Dora.**
**Avery, Fannie**—(Golden Era.)

**Bacon, Ralph.**
**Bacon, Thomas.**
**Baggerly, Hyland**—(Bulletin and San Jose News.)
**Bancroft, Alberta**—(The Wave.)
**Barendt, Arthur H.**—(Chronicle.)
**Bartlett, Josephine**—(Bulletin.)
**Bartlett, Raymond.**
**Bassett, J. M.**—(Golden Era.)
**Bausman, Adelaide J. Holmes**—(Argonaut.)

**Beatty, Bessie**—(Bulletin); author "Political Pioneer."
**Belloc, Mrs. Hilaire (Elodie Hogan).**
**Benjamin, Ben**—(Chronicle.)
**Bennett, Elsie**—(Shiels.)
**Bien.**
**Bidwell, Annie E. K.**
**Bigelow, Henry Derby**—(The Wave.)
**Black, Orlow**—(Bulletin, Examiner, News Letter, Overland.)
**Bonfils, Mrs. Charles** (Annie Laurie, Winifred Sweet)—Hearst papers.
**Bonnet, Theodore**—(Daily Report, Examiner) (see Authors).
**Booth, James P.**—(Daily Report.)
**Bolce, Harold**—(Examiner.)
**Bonnet, Theodore**—Daily Report, Examiner; see Authors).
**Bornemann, Mrs. (Oraquill).**
**Boston, Bessie.**
**Bower**—(See Sinclair.)
**Bowman, James.**
**Bowman, Mrs. James (Fanny)**—(See Authors.)
**Brady, Patsy**—(The Wave.)
**Brannan, Sophie.**
**Brastow, Virginia.**
**Brastow, Wanda (Henrici).**
**Brooke, Mary (Calkins).**
**Brown, Watt L.**—(Call, Examiner.)
**Burke, Hugh M.**—(Call.)
**Bryan, Linda Hoag (Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale)**—(Examiner.)
**Brough, Mrs. N. (Helen Dare)**—(Chronicle.)

**Cahill, Edward F.**—(Stockton Record and S. F. Call.)
**Campbell, Kenneth.**
**Carpenter, L. Grant**—(S. F. Post) (see Playwrights).
**Cassell, Joseph B.**
**Chamberlain, Elizabeth Wright (Topsy Turvy)**—(Sunday Mercury, Golden Era.)
**Chamberlain, S. S.**—(Hearst papers.)
**Clare, Ada**—(Golden Era.)
**Clarke, Mrs. C. O. (Elizabeth McCall)**—(Town Talk.)
**Clough, E. H.**—(Examiner, Oakland Tribune, Town Talk.)
**Connell, Sarah**—(Town Talk.)
**Connor, Torrey**—(Oakland.)
**Coffin, Dr. Caroline Cook**—(S. F. Examiner.)
**Corcoran, May S.**
**Corlett, Mrs. Theresa Viola (Silver Pen)**—(News Letter.)
**Cowles, Paul**—(Associated Press.)
**Cremony, Col. John C.**—(See Authors.)
**Critcher, Edward Payson**—(Now Chicago Herald.)
**Crondace, Lenore.**
**Croyland, J.**—(Examiner.)
**Cullinan, Eustace**—(Bulletin.)
**Cunningham, Carrie**—(Examiner.)

**Darragh, Mrs. Marshall (Marie Walton)**—(Chronicle.)
**Davenport, R. B.**
**Davids, Harry**—(Call, Wasp.)
**Davidson, Marie Hicks.**

**Davison, Mary Dement E. D.**
**Davis, L. Clare**—(Stockton Mail.)
**Dean, Constance Lawrence**—(Examiner.)
**De Quille, Dan de**—(See Wright.)
**Deering, Mabel Clare Craft**—(Chronicle.)
**Dement, Edward D.**—(Early-day writer.)
**Dexter, Jennie Buckland Coulter.**
**Dillon, Gerald**—(Press agent.)
**Dore, Benjamin.**
**Douglas, George**—(Wave.)
**Douglas, George**—(Chronicle.)
**Douglas, Mrs. A. F.**
**Dow, Jr.**—(See Paide.)
**Doyle, Grace.**
**Doyle, Margaret**—(Call.)
**Dunigan, John S.**—(Bulletin.)
**Dutton, Arthur H.**—(Call, News Letter, Wasp.)
**Dutton, Nevada Hess**—(Call.)

**Eccles, Alice**—(Call, Oakland Tribune.)
**Emerson, Edwin.**
**Enderline, Mrs.**
**Ervin, Mabel (Herrick)**—(Chronicle.)
**Evans Albert S.**
**Evans, Taliesen**—(Chronicle, Oakland Tribune.)

**Fallon, Anita.**
**Ferguson, Lillian**—(Wasp, Town Talk, Examiner; see Poets and Editors.)
**Fernbach, O. H.**—(Call)
**Fourgeaud, Dr. Victor**—(Pioneer S. F. "Star."(
**Francis, Phil**—(Stockton, San Francisco Call.)
**Fraser, Isabel**—(Examiner, "Cholly Francisco".)
**Fulton, Frances G.**

**Gibson, Mrs. Ellen (Olive Harper)**—(Alta California.)
**Gibson, Richard**—(Town Talk.)
**Gilmour, John Hamilton**—(News Letter, Fresno Herald.)
**Goodrich**—(Alta California.)
**Goodman, Minnie Buchanan Unger**—(News Letter, Chronicle.)
**Greathouse, Clarence**—(See Editors.)
**Green, Luella (Haxton)**—(Examiner.)
**Green, Luella (Harton)**—(Examiner.)
**Gregory, Elizabeth Hiatt**—(Bulletin, Wasp, later N. Y. Sun.)

**Hagar (Jeanette H. Phelps)**—(Golden Era.)
**Hale**—(See Bryan.)
**Hall, Blakely**—(Flaneur of Argonaut.)
**Hamilton, Edward H.**—(Examiner.)
**Harcourt, Penn.**
**Harper, Olive**—(See Gibson, Durrill, d'Apery.)
**Hart, Mary E.**—(Special Alaskan writer.)
**Hastings, Philip**—(Press agent.)
**Hatton, George F.**
**Haxton, H.**

**Heazleton, George**—(S. F. Post.)
**Hudson, Horace R.**—(S. F. Chronicle.)
**Hefron, Nevada**—(S. F. Examiner.)
**Henry, Marcus M.**—(Press agent.)
**Heron, Herbert.**
**Hess, Pauline.**
**Hess, Seline.**
**High, Gavin**—(S. F. Report.)
**Hillyer, Curtis**—(S. F. Wave.)
**Hull, Grace.**

**Inkersley, Arthur**—(S. F. News Letter.)
**Irwin, J. N. H.**—(S. F. Call and Examiner.)
**Irwin, Wallace**—(See Authors.)
**Irwin, Will**—(See Authors.)

**Jacobson, Pauline**—(S. F. Bulletin.)
**Johnston, George Pen.**
**Joliffe, Frances**—(Bulletin.)
**Joy, Al C.**—(S. F. Examiner.)

**Keith, Eliza D.**—("Di Vernon" of S. F. News Letter; also Examiner.)
**Kelly, Allan**—(Examiner.)
**Kerr, Orphus C.**
**King, Fay**—(Examiner.)
**Kip, Leonard.**
**Kirby, Georgiana Bruce.**
**Knight, "Ned"**—(Old-time writer.)
**Krebs, Mrs. Abbie.**

**Lake, Annie**—(See Townsend.)
**Lake, Helen**—(The Argonaut.)
**Laurie, Annie**—(See Bonfils.)
**Lasswell, William**—(The Grizzly Bear.)
**Lathrop, John**—(S. F. Call.)
**Lawrence, Andrew**—(Examiner.)
**Leake, W. S.**—(Call.)
**Levy, Louis.**
**Lewis, Mrs. Eugene C. (Grange).**
**Littleton, Lulu**—(Golden Era, San Franciscan.)
**Loose, M.**—(Wasp, Music and Drama.)
**Ludlow, Fitzhugh .**

**McCall, Elizabeth (Clarke)**—(Town Talk, Sacramento and Dunsmuir papers.)
**McComas, Alice Moore.**
**McGeehan, Sophie Treadwell**—(Bulletin.)
**McGeehan, W. O.**—(Chronicle.)
**McGovern, Chauncey**—(Special correspondent.)
**McNaught, John**—(Call.)
**McQuillan, James.**
**Mackay, Robert Gray**—(Chronicle, Wasp; now in New York.)
**Manning, Horatio Seymour.**
**Marshall, Margaret Mooers.**

**Martin, Josephine.**
**Masters, Stuart G.**
**Meagher, Maude.**
**Melone, Locke.**
**Meloney, William Brown**—(Bulletin; see Authors.)
**Michelson, Albert.**
**Michelson, Charles**—(Examiner.)
**Miller, Mary Ashe**—(Call.)
**Milne, Robert Duncan**—(Argonaut, etc.)
**Moore, Asro J.**—(Call.)
**Moran, Edward F.**—(Chronicle.)
**Murphy, Ed.**—(Chronicle.)
**Murphy, Al**—(Chronicle.)
**Myrtle, Frederick C.**—(Call.)

**Naughton, William.**
**Noble, Frank L. H.**—(Hearst papers.)
**North-Whitcomb, Emmeline**—(Chronicle, Call.)
**Nunan, Thomas**—(Examiner)

**O'Day, Edward F.**—(Town Talk.)
**Oraquill**—(See Bornemann.)

**Paide, E. G. (Dow Jr.)**
**Parkhurst, Emelie Tracy Y. Swett**—(Founder Woman's Press Ass'n.)
**Parkhurst, Genevieve Yoell (Jean Yoell)**—(Call.)
**Petroff, Ivan**—Also Historian of Alaska and California.
**Peyton, M. G.**
**Phelps, Mrs. Janette (Hagar)**—(Golden Era.)
**Poehlmann, H. E.**—(Grizzly Bear.)
**Pollard, Percival.**
**Powers, Laura Bride**—(Story of the Missions.)
**Pratt, Anna**—(See Simpson.)
**Price, Arthur C.**—(S. F. Examiner.)

**Quimby, Harriet**—(Later aviatrice.)

**Radcliffe, Zoe.**
**Reamer, Sara E.**—(Magazines.)
**Rix, Alice**—(Examiner; see Editors.)
**Roberts, Jessie.**
**Robinson, Francis R.**
**Russell, Hortense Steinhart**—(Bulletin.)

**Stover, Edmund**—(Associated Press.)
**Saunders, Charles Francis.**
**Seabough, Samuel.**
**Scarlet, Will** (pseud. of Brother Leo.)
**Scott, Harvey W.**—(Oregonian.)
**Severance, Mrs. Caroline M.**
**Shiels (Elsie Bennett).**
**Simpson, Anna Pratt**—(Chronicle.)
**Simpson, Ernest**—(See Editors.)
**Spencer, Belle.**
**Steele, James King.**

**Stock, Ernest**—(Call.)
**Stover, L. Edmund**—(Associated Press.)
**Strong, Elizabeth (Young).**
**Strong, Ralph**—(Los Angeles Capital.)
**Sully, Harold L.**
**Sutherland, S. F.**—(Daily Report.)

**Topsy Turvy (Chamberlain Wright)**—(Golden Era.)
**Torrey, Bradford,**
**Townsend, Annie Lake**—(Argonaut.)
**Treadwell, Sophie (McGeehan)**—(Bulletin.)
**Trevathan, Charles.**
**Truman, Maj. Ben C.**
**Tufts, Edmund**—Call, Chronicle.)

**Van Loan, Charles E.**—(Hearst papers; see Authors.)
**Van Norden, Charles.**
**Van Smith, George**—(Call.)
**Veiller, Bayard**—(See Dramatists.)
**Veiller, Louise**—(Call.)
**Verdenal, Dominic F.**—(For many years Chronicle N. Y. correspondent.)
**Vivian, Thomas J.**—(Chronicle; see Novelists.)

**Wagner, Madge Morris**—(Golden Era.)
**Wakeman, Edgar.**
**Warren, Col. J. L. S. F.**—(California Farmer.)
**Waters, Kate**—(News Letter.)
**Weick, Louise**—(Examiner.)
**Weigle, Gilbert**—(Examiner.)
**Weymouth, William J.**—(Call, News Letter, Argonaut.)
**Whitcomb, Emmeline North**—(Chronicle, Call.)
**White, Lucy (Schiller)**—(Bulletin.)
**White, N. E.**
**Wilde, Annie**—(Chronicle, Call-Post.)
**Wilkins, James H.**—(Bulletin.)
**Williams, T. T.**—(Examiner and Hearst papers.)
**Williamson, David E. W.**—(Examiner, Daily Report, now managing editor Reno Gazette.)
**Williamson, Sarah M.**—Town Talk, Call, Wasp.)
**Willis, William**—(Sacramento.)
**Wilson, H. L.**
**Winchell, Anna Cora**—(Chronicle.)
**Wood, Fremont.**
**Woodson, J. A.**—(Veteran journalist, Sacramento Union.)
**Wright, Ben C.**—(Bulletin.)
**Wright, William (Dan de Quille)**—(The Enterprise.)
**Wishear, John H.**—(Call-Post; see Authors.)
**Wollenberg, E. (Mrs. Orlow Black).**

**Yale, Charles G.**
**Yelverton, T.**
**Yorker, Eva**—(See Authors.)
**Yoell, Alice**—(Wasp.)
**Young, Waldemar**—(See Playrights.)
**Young, Waldemar**—(See Strong.)

**Zeelandaer, A.**
**Zeigenfuss, G. C.**—Chronicle, San Diego Bee, etc.)

## WAR CORRESPONDENTS

**Archibald, James F. C.**—(Spanish-American War.
**Barry, Richard Hayes**—(Spanish-American War; see Authors.)
**Clough, E. H.**—(Spanish-American War; see Authors.)
**Egan, Martin**—(Spanish-American War; see Authors.)
**Hopper, James**—(World's War, 1917-1918.)
**Irwin, Will**—("Ace" in World's War, 1917-1918.)
**London, Jack**—(Spanish-American War; see Authors.)
**Timmons, Joseph**—(World's War.)
**Wallace, Grant**—(Spanish-American War.)

## PLAYWRIGHTS, OPERA-LIBRETTISTS, ETC.

**Baker, Colgate**; **Bascombe, Lee** (see Marston); **Barnes, W. H. L.**, "Solid Silver"; **Bashford, Herbert**, "A Light in the Dark," "The Woman He Married"; **Belasco, David**, "Mayblossom," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Du Barry," etc.; **Bien, Herman**, "Samson and Delilah," 1860; **Blinn, Holbrook**, playlets; **Bonner, Geraldine** (with Elmer Harris), "Sham"; **Bonnet, Theodore**, "A Friend of the People"; **Brusie, Judson C.**; **Bryant, Charles Francis**; **Carpenter, L. Grant** (see Writers); **Clements, Clay M.**, "Just Woman"; **Coleman, Lotta Day**; **Cosgrave, Patricia**; **Dam, Henry J. W.**; **Elkins, Felton**; **Fernald, Chester Bailey**, "The Cat and the Cherub"; **Field, Edward Salisbury**, "Child Harold"; **Greene, Clay M.**, "Chispa, etc.; **Grismer, Joseph R.**, "The New South," etc.; **Harris, Elmer** (with Geraldine Bonner), "Sham," etc.; **Harrison, William Greer**, "Runnymeade," "The O'Neill," etc.; **Harte, Bret**, "Sue," "M'liss," etc.; **Irwin, Grace Luce**, "Drawing Room Plays;" **Kenyon, Charles**, "Kindling;" **Krutchkey, Emil (William Nigh)**, Scenarios, New York; **McGroarty, John**, Mission plays at Santa Clara College; **Marston, Mrs. Ada Swazey (Lee Bascom)**; **Meloney, Wiliam Brown**; **Merle, Martin V.**, "The Mission Play," etc.; **Mighels, Ella Sterling**, "The Streets of Old San Francisco;" **Mizner, Wilson**, "The Deep Purple;" **Morosco, Oliver**; **Morse, Salmi**, "The Passion Play;" **Morton, Howard**, Playlets; **Newberry, Bertha**, and **Newberry, Perry**, Carmel Outdoor Plays; **Nunes, J. A.**, 1858; **Pacheco, Mrs. R.**, "Incog," etc.; **Pettus, Maude**, Scenarios, Fresno; **Powers, Francis**, "The First Born," etc.; **Samuels, Maurice V.**, "The Florentines," "The Wanderer" (see Poets); **Sinclair, Upton**; **Smith, Margaret Cameron**; **Smith, Rev. Paul**, "The Finger of Justice;" **Steele, Rufus**, Scenarios; **Taylor, Howard P.**, "Snowflake," etc.; **Thompson, Charlotte**, Plays and Dramatization of Novels; **Tully, Eleanor Gates**, "The Poor Little Rich Girl;" **Tully, Richard Walton**, "Rose of the Rancho," "The Bird of Paradise," etc.; **Ulrich, Charles**; **Unger, Gladys**, "Incompetent George," "Sheridan," etc.; **Veiller, Bayard**, 'Within the Law," etc.; **Verdenal, Mrs. D. F. (Shannon)**, "The Laughing Girls;" **Welcker, Adair**, of Sacramento, dramas, 1885; **White, Richard C.**, "She," for the old Tivoli, and other plays; **Wilbur, Crane**, "Common Cause;" **Winchell, Lilbourne C.**, Pageant Play; **Young, Waldemar.**

## LIST OF GROVE PLAYS OF BOHEMIAN CLUB, WITH THEIR AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS

1902—"The Man in the Forest," by **Charles K. Field**; Music by **Joseph D. Redding.** (This play was not previously printed, and all manuscript copies were destroyed in the disaster of 1906.) 1903—"Montezuma," by **Louis A. Robertson**; Music by **Humphrey J. Stewart.** 1904—"The Hamadryads, by **Will Irwin**; Music by **W. J. McCoy**; 1905—"The Quest of the Gorgon," by **Newton Tharp**; Music by **Theodor Vogt.** 1906—"The Owl and Care," by **Charles K. Field**; Music by **Humphrey J. Stewart.** 1907—"The Triumph of Bohemia," by **George Sterling**; Music by **Edward F. Schneider.** 1908—"The Sons of Baldur," by **Herman Scheffauer**; Music by **Arthur Weiss.** 1909—"St. Patrick at Tara," by **H. Morse Stephens**; Music by **Wallace A. Sabin.** 1910—"The Cave Man," by **Charles K. Field**; Music by **W. J. McCoy.** 1911—"The Green Knight," by **Porter Garnett**; Music by **Edward G. Stricklen.** 1912—"The Atonement of Pan," by **Joseph D. Redding**; Music by **Henry Hadley.** 1913—"The Fall of Ug," by **Rufus Steele**; Music by **Herman Perlet.** 1914—"Nec-Natama," by **J. Wilson Shiels**; Music by **Uda Waldrop.** 1915—"Apollo," by **Frank Pixley**; Music by **Edward F. Schneider.** 1916—"Gold," by **Frederick S. Myrtle**; Music by **Humphrey J. Stewart.** 1917—"The Land of Happiness," by **Charles Templeton Crocker**; Music by **Joseph D. Redding.** 1918—"The Twilight of the Kings," by **Richard M. Hotaling**; Music by **Wallace A. Sabin.**

## OPERA LIBRETTISTS, BALLAD WRITERS, OPERETTA LIBRETTISTS, ETC.

**Baldwin, Anita (McClaughrey)**; **Barton, Willard T.**, "Razzle Dazzle Trio," "The Wild Man of Borneo," etc.; **Bond, Carrie Jacobs**, "A Perfect Day," etc.; **Booth, Sam**; **Brugiere, Emil**; **Carr, Sarah Pratt**, "Narcissa;" **Carrington, Otis**; **Crawford, Dorothy**; **Crowley, Alma A.**; **Darling, Major J. F.** (August Mignon); **De Leon, Walter**; **De Long, George**; **Douglas, Mrs. Jesse** (see Roma); **Edwards, Ariadne Holmes**, Placerville, New York, Philadelphia; **France, Leila (Mrs. McDermott)**; **Frankenstein, A. F.**, "I Love You California," song made famous by Mary Garden; **Hadley, Henry**; **Howard, Shafter**; **Irwin, Wallace**; **Jones, Abbie Gerrish (Genung)**, Songs, Lyrics; **Massett, Stephen**, Pipes; **McCurrie, Charles**, Songs for Children; **Melvin, Judge Henry**; **Mighels, Ella Sterling**, Ballad "California," both Words and Music (sung by the Charlie Reed Minstrels, 1884); **Moore, Mary Carr (Mignon, August)**, (see Darling); **Morgan, Dr. Geo. F. G.**; **O'Connell, Dan**; **O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Curtis**; **Pasmore, Henry B.**; **Reed, Charlie** (Minstrel); **Redding, Jos. D.** (first native to have a grand opera produced by a metropolitan company of artists), "Natoma;" **Robertson, Peter**, "His Majesty;" **Roma, Caro (Northey-Douglas)**, "Violets," "My Heart Loves You Too," etc.; **Rosewald, J. H.**; **Shiels, J. Wilson**; **Stewart, Humphrey J.**, "Yosemite Legends;" **Talbot, Ethel (Scheffauer)**; **Trevathan, Charles** "The New Bully," a popular song; **Travis, Mrs. W. E.** (see Zenda); **Troyer, Carlos**, Indian Songs; **Walling, John C.**; **Weil, Oscar**; **White, R. C.**; **Wilson, John C.**; **Work, Henry Clay**, "Marching Through Georgia," also "Crossing the Grand Sierras," in 1870; **Zenda, Lawrence** (see Travis).

## WRITERS OF SHORT STORIES IN MAGAZINES, ETC.

**Anderson, Olive,** Santa Louise, Sacramento, 1866; **Addis, Yda,** Argonaut (see Storke); **Bailey, Grace (John Roberts);** **Beatty, Bessie,** The Century, etc.; **Bigler, Mabel Rice,** Overland; **Black, Orlow;** **Borden, Sheldon,** Argonaut, Wasp (San Francisco); **Briggs, W. Kimball;** **Bull, Mrs. Jerome Case (Kathryn Jarboe);** **Cameron, Margaret (Smith),** The Dolliver Stories; **Carpenter, L. Grant;** **Carrington, Carroll;** **Chappel, Eva;** **Chard, Cecil (Julie Heynemann),** (see Authors), Harper's, Smart Set, London Magazines; **Comstock, Sarah** (see Authors), Colliers, etc.; **Connell, Mary Irene,** Town Talk, etc.; **Cummins-Mighels, Ella Sterling,** San Franciscan, Argonaut, Golden Era; **Deering, Mabel Clare Craft,** Chronicle, Good Housekeeping, Atlantic Monthly, etc.; **Delano, A.** (Old Block); **Dillon, Henry Clay;** **Dobie, Charles Caldwell;** **Donavan, Ellen;** **Dryden, Charles,** Saturday Evening Post, etc; **Embree, Charles Fleming,** Sunset, Saturday Evening Post, etc.; **Fremont, Jessie Benton;** **Fulloni, Mrs. G. (Marta McKim);** **Gardner, Sophie Skidmore;** **Gray, Eunice T.;** **Heron, Herbert** (Carmel group of writers); **Heynemann, Julie (Cecil Chard);** **Heynemann, Otto H. (Ogden Lees);** **Hopper, James,** Hearst Magazine, Saturday Evening Post; **Irwin, Wallace,** Saturday Evening Post; **Irwin, Will;** **Jarboe, Kathryn** (see Bull), Munsey; **Jones, Nina;** **Kyne, Peter B.,** Saturday Evening Post, Red Book, Sunset, etc.; **Lake, Helen,** San Francisco Argonaut; **Lindley, Leila;** **Lockyer, J. Norman,** Sunset; **Ludlum, Evelyn,** Sunset; **Loughhead, Flora Haines (Guitterez);** **McDowell, Henry B.** (see Editors); **McGeehan, W. O.,** Chronicle, San Francisco Town Talk, etc.; **Meloney, William Brown,** Saturday Evening Post, Munsey, etc.; **Michelson, Charles,** Hearst papers; **Michelson, Miriam,** Magazines; **Mighels** (see Cummins), San Franciscan, Golden Era, etc.; **Mighels, Philip Verrill,** Harper's, Munsey, etc.; **Miller, Florence Hardiman,** Magazines; **Moore, Dorothea Lummis;** **Morrow, W. C.,** Argonaut, Magazine and in Book Collection; **Munson, Edward** (Railway Stories); **Murphy, Anna C.;** **McKim** (see Fulloni); **McNab, Leavenworth,** San Francisco Town Talk, etc.;**Neidig, W. J.,** Saturday Evening Post; **Norris, Kathryn Thompson,** Good Housekeeping, Saturday Evening Post, etc; **Old Block** (see Delano); **Patton, Martha Tustin;** **Pettus, Maude,** Fresno, Magazines; **Porter, Rebecca A. N.,** Berkeley; **Reed, Ethelyn Reese, Lowell Otis** (also Poet), Saturday Evening Post, etc.; **Roberts, John** (see Bailey), San Francisco Town Talk, New York Magazines; **Savage, Lyttelton;** **Sexton, Ella M.,** Magazines (see Poets); **Shinn, Charles H.,** Oakland Times, Magazines, etc.; **Shinn, Millicent,** Magazines; **Steele, Rufus,** Sunset, Saturday Evening Post, etc.; **Stellman, Louis J.,** Magazines; **Stocker, Ruth,** Munsey, etc.; **Storke, Yda Addis** (see Addis); **Taaffe, William,** San Francisco Town Talk, etc.; **Tompkins, Elizabeth Knight,** Magazines; **Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor,** Everybody's, etc.; **Tully, Richard Walton;** **Turner, Ethel;** **Van Loan, Charles Emmett,** Saturday Evening Post, Papers, etc.; **Vore, Elizabeth;** **Wagner, Harr,** Golden Era; **Wagner, Madge Morris;** **Watson, Douglas S.,** Redwood City, Magazines; **White, Laura Lyon (Mrs. Lovell White),** Overland Monthly; **Williams, Michael,** Magazines, Novel; **Williamson, Sarah M. (Anne Thurber),** San Francisco Town Talk and Daily Papers, St. Louis Mirror, Boston Courier, etc.; **Willis, George Emerson (Mining Camp Tales);** **Wilson, John Fleming,** Saturday Evening Post, Sunset, etc; **Wood, Fremont,** Magazines.

## CRITICS AND REVIEWERS

**Anthony, Walter** (Drama and Music), San Francisco Call; **Austin, Mary Therese (Betsy B.),** San Francisco Argonaut; **Barnes, George** (Drama and Music), San Francisco Call; **Bauer, Emelie Frances** (Music), New York Musical Courier; **Bunker, Mrs. William M.** (Drama), San Francisco Report; **Chretien, Adele Brooks** (Drama and Music), San Francisco Examiner; **Bunner, Marion** (Music), "Chic;" **Buckbee, Edna Bryan** (Books), San Francisco Bulletin; **Connell, Sarah** (Books), San Francisco Town Talk; **Conners, Mollie E.** (Books), Oakland Tribune; **Cool, Una (Mrs. Russell),** (Books), San Francisco Call; **Densmore, Gilbert B.,** (Drama and Music), San Francisco Bulletin; **Donovan, Ellen Dwyer** (Art); **Fitch, George Hamlin** (Books), Chronicle (see Authors); **Francis, Mary F.** (Music), San Francisco Town Talk; **Jones, Abbie Gerrish** (Music), San Francisco Town Talk; **Martin, Lesley** (Music), San Francisco Wave; **Mason, Redfern** (Music), San Francisco Examiner; **Metzger, Albert** (Music); **Nunan, Thomas** (also Poet), San Francisco Examiner; **Partington, Blanche** (Music and Drama, San Francisco Call; **Phelps, Josephine Hart** (Music and Drama), San Francisco Argonaut; **Rix, Alice,** San Francisco Examiner and Chic; **Robertson, Peter** (Music and Drama), (see Authors), San Francisco Chronicle; **Spencer, Henry McDonald** (Drama), San Francisco News Letter; **Stephens, Anna Cox** (Books), San Francisco Town Talk; **Stevens, Ashton** (Music and Drama), Hearst Papers; **Stewart, H. J.,** San Francisco Examiner; **Stewart, Dr. H. J.; Syle, L. Du Pont** (Music and Drama), San Francisco Examiner Music; **Taubles, Maximilian,** San Francisco Argonaut; **Wilder, David** (Music and Drama), San Francisco Report and News Letter; **Winchell, Anna Cora** (Art-Music), San Francisco Chronicle.

## ORATORS, DIVINES AND SPEAKERS CONNECTED WITH LAW, POLITICS OR SOCIAL MATTERS

**Aked, Rev. Charles** (Congregationalist); **Alemany, Rev. Father Joseph Sadoc** (Archbishop); **Barnes, General W. H. L.,** "Addresses;" **Barnes, W. H.** (son of above); **Barrett, J. J.; Blinn, Nellie Holbrook; Boalt, Judge John H.; Booth, Hon. Newton** (Governor of California); **Bromley, George Tisdale** (see Authors); **Brown, Rev. C. O.** (Congregationalist); **Buckbee, Rev. Charles Alva** (also Editor); **Burdette, Rev. Robert** (also noted humorist and writer); **Burlingame, Rev. George C.** (Baptist); **Caminetti, Hon. A.** (Political); **Clampett, Rev.** (Episcopalian); **Cummins, Adley H.** (see Essayist); **Curtin, J. B.** (Sonora); **Davis, Judge J. F.** (see Authors); **Delmas, Delphin Michel,** Speeches" (A. M. Robertson, Pub.); **Deuprey, Eugene; Dille, Rev. Dr.** (Methodist); **Dooling, Judge M. T.; Doyle, John T.; Dwinel, Rev. Israel** (early divine of Sacramento); **Edgerton, Henry; Fairbrother, Mary; Field, Judge S. J.; Fitch, Thomas** (the "silver-tongued orator" of early days); **Foltz, Clara Shortridge; Foote, William W.; Fowler, Bishop** (Methodist); **Frank, Ray; Fry, Rev. John A. B.** (Berkeley); **Gillett, James Morris** (ex-Governor); **Gordon, Laura de Force; Gorham, Senator George C.; Graham, Judge Thomas; Guard, Reverend Thomas; Gwin, William M.; Hager, Senator John S.; Hemphill, Reverend John** (Presbyterian; **Heney, Francis; Henry, Rev. J. Q. A.** (Baptist); **Hartranft, W. G.** (Literary and Educational Topics);

**Highton, Henry E.**; **Kahn, Hon. Julius** (Congressman); **Kalloch, Rev. Dr. Isaac** (Baptist); **Kearney, Dennis**; **King, Rev. Thomas Starr** (Unitarian); **Kip, Right Rev. Bishop W. I.** (Episcopalian); **Knight, George A.**; **Knowland, Hon. Joseph**; **Lane, Hon. Franklin K.** (President Wilson's cabinet, 1918); **Latham, Milton** (Senator); **Leavitt, Rev. Bradford** (Unitarian); **Levy, Rev. M. S.** (also Editor); **Low, J. F.** (Governor of California); **McEnerney, Garret W.**; **Melone, Drury**; **Meyer, Rev. Martin** (Temple Emanu-El; **Montgomery, Rev. Father** (Paulist Church); **Morrow, Judge W. W.**; **Murdock, Charles A.** (also Editor); **McAllister, Hall** (Statue in Civic Center); **McKenzie, Rev. Dr. Robert** (Presbyterian); **Nichols, Rev. William Ford** (Bishop, Episcopalian); **Peixotto, Jassica** (see Educators); **Phelan, James Duval** (U. S. Senator); **Pickett, C. E.**; **Platt, Rev. Dr.** (sermons published), (Episcopalian); **Platt, Horace G** (son of above), "Speeches" (A. M. Robertson, Pub.); **Prendergast, Rev. Father**; **Rader, Rev. William** (Congregationalist-Presbyterian); **Ramm, Rev. Father**; **Redding, Benjamin Barnard** (Secretary of State of California); **Reddy, Patrick**; **Rowell, Hon. Chester**; **Sargent, A. A.** (U. S. Senator); **Sawtelle, Rev. H. A.** (Presbyterian); **Scott, Irving M.** (builder of warships, scholar and statesman); **Scott, Rev. Dr.** (Presbyterian); **Serra, Fra Junipero**; **Shortridge, Samuel M.**; **Stanford, Leland** (U. S. Senator); **Stebbins, Rev. Horatio** (Unitarian); **Stevens, Emily Pitt**; **Stone, Rev. Dr. W. W.** (Congregationalist); **Sumner, Charles A.**; **Swift, John F.**; **Terry, Judge**; **Voorsanger, Rabbi Jacob** (Temple Emanu-El); **Wagner, Harr, 'Uncle Sam, Jr."**; **Wendte, Rev. C. W.** (Unitarian); **Wheeler, Rev. Osgood C.**; **White, Hon. Stephen M.** (orator and statesman, first Native Son to represent California in the U. S. Senate and first one to have statue-monument erected to his memory); **Wilson, J. Stitt** (Berkeley) (Political); **Yorke, Rev. Father P. C.**

## EDITORS, PUBLISHERS AND OWNERS OF NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

**Adams, Walter** (Golden Era); **Aiken, Charles S.** (Sunset); **Anthony, James** (Sacramento Union); **Avery, Benjamin P.** (Overland, and poet); **Backus, Gen. Samuel W.** (Alta); **Bamber, Jas. J.**; **Barry, J. H.** (The Star); **Bausman, Wm.** (Sacramento Union, also poet); **Beringer, Pierre** (Overland, also short stories); **Black, Orlow,** Overland and News Letter); **Bonnet, Theodore F.** (Town Talk, The Lantern), (see Authors); **Brannan, Samuel** (first owner of old San Francisco Star); **Bryan, William Vose** (The Traveller); **Bull, Jerome Case** (Munsey); **Bunker, William M.** (Daily Report); **Calkins, Willard** (syndicate and chain of papers); **Carleton, S. B.** (founder of the West End, later Town Talk, also The Sentinel, fraternal organ; **Carmany, John H.** (Overland); **Coffin, Lillian Harris**; **Coleman, James V.** (see Poets); **Cosgrave, J. O'H.** (The Wave); **Craig, Mary Lynde Hoffman**; **Daggett, John**; **Dargie, Thomas and William** (Oakland Tribune); **Davis, Robert H. C.** (S. F. "Chic" and Munsey); **Davis, S. P.** (Carson Appeal); **Davoust, Martial** (Wasp); **Day, Mrs. F. H.** (The Hesperian); **De Jarnette, De Young,** Charles the Elder; **De Young,** Charles the Younger); **De Young, Michael Henry**; **Dosch, Arno** (Pacific Monthly); **Dutton, Arthur H.**; **Eastman, Francis**; **Emerson, Edwin**; **Farrell, Charles H.** (Dramatic Review); **Fee, Harry T.** (Stockton); **Fen-**

**ton** (Los Angeles Graphic); **Ferguson, Lillian (Plunkett),** (Sunset); **Field, Charles K.** (Sunset); **Fitch, George K.** (Bulletin); **Flynn, Thomas E.** (Wasp and Chronicle); **Foard, J. Macdonough** (Golden Era); **Francoeur, Jeanne** (Everywoman); **Gates, Harry** (Music and Drama); **Goodman, Joseph T.** (Virginia Enterprise and The San Franciscan); **Goodwin, Judge C. C.** (Goodwin's Weekly); **Greathouse, Clarence** (Alta); **Greene, Charles H.** (Overland); **Harker, Chas. H.** (San Jose); **Harrison, William Pitt** (San Franciscan); **Hart, Jerome A.** (Argonaut) (see Authors); **Hearst, George** (Examiner, U. S. Senator); **Hearst, William Randolph** (Examiner and Call-Post); **Hiester, Amos C.** (Daily Report); **Higgins, D. W.** (founder Morning Call; **Holder, Chas. Frederick** (The Californian) (see Authors); **Holman, Alfred** (Argonaut); **Hume, Hugh** (S. F. Wave and Post and Portland Spectator); **Hunt, Clarence Rockwell** (Grizzly Bear, Los Angeles); **Irvine, Leigh; Jackson, Colonel John P.** (Post); **Jackson, J. Ross; Jacoby, Philo** (The Hebrew, est. in 1863; **January, William A.** (early writer; in 1856 founded Santa Clara Argus); **Kemble, E. C.** (early Star, which absorbed early Californian, 1848); **King, James, of William** (Bulletin); **Lafler, Henry M.; Leake, W. S.** (Call); **Lipscomb, A. D.** (associated with S. B. Carleton in the old West End); **Lombard, Charles** (Dramatic Review); **Marriott, Frederick I.** (News Letter, also London Graphic); **Marriott, Frederick II** (S. F. News Letter and Overland Monthly); **Mason, Dr. B. F.** (San Leandro); **McClatchy, Charles H.; McClatchy, James** (founder of Sacramento Bee); **McClatchy, Valentine S.** (Sacramento Bee); **McDonald, Calvin** (The American Flag); **McDowell, Harry** (Ingleside); **McEwen, Arthur** (The San Franciscan, also "The Open Letter"); **McClashan, Charles F.** (Truckee Republican); **MacPherson, Duncan** (Santa Cruz Sentinel); **Mergotten, Alex.** (Pioneer Magazine, San Jose); **Metzger, Alfred** (P. C. Musical Review); **Mighels, Harry Rust** (Carson Appeal); **Moffitt, Frank J.** (Oakland Times); **Montgomery, Zach** (Sacramento paper) (see Authors); **Moody, Herbert Gardenhire** (Redding Searchlight); **Morrill, Paul** (Sacramento Union); **Morse, Dr. John** (editor Sacramento Union); **Nankivell, Frank** (Chic); **Newmark, Nathan** (also author of technical books); **Nugent, John** (early S. F. Herald); **O'Day, Edward F.** (Town Talk, associate); **Oakes, Mrs. George** (Hayward Journal); **Off, Louise A.** (New Californian); **Older, Fremont; O'Leary, Alice Rix** (Chic); **Otis, Harrison Gray** (Los Angeles Times); **Phelps, Charles Henry** (Overland); **Pickering, Loring** (Bulletin); **Powers, Aaron; Powers, Laura Bride; Reed, Anna Morrison** (The Northern Crown); **Robert, Dent** (Examiner); **Rowell, Hon. Chester** (Fresno Republican); **Seabough, Samuel; Shortridge, Charles** (San Jose); **Simpson, Ernest** (Morning Call); **Smith, Charles S.** (Town Talk and California Woman's Journal); **Somers, Fred M.** (Argonaut, later Current Literature); **Spreckels, Jno. D. (Call); Stetson, Charlotte Perkins (Gilman); Taber, Louise; Thompson, J. L.** (Santa Rosa, later U. S. Minister to Brazil); **Thrumm, Horace** (Music and Drama); **Turnbull, Walter** Alta, California); **Tyler, Martha Trent; Wagner, Harr** (Golden Era and Western Journal of Education); **Wasson, Joseph** (early newspapers, "Father of the Mineral and Mining Bureau"); **Wasson, William D.** (Daily News, S. F.); **Watkins** (Snicktaw, Golden Era); **Watson, Henry Clay** (Sacramento Union); **Wildman, Rounseville** (Overland Monthly); **Williamson, Sarah M.** (California Wom-

an's Journal); **Willis, E. P.** (Sacramento Union); **Wiltermood, John** (Oakland Times); **Winans, Joseph W.** (Sacramento Union); **Wright, Washington** (early-day editor); **Woodson, J. A.** (Sacramento Union); **Young, John P.** (see Authors).

## EXPLORERS, ARCHAEOLOGISTS, SCIENTISTS, WRITERS OF ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTERS

**Abrams, Dr. Albert,** "The Blues," and other medical essays; **Adams, Harriet Chalmers** (explorer); **Anderson, Dr. Jerome** (theosophy); **Armes, Prof. William Dallam; Ayer, Dr. Washington** (medical essays, 1881-'85); **Barnard, Professor Charles** (astronomer); **Behr, Dr. H. H.** (scientist) (see Authors); **Bingham, Helen** (archaeology); **Blakeslee, S. V.,** "Archeology, or the Science of Government" (New York and San Francisco, 1876); **Browne, J. Rose** (early writer and humorist); **Bowers, Mrs. (Dr.) J. Milton,** "The Dance of Life, an Answer to the Dance of Death (San Francisco, 1877); **Burbank, Luther; Clatke, Sarah V.,** "Teachings of the Ages"; **Cook, Prof. A. S.,** "Science and Literature" 1880-'88; **Cowell, Harry** (essays); **Davidson, Prof. George** (astronomer); **Davis, Stanton Kirkham,** "Where Dwells the Soul Serene" (Elder, 1900), etc.; **Del Mar, Alexander** (monographs); **Garnett, Porter** (essayist, poet and belles letters; **George Henry** (sociologist); **George, Henry, Jr.; Gihon, Dr. John H.** (scientist); **Graham, Margaret Collier** (essays); **Gregory, Mrs. Jackson (Zimena McGlashan)** (works on Indians and Butterflies); **Griswold, Dr. W. M.,** "Wealth and Poverty of Nations," 1887; **Haggin, Mrs. Louis T.,** "Le Livre d'Amour" New York, 1887; **Hallner, Rev. A.,** "Uncle Sam, the Teacher and Administrator of the World" (Sacramento, 1918); **Harrison, William Greer, "Making a Man"** (see Playwrights); **Harte, Mrs. Mary** (explorer); **Haskell, Mrs. D. H.** (belles letters); **Hill, Charles Barton** (scientist); **Holden, Professor E. S.** (astronomer); **Hosmer, H. L.,** "Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets (S. F., 1887); **Howison, Prof. G. H.** (lectures, 1888); **Jordan, David Starr** (president Stanford, and essayist and lecturer, also an authority on fish); **Josselyn, Charles,** "A Life of Napoleon" and compilation of quotations); **Keep, Josiah** (first native son to achieve West Coast shells) (Harr Wagner Pub. Co.); **Kinney, Abbott; Klink, Jean** (sociology); **Klumpke, Dorothea** (astronomer); **Lemmon, J. G.** (botanical and scientific themes); **Lewis, Austin** (lecturer); **Lloyd, S. H.,** "Glimpses of Spirit Land"; **Lubin, David** (sociology); **Lynch, Jeremiah** (travels); **McAdie, Alexander, "Atmospheric Conditions"** (A. M. Robertson, S. F.); **McGuire, J. G.,** "Ireland and the Pope" (S. F., 1888); **MacLafferty, James Henry** (essays) (Elder, Pub.); **Muir, John** (see Authors); **Mulford, Prentice** (White Cross Library); **Murphy, Dr. R. W.,** "The Key to the Secret Vault"; **Nordoff, Chas.,** "God and the Future Life" (besides historical and geographical books of California); **Nuttall, Mrs. J. R. K.** (archaeologist); **O'Halloran, Rose** (astronomer); **Partsch, Herman, M. D.,** "Messages to Mothers" (Elder, Pub.); **Peixotto, Ernest B.,** "By Italian Seas" (Scribner, 1908); **Royce, Josiah** (essays); **Rulofson, W. H.,** "The Dance of Death"; **Rutherford, W. R.** (essays) (A. M. Robertson); **Sawyer, H. C., M. D.,** "Nerve Waste" (S. F., 1889); **Shaw, Albert, P. L. D.** (ed. Review of Reviews), "The Business Career" (Elder, S. F.); **Shurtleff, Dr. A.** (medical papers, 1872); **Stanton, Mrs.**

**Mary O.** (physiognomy); **Starrett, D. W.,** Mental Therapeutics," 34 volumes (Sherman, French & Co., Boston, 1915); **Steffens, Lincoln** (sociology); **Stephens, Henry Morse** (lecturer, authority on French literature, etc., author of the earthquake compilation); **Stillman, Dr. J. W. B.; Stow, Mrs. J. W.,** "Probate Chaff" (S. F., 1878); **Thrasher, Dr. Marion,** "Long Life in California"; **Van der Naillen, A.,** "On the Heights of the Himalayas" (New York, 1890); **Vecki, Dr. V.** (medical essays); **Wash, Rev. Charles S.** (president Pacific Theological Seminary), "Our Widening Thought of God" (Elder); **Weinstock, Henry** (sociology); **Wheeler, Benj. Ide** (lecturer, president University of California); **Williams, Cora L.** (Berkeley, author of "Creative Evolution," "The Passing of Evolution," "Fourth Dimensional Reaches of the Exposition"); **Williams, Prof. of Al.** (of Olympic Club), "How to Outthink Your Opponent"; **Williamson, Mrs. Burton** (conchology); **Winslow, C. F.,** "Preparation of the Earth"; **Yates, L. G.** (naturalist, 1876-'87.)

## TRANSLATORS

**Archer, Ruby** (see Poets); **Bentz, Mrs. F. X. (Beatrice Hastings)** (Town Talk and Wasp); **Brun, Samuel Jacques** (see Authors); **Bunner, Elizabeth; Dawson, Emma Frances** (see Poets and Authors); **Hastings, Beatrice** (see Bentz); **Meyers, Isidor** (tr. The Talmud); **Murison, Elizabeth; Nye, W. F.** (tr. F. Velasco, Sonora, 1861; **Pohli, Mrs. Emile** (tr. Prof. Bernhardi, comedy by Arthur Schuitzler; **Rehfisch, Mrs. Hettie Morse** (Argonaut); **Ryder, Arthur** (tr. Sanscrit); **Sage, Mrs. (Daisy Cheney Gilmore); Tobin, Agnes** (Petrarch); **Underwood, Edna Worthley; Wray, Leopold** (tr Dr. **Dietrich).**

## LIST OF WELL-REMEMBERED SHORT STORIES BY CALIFORNIA WRITERS, MOSTLY OF THE OLDEN TIMES

**"The Eventful Nights of the 21st and 22nd of August,"** in Pioneer Magazne, by Ferdinand C. Ewer; **"The Case of Summerfield"** and the **"Telescopic Eye,"** by Caxton W. H. Rhodes; **"Luck of Roaring Camp"** and **"Mliss"** and the **"Apostle of the Tules,"** by Bret Harte; **"The Jumping Frog of Calaveras,"** by Mark Twain; **"The Gentleman from Reno,"** by Noah Brooks; **"Laughing Freda"** in the Ingleside, **"My Story"** in Argonaut, by Flora Haines Loughhead; **"Man in the Frozen Block of Ice"** and other pseudo-scientific tales in Argonaut, by Robert Duncan Milne; **"The Pocket Miner"** in Argonaut, by Sam P. Davis; **"Man from Georgia"** and **"A Case in Surgery,"** by William C. Morrow, in Argonaut; **"The Marquis of Aguayo"** and **"The Story of a Kingdom"** in the Ingleside, by Harry B. McDowell; **"A Memory of Adamsville"** in Golden Era, by Madge Morris; **"Miss Golightly"** and other tales in the Argonaut, by Yda Addis; **"The Ship on Dry Land,"** by Adelaide Holmes Bausman, in Argonaut; **"Chumming with an Apache"** and **"The Brake-Beam Rider"** and **"Lish of Alkali Flat,"** by Bailey Millard, in Argonaut; **"Spanish Peak,"** by Charles Howard Shinn; **"The Lass that Loved a Sailor,"** by Charles Warren Stoddard; **"Old Hard Luck,"** by Edward Munson; **"The Jack Pot,"** a story copied all over the world, from the Argonaut, which tale Jerome A. Hart calls a pearl among stories, consisting of one thousand words, with a beginning, a middle and an end, and was written by Charles

Dwight Willard; **"A Dream"** and other brief stories in the San Franciscan, by Arthur McEwen; **"Big Jack Small"** and **"Sand"** in Overland and **"Quartz"** in Short Stories by California Writers, by James W. Gally; **"Why I Committed Suicide"** and **"Ivern"** in Golden Era, by Harr Wagner; **"The Portrait of a California Girl"** in Golden Era, and **"Gentleman Joe"** and **"A Printer's Fantasy"** in the San Franciscan, also **"The Christmas Ghost of San Francisco,"** published in London in 1901, by Ella Sterling Mighels; **"Pard's Epistles"** in Argonaut, by E. H. Clough; **"Are the Dead Dead?"** and **"The Itinerant House"** in Argonaut, by Emma Frances Dawson; **"Moran of the Lady Letty,"** by Frank Norris; **"Li Wan the Fair," "The Sunlanders," "The God of His Fathers,"** and others from the **Children of the Frost"** and **"The Son of the Wolf,"** by Jack London; **"The Cat and the Cherub,"** by Chester Bailey Fernald; **"Young Strong of the Clarion"** in Overland, by Millicent W. Shinn; **"The Watchman of the Brunswick Mill"** and **"The Motherhood of Beechy Daw"** in Harper's Magazine, by P. V. Mighels; **"Narrertown"** and **"Miranda Higgins"** in Golden Era, by William Atwell Cheney; **"Stories in Somers' Californian,"** by Warren Cheney are worthy of preservation. Stories in **"The Splendid Idle Forties"** are by Gertrude Atherton, characteristic of the Spanish era.

## WELL -KNOWN AUTHORS, ETC., WHO HAVE BEEN RESIDENTS HERE ROR A TIME OR WHO OWN HOMES IN CALIFORNIA

**Adams, Walter E.; Basch, Bertha Runkle,** "The Helmet of Navarre," "The Truth About Tolna," etc.; **Becke, Louis** (short stories about South Sea ports); **Broadhurst, Florence (Mrs. John Marone)** (editor); **Browne, Charles (Artemus Ward); Burton, Richard F.** (famous orientalist); **Bush, C. J.; Carleton, Henry Guy** (playwright); **Channing, Grace Ellery** (novels); **Chester, George Randolph,** "Get Rich Quick Wallingford"; **Cook, Grace McGowan** (novels), Carmel; **Cox, Palmer,** "The Brownies" (see Authors); **Crawford, Capt. J. W.** (see Poets); **Dana, Richard Henry,** "Two Years Before the Mast"; **Davies, Hubert Henry** (playwright); **De Mille, James** (novelist and playwright); **Drake, Samuel Adams; Dromgoole, Will Allen** (Los Angeles); **Ellis, Edward S.,** "Toby Tyler"; **Fletcher, Horace** ("Forty-bite" advocate); **Foley, James W.** (poet); **Gillmore, Inez Haynes** (see Irwin); **Gregory, Jackson (Auburn); Griggs, Prof. Edward Howard; Gunter, Archie C.,** "Mr. Barnes of New York," etc.; **Habberton, John** (see Authors); **Harraden, Beatrice,** "The Remittance Man" written here; **Harrison, Mrs. Burton** (Burlingame); **Hearne, James A.** (playwright); **Herford, Oliver** (Cynic's Calendar); **Irwin, Inez Haynes Gillmore,** "Phoebe and Ernest" stories, "The Californiacs" (Sunset, A. M. Robertson, Pub.); **Jackson, Charles Tenney,** "The Day of Souls"; **Jackson, Helen Hunt** (author of "Ramona," celebrated romance of California); **James, Professor William; Jephson, Mountenay A.** (distinguished traveler and scientist; **Jepson, E.; Kirk, W. F.; Lewis, Mrs. Eugene C.** (Los Angeles); **McGowan, Alice; Mackie, Professor** (see Authors); **Mackie, Pauline Bradford (Hopkins** (see Authors); **Marone, Mrs. John** (see Brooks); **May, Florence Land; Melville, John** (Player-Frowd); **Merwin, Henry Childs; Miller Olive Thorne** (Los Angeles); **Modjeska, Madame Helena (Countess Bozenta)** (see Autobiography); **Montague, J. J.; Mor-**

**ris, Governeur,** "The Seven Darlings," etc.; **Munroe, Kirk; Munford, Eethel Watts,** "Cynic's Calendar," Dupes," etc.; **North, Arthur Walbridge; Orchard, Harry,** "Confession"; **Player-Frowd, T. G. (Melville); Rideout, Henry Milner,** "Baldero," "The Siamese Cat," "Key of the Fields," etc. (Sausalito); **Rankin, McKee** (playwright); **Rogers, Anna C.** (army novels); **Russell, Edmund** (com-(piler; **Ryan, Marah Ellis (Martin),** "Told in the Hills," etc.; **Schliemann, Dr. (the Great); Shaw, Dr. Ames; Sienciewicz, Henrik,** "Quo Vadis" (written in Southern California); **Sinclair, Upton,** "The Jungle" (also plays); **Spearman (Whispering Smith); Sprague, Ethel Chase; Stetson, Charlotte Perkins (Gilman); Stevenson, Robert Louis,** "The Wrecker," "Silverado Squatters"; **Tarkington, Booth,** "The Gentleman from Indiana" (Carmel); **Taylor, Bayard,** "California" (poems); **Taylor, Benjamin Franklin** (wrote book on California and Yosemite); **Tyndall, McIvor** (psychologist); **Umbitaater** (Black Cat editor); **Vachell, Horace Annesley,** "Scraggs," "Canyon Life," "Sport on the Pacific Slope," etc.; **Ward, Artemus (Browne); Warner, Charles Dudley** (col. with Mark Twain on novel); **Warren, T. Robinson; Wheeler, Mrs. Post (Hallie Ermine Rives); White, Stewart Edward,** "The Riverman," "The Silent Places," "The Blazed Trail," etc. (Burlingame); **Williamson, Mr.** and **Mrs. C. N.,** "The Lightning Conductor," etc.; **Wilson, Harry Leon,** "Ruggles of Red Gap," etc. (Carmel); **Woodworth, Samuel,** "The Old Oaken Bucket"; **Wright, Harold Bell,** "Eyes of the World," "Calling of Dan Matthews," "Barbara Worth," etc. (El Centro); also **Winston Churchill** (Santa Barbara), "Inside of the Cup," etc.

## EDUCATORS, PROFESSORS, WRITERS OF TEXT-BOOKS, WORKS ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND INFORMATION GENERALLY

**Alverson, Margaret Blake** (book on Singing Methods); **Armes, Professor William Dallam** (U. of C.); **Angier, Belle Sumner** (see Burn); **Barron, George H.** (curator of Golden Gate Park Museum to 1918); **Barry, Madame (Russell)** (French lectures); **Beatty, Bessie,** "A Political Primer for the New Voter" (Harr Wagner Pub. Co.); **Bennett, Sanford** (a system for physical culture); **Braunton, Ernest,** "The Garden Beautiful in California"; **Brewer, Rev. Dr. St. Matthews Hall** (San Mateo); **Brown, Frank J.,** "Practical Aids to Literature"; **Burbank, Luther** (on plants and natural growths); **Burk, Dr. Frederic** (State Normal School, S. F., educational publicist); **Burn, Mrs. Walter** (see Angier), (garden topics); **Carruth, Prof. William** (Stanford University), (see Poets); **Chandler, Katherine; Chapman, Prof. Charles E.,** "The Bird Woman of the Lewis & Clark Exposition" (Silver, Buslett & Co.); **Cooper, Sarah B.** (kindergarten topics); **Deering, Frank** (law books); **Denman, William; Denson, S. C.,** "Our Criminal, Criminal Law," 1914; **Durant, Rev. Henry** (first U of Cal. educator); **Duvall, J. C.,** "Civil Government Simplified," 1915; **Fairbanks, Harold Wellman** (text-books); **France, Leila (McDermott),** "The Children's Lark"; **Gayley, Prof. Charles Mills,** "Classic Myths," etc.; **Godchaux, Rebecca and Josephine** (French texts, 1918, S. F.); **Graham, Judge Thomas,** "Rules for Married People," etc.; **Green, Prof. E. S.** (botanical, 1887-1892); **Hall, Carlotta Case** and **Hall, Harvey Monroe,** "A Yosemite Flora" (Elder); **Hoag, Dr. E. B.,** "The Health Index of Children," etc.; **Holme, Garnet** (U. of C.), (drama, ancient and modern); **Horn-**

**brook, Mrs. A. R.** (arithmetic and geometry); **Hunt, Rockwell D.,** "California the Golden" (Silver, Burdett & Co.); **Hyatt, Edward** (superintendent of public instruction of California, 1918); **Irvine, Leigh** (text-books), (see Authors); **Izett, J. M.** (I. C. S., also writer of verse); **Janes, Prof. Elijah** (text-books); **Jepson, William Linn** (trees and flora of California; **Jordan, David Starr** (Stanford University), (see Authors); **Keeler, Charles,** "Bird Notes Afield," etc.; **Kellogg, A. E.** (San Francisco); **Kellogg, Rev. Martin** (early U. of C. educator); **Kellogg, Minnie D.,** "Flora from Medieval History" (Elder); **Kellogg, Prof. Vernon** (with Hoover in 1917-1918); **Kennedy, Kate; Klink, Jean** (sociological); **Knapp, Adeline** (text-books); **Knowles, Antoinette,** "Oral English or Public Speaking"; **Knowlton, Prof. Ebenezer; Landfield, Jerome** (U. of Cal); **McFadden, Miss E. B.,** "Language and Grammar" (Rand, McNally & Co.); **McLaren, John,** "Gardening in California" (A. M. Robertson); **McLaren, Linie Ashe,** "Settlement Cook Book," "Panama Pacific Cook Book"); **MacLeod, Alice** (pigeon raising, San Jose); **Manning, Agnes M.; Martin, Leland S.,** "Stern Realities" (Harr Wagner, Pub.); **Martin, William S.,** "Manual Training Play Problem"; **Marwedel, Emma** (kindergarten topics); **Mills, Dr.** and **Mrs.** (Mills College); **Neuhaus, Eugen,** "Art Exposition," etc. (Elder); **North, A. W.,** "The Mother of California" (Elder, 1908); **Parker, Walter H.,** "School Buildings"; **Parsons, Mary Elizabeth,** "Wild Flowers of California"; **Payne, Gertrude,** "Everyday Errors in Pronunciation, Spelling and Spoken English" (San Jose); **Peixotto, Jessica** (U. of Cal.); **Power, Alice Rose** (graded speller), (J. B. Lippincott); **Rattan, Prof. Volney,** "A California Flora"; **Reed, Geo.,** "The Abolition of Ownership" (S. F., Carlisle & Co.); **Reid, Prof. W. T.; Rosewald, Madame Julie,** "How Shall I Practice Music?"; **Rowell, J. C.,** "The Sonnet in America" (Ann Arbor, 1888; **Schenkofsky, Henry,** "A Summer with the Union Men" (Wagner, 1918); **Stanton, Mrs. Mary O.,** "Phrenology and Facial Characteristics"; **Stephens, Henry Morse** (U. of Cal.), "History of San Francisco Earthquake"; **Stone, W. W.; Swett, John,** "Methods of Teaching, History of California Schools"; **Thayer, Emma H.,** "Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast" (New York, 1887); **Tilden, Joseph,** "Recipes for Epicures"; **Victor,** "Recipes"; **Wagner, Harr,** "Pacific History Stories Retold"; **Wheeler, Benjamin Ide** (U. of Cal.); **Wheeler, Charles Stetson** (law books); **Wilbur, President Ray Lyman** (Stanford University); **Williams, Cora L.,** "Creeds for Democracy" (Berkeley); **Williamson, Sarah M.,** "A California Cook Book"; **Willis, Prof.; Wittenmeyer, Clara; Woehlke, Walter N.,** "Union Labor in Peace and War" (Sunset Pub. Co., 1918; **Wood, W. C.** (superintendent of Public instruction of California, 1919); **Yale, Gregory,** "Mining Claims and Water Rights" (S. F., 1867); **Younger, Maude** sociological, also publicist).

## CALIFORNIA AUTHORS ON MACMILLAN'S LIST

**R. L. Ashley,** Head of History Department, Pasadena High School—"American History for High Schools," "The New Civics," "Early European Civilization," "Modern European Civilization," "American Federal State," et al.

**Cyril A. Stebbins,** one time Department of Agriculture, State Normal School, Chico; now Director for Western States, Organizer of

School Gardens for Federal Government, Washington, D. C.—"Principles of Agriculture Through the School and Home Garden."

**W. C. Hummel,** formerly Professor of Agricultural Education, University of California; now doing work for the Federal Government in Agriculture, Washington, D. C.—"Materials and Methods in High School Agriculture."

**Chas. Mills Gayley,** Dean of Faculty, University of California; Professor of English and English Literature, University of California—"Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America," "Representative English Comedies."

**C. C. Young,** formerly Professor of English in Lowell High School, San Francisco; now Speaker in House of Representatives, California—"Principles and Progress of English Poetry."

**Ella M. Sexton,** San Francisco—"Stories of California."

**Gertrude Atherton**—"The Conqueror," "Julia France and Her Times."

**Kathleen Norris**—"Mother," "Saturday's Child," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," et al.

**William Dallam Armes,** formerly Professor of English, University of California—"Old English Ballads," "Macmillan's Pocket Classics."

**Percy E. Rowell,** Teacher of Science, San Jose High School—"Introduction to General Science."

**James T. Allen,** Assistant Professor Greek, University of California—"The First Year of Greek."

**Margaret S. Carhart,** formerly Department of English, Pasadena High School; now head English Department, Palo Alto High School—"Selections from American Poetry," Macmillan's Pocket Classics.

**Ellwood P. Cubberly,** Professor of Education and Dean of the School of Education, Stanford University—"State and County Educational Reorganization."

**E. C. Elliott**—"State and County School Administration."

**William B. Cruess,** Assistant Professor Food Technology, University of California—"Home and Farm Food Preservation."

**John M. Brewer,** Department of Education, State Normal School, Los Angeles—"Vocational Guidance Movement—Its Problems and Possibilities."

**BrotherLeo,** St. Mary's College, Oakland—"A Kempis' Imitation of Christ," Macmillan's Pocket Classics.

**Jack London**—„Call of the Wild," "White Fang," "Before Adam," "Burning Daylight," "The Valley of the Moon," "Martin Eden," &c.

**E. W. Hilgard,** Professor Emeritus and Professor of Soil Study, College of Agriculture, University of California—"Soils—Their Formation, Properties, Composition and Relations to Climate and Plants."

**W. J. B. Osterhout,** formerly Assistant Professor of Agriculture, University of California—"Agriculture for Schools of the Pacific Slope."

**William C. Morgan,** formerly Professor of Chemistry, University of California—"Qualitative Analysis."

**James A. Lyman**—"Chemistry—An Elementary Text-book."

**Cardinal Goodwin,** formerly Head of History Department, John C. Fremont High School, Oakland; now Head of History Department, Mills College—"Establishment of State Government in California."

**William Herbert Carruth,** Professor Comparative Literature, Stanford University—"Verse Writing."

**Michael Williams,** formerly with San Francisco Examiner—"The High Romance."

**W. W. Campbell,** Astronomer, Lick Observatory—"Elements of Practical Astronomy."

**J. F. Chamberlain,** Department of Geography, State Normal School, Los Angeles—"How We are Fed," "How We are Sheltered," "How We are Clothed," "How We Travel."

**Arthur Henry Chamberlain,** Secretary State Teachers' Association—"Continents and Their People," series comprising Africa, Asia, Oceania, Europe, North America, South America.

**Henry Morse Stephens,** Head History Department, University of California—"Modern European History."

**H. E. Bolton,** Head of Department American History, University of California—"The Pacific Ocean in History."

**Elizabeth A. Packard,** High School, Oakland, Cal.—"Scott's Lady of the Lake," Macmillan's Pocket Classics.

**C. E. Chapman,** Assistant Professor of History, University of California—"The Founding of Spanish California," "History of Spain."

**Martha Brier,** formerly Oakland School Department—"Plutarch's Lives," Macmillan's Pocket Classics.

**Irving W. Stringham,** formerly Professor of Mathematics, University of California—"Elementary Algebra."

**J. Eliot Coit,** Professor of Citrus Culture, University of Southern California, Los Angeles—"Citrus Fruits."

**Frederick Slate,** Professor of Physics, University of California—"Principles of Mechanics," "Elementary Physics."

**Joseph N. LeConte,** University of California—"Elementary Treatise on the Mechanics of Machinery."

**Geo. M. Stratton**—"Experimental Psychology."

**Ira Woods Howerth,** Department of Education, University of California—"Art of Education."

**S. H. Dadisman,** University Farm, Davis—"Elementary Exercises in Agriculture."

**H. R. Fairclough,** Professor of Latin, Stanford University—"Plautus."

**Wm. B. Herms,** University of California—"A Laboratory Guide to the Study of Parisitology," "Medical and Veterinary Entomology."

**Robinson Jeffers**—"Californians."

**E. B. Krehbiel,** Professor of History, Stanford University—"Nationalism, War and Society."

**W. S. Marton,** State Normal School, San Jose—"Manual Training—Play Problems for Boys and Girls."

**G. Harold Powell,** General Manager California Fruit Growers' Exchange—"Co-operation in Agriculture."

**W. A. Setchell,** University of California—"Laboratory Practice for Beginners in Botany."

**J. H. Hildebrand,** Associate Professor of Chemistry, University of California—"Principles of Chemistry."

**Mrs. Rosa V. Winterburn,** formerly connected with Stockton School Department—"Stockton Methods in Teaching."

**Gwendolen Overton**—"The Captain's Daughter," "Captains of the World."

**Thomas F. Hunt,** Dean College of Agriculture, University of California—"How to Choose a Farm."

## CALIFORNIA AUTHORS WHO HAVE WRITTEN BOOKS FOR THE AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

**John Swett,** formerly State Superintendent of Public Instruction, California—"Methods of Teaching," "School Elocution," "American Public Schools," "Normal Word Book," "Public Education in California."

**Joseph Le Conte,** Professor of Geology, University of California—"Compend of Geology."

**Helen Elliott Bandini**—"History of California."

**A. W. Stamper,** Professor of Mathematics, State Normal School, Chico, Cal.—"Text-book on the Teaching of Arithmetic."

**W. F. Bliss,** Dean of Normal School and Head of Department of History, State Normal School, San Diego, Cal.—"History in the Elementary Schools."

**James F. Chamberlain,** Head Department of Geography, Los Angeles, Cal.—"Field and Laboratory Exercises in Physical Geography."

**Arthur Henry Chamberlain,** formerly Dean and Professor of Education, Throop Polytechnic Institute; now Secretary State Teachers' Association and Editor Sierra Educational News, Monadnock Building, San Francisco—"Standards in Education, Including Industrial Training."

**Miss E. Louise Smythe**—"Old Time Stories Retold," "Reynard the Fox."

**Miss Margaret C. Dowling,** Teacher Spanish, Mission High School, San Francisco—"Reading, Writing and Speaking Spanish."

**J. W. McClymonds,** ex-Superintendent of Schools, Oakland, Cal.—"Elementary Arithmetic," "Essentials of Arithmetic."

**D. R. Jones,** ex-Superintendent of Schools, San Rafael, Cal.—"Elementary Arithmetic," "Essentials of Arithmetic."

**Dr. Aurelio Macedonio Espinosa,** Associate Professor Romantic Languages, Stanford University—"Espinosa & Allen's Elementary Spanish Grammar."

**Dr. Clifford Gilmore Allen,** Associate Professor Romantic Languages, Stanford University—"Espinosa & Allen's Elementary Spanish Grammar."

**George A. Merrill,** Director California School of Mechanical Arts—"Elementary Theoretical Mechanics."

**Dr. Herbert C. Nutting,** Assistant Professor of Latin, University of California—"Latin Primer," "First Latin Reader."

**Dr. Isaac Flagg,** Professor of Greek, Emeritus, University of California—"Writer of Attic Prose," "Plato's Apology and Crito."

**Dr. Rudolph Scheville,** Professor of Spanish, University of California—"Alarcon's El Nino de la Bola," "Valera's El Comendador Mendoza."

**Dr. Carlos Bransby,** Assistant Professor of Spanish, University of California—"Worman's Second Spanish Book."

**Dr. J. Henry Senger,** Professor of German, Emeritus, Universcity of California—"Fouque's Undine."

**John R. Sutton,** Vice-Principal of Oakland High School, Oakland, Cal.—"Civil Government in California."

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF D. C. HEATH & COMPANY, BOSTON, BY CALIFORNIA AUTHORS

**Silas E. Coleman,** "Elements of Physics," "Textbook of Physics"; **Dr. Ernest B. Hoag,** "Health StuOdies"; **Miss Thirmuthis A. Brookman,** "Family Expense Account"; **Mrs. Edith A. Joy Foley,** "Arith-

metic Without a Pencil"; **Dr. Carlos Bransby,** "A Spanish Reader"; **A. B. Reynolds,** "Latin by Reading"; **Frances W. Lewis,** "Inductive Rhetoric"; **Antoinette Knowles,** Oral English"; **Professor Walter M. Hart,** "Hamlet" (Arden Edition); **H. A. Davidson,** "Irving's Sketch Book"; **L. Dupont Syle,** "The Lady of the Lake"; **Genevra Sisson Snedden,** "Docas, the Indian Boy of Santa Clara"; **Richard L. Sandwick,** "How to Study and What to Study."

## FOLLOWING CALIFORNIANS HAVE WRITTEN TEXT-BOOKS FOR GINN & COMPANY

**Charles Mills Gayley,** Professor of English Literature, University of California, Berkeley—"Classic Myths," "Poetry of the People," "Literary Criticism" (Gayley and Kurtz).

**Martin Charles Flaherty,** Associate Professor of Forensics, University of California—"Poetry of the People."

**Lulu Maude Chance,** Primary Teacher, Riverside, Cal.—"Little Folks of Many Lands."

**Katherine Chandler,** Pacific Grove, Cal.—"In the Reign of Coyote."

**Alexis E. Frye,** Redlands, Cal.—"Books and Brook Basins," "Child and Nature," "Elements of Geography," First Book in Geography," "First Steps in Geography," "Geografiia Elemental," "Grammar School Geography," "Geography Manual," "Home and School Atlas," "Home Geography and Type Studies," "Leading Facts of Geography," "New Geography, Book One."

**Derrick N. Lehmer,** Associate Professor Mathematics, University of California, Berkeley—"Synthetic Projective Geometry."

**Chauncey Wetmore Wells,** Associate Professor English Composition, University of California—"Prose Narratives."

**Benjamin P. Kurtz,** Associate Professor of English, University of California—"Essays in Exposition."

**Herbert E. Cory,** Assistant Professor of English, University of California—"Essays in Exposition."

**G. R. MacMinn,** Instructor in English, University of California—"Essays in Exposition."

**Lilian Talbert,** Primary Teacher, Emerson School, Berkeley, Cal.—"The Expression Primer."

**Lew Ball,** Primary Supervisor, San Francisco, Cal.—"Ball Primer and Manual."

**John Brewer,** Dean Department of Education, Los Angeles State Normal School—"Oral English."

**Ernest Carroll Moore,** President Los Angeles State Normal School—"What Is Education?" "Fifty Years of American Education."

**Leon J. Richardson,** Associate Professor of Latin, University of California—"Helps to the Reading of Classical Latin Poetry."

**Roy T. Nichols,** Acting Head, Science Department, High School, Oakland, Cal.—"Manual of Household Chemistry."

**Hanna Oehlmann,** Teacher of German, High School, Alameda, Cal.—"Schritt for Schritt."

**O. J. Kern,** Assistant Professor Agricultural Education, University of California—"Among Country Schools."

**Rudolph Schevill**—Head Romance Language Department, University of California—"First Reader in Spanish."

**F. H. Baker, Agent** Allyn & Bacon Company, Los Angeles—"Computing Tables and Formulas."

**William J. McCoy,** Private Teacher, Oakland—"Cumulative Harmony."
**Brother Leo,** Professor English Language and Literature, St. Mary's College, Oakland—Joint author "Corona Readers."
**Forrest Eugene Spencer,** Instructor in Spanish, University of California—"Trozos de Historia."
**A. L. Cavanagh,** Head of Physics Department, Los Angeles High School—"Physics Laboratory Manual."
**Claude M. Westcott,** Head of Science Department, Hollywood High School—"Physics Laboratory Manual."
**H. L. Twining,** Head of Physics Department, Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles—"Physics High Manual."
**E. B. Clapp,** Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, University of California—"Homer's Iliad, Books XIX-XXIV."
**William H. Carruth,** Professor of Comparative Literature, Stanford University—"German Reader."
**Emelio Goggio,** Professor of Languages, University of California (now at University of Washington)—"Due Comeedie Moderne."
**R. Selden Rose,** Instructor in Spanish, University of California—"Don Francisco de Quevedo."
**Aida Edmonds Pinney,** Oakland, Cal.—"Spanish-English Conversation."
**Edward Gray,** Berkeley—"Fortuma, and El Placer de No Hacer Nada."
**Colbert Searles**—Associat Professor of Romanic Languages, Stanford University: "Le Cid."
**Albert Shiels**—City Superintendent of Schools, Los Angeles, California: "City Arithmetics" (joint author with Wentworth-Smith).
**C. T. Wright**—Teacher in Pasadena High School, Pasadena, California: "Library, Laboratory and Field Manual in Physical Geography."
**Henry L. Cannon**—Associate Professor History, Stanford University: "Reading References for English History."
**Thomas E. Thompson**—Superintendent Schools, Monrovia, California: "Minimum Essentials."

*FINIS.*

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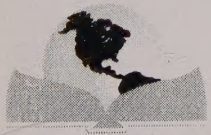

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